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ART. I.—1. *Historical Sketches*. Second Series. The Turks in their Relation to Europe, &c. Nine Lectures. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, of the Oratory. Second Edition. London: Pickering. 1873.

2. *The History and Conquests of the Saracens*. Six Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By E. A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D. Second Edition, with New Preface. London: Macmillan. 1876.

It may seem unnecessary to state that the Turks are not the original Mahometans. This is like saying that Turks are not Saracens. But we are all apt to forget what we know very well. "Out of sight, out of mind," applies to historical facts buried under the dust of centuries as well as to living friends; and it may not be amiss to try to emphasise a fact which all are supposed to know. Saracens is the name given by outside nations to the Arabs who received Mahomet's teaching. Mahomet was born 569 A.D., and died 632. In half a century the Saracen empire reached its utmost extension and highest pitch of glory. The Turks were a foreign race who received Mahometanism from the Saracens, and eventually overthrew the power and took the place of their masters. The first contact of the two races occurred about 700 A.D. Both were barbarous, but with a difference. The Saracens possessed, as their history shows, capacity for civilisation; while the Turks were barbarians of barbarians, savages pure and simple, who never did anything for civilisation but destroy it. These facts will be more fully brought out by trying to trace their separate course in history.

In estimating character it is as important to know the

antecedents of a nation as of an individual. To find the first seat and source of the modern Turks we must go back to Northern Asia lying between the Ural Mountains and the Chinese Sea in one direction, and between the Himalayas and the Arctic Sea in the other. This vast territory was in early times a veritable hive of nations, which never ceased for centuries to send forth swarms of emigrants under the names of Massagetae, Sarmatians, Scythians, Tartars, Huns, Moguls, Turks, to be the scourge and terror of the world. The attraction was the accumulated wealth and luxury of the south. There was nothing in the cold and barren north to keep them at home, everything in the bright fertile south to tempt them away. The emigrations were of tribes and peoples, on a scale such as the world has never known since. The numbers seem almost incredible when we consider their long continuance. Attila could bring into the field an army of 500,000 or 700,000 men. The hosts of Zingis Khan were as vast. When Timour invaded Turkistan his army stretched along a line of thirteen miles. The chief difficulty in modern days in transporting such immense hosts would be the commissariat: but this did not exist for the Tartar, as his favourite food was horse-flesh and his favourite drink mare's milk, from which an intoxicating drink, *koumiss*, was distilled. Thus he lived by plunder wherever he could, and where he could not, fell back upon the horses which accompanied the army in clouds. A Tartar almost lived on horseback, looking on a house as a tomb and residence in it as unworthy of a man. His family found shelter in waggons. The physical type of the Tartar was very low. "The persons of the Scythians," says Thirlwall, "naturally unsightly, were rendered hideous by indolent habits, only occasionally interrupted by violent exertions; and the same cause subjected them to disgusting diseases, in which they themselves revered the finger of Heaven." Even the great Attila's "features bore the stamp of his national origin; and his portrait exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Calmuck: a large head, a swarthy complexion, small deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength though of a disproportioned form." In fact, the modern Calmuck is in physical features the ancient Tartar; and what that means travellers tell us. "They are robust men, but the most ugly and deformed under heaven; a face

so flat and broad that from one eye to the other is a space of five or six fingers. Their eyes are very small, the nose so flat that two small nostrils are the whole of it; their knees turned out, and their feet turned in." In these respects the Turk whom we know is a great improvement upon his ancestors. By long and thorough mixture with other races he grew into comeliness, and learned better ways. The same cannot be said of the moral portrait.

Among the ancient Tartars polygamy was the height of virtue and self-restraint; the general practice was unbridled licentiousness. Attila's wives were countless. Zingis had 500—as many as a modern Sultan. The Tartar character was made up of lust, cruelty, gluttony, and barbaric display. Take cruelty. The great Tartar leaders—Attila, Timour, Zingis—were the very incarnation of the destroying spirit. Powerless to build, they existed only to destroy what they could not pillage, and in this they never had a rival. Attila, "the Scourge of God," boasted that the grass never grew again where his horse trod, and Zingis that when he destroyed a city he did it so thoroughly that his horse could gallop over the ruins without stumbling. The terror of Attila's name stretched from China to the Atlantic. The reason of this was that he came at the close of centuries during which his people had been steadily pushing westward. Arrived in the fifth century A.D. at the eastern edge of Europe, he burst over it like a thunder-storm. In what is modern Turkey he sacked and razed seventy cities, sweeping their inhabitants into slavery. The same horrors were enacted in France, Metz being burned and its people massacred. Defeated for once in the great battle of Châlons, 451 A.D., he flung himself with redoubled fury on the fair cities and plains of Italy. Aquileia, one of the richest and most populous cities of the west, was swept so clean out of existence that the next generation failed to discover the site. Padua, Vincenza, Verona, Bergamo, Milan, Pavia were plundered, and some of them burnt. The inhabitants taking refuge in the islets off the coast laid the foundations of modern Venice. Rome was saved by the personal intercession of Pope Leo the Great. Perhaps the best evidence of the impression made by the Tartars is that the Goths, who in former days had carried fire and sword through the same territories, fled in terror from them, and begged for an asylum within the bounds of the Roman empire.

As to the matter of gluttony, the mode of Attila's death

may suffice. During the invasion of Italy, he added another young maiden to his innumerable wives. At the nuptial banquet he ate and drank to excess, and, carried to bed, was found the next morning with a blood-vessel burst, and dead.

Of the other typical Tartars, we are told that Zingis would allure the people from their hiding-places in the woods by the promise of safety, make them gather in the harvest and vintage, and then slay them. At Delhi Timour massacred 100,000 prisoners because some of them smiled at the sight of approaching succour. Of Ispahan he demanded 70,000 human skulls to build his towers with, and of Bagdad 90,000. "He burned, or sacked, or razed to the ground the cities of Astrachan, Carisme, Delhi, Ispahan, Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Broussa, Smyrna, and a thousand others." A Spanish ambassador saw four of these towers of skulls, in which a layer of mud and skulls was placed alternately. Timour seems to have had occasional touches of remorse. At the sack of Aleppo the shrieks of the dying went to his heart, and led him to protest, "You see me here, a poor, lame, decrepit mortal; yet by my arm it has pleased the Almighty to subdue the kingdoms of Iran, Touran, and Hindostan. I am not a man of blood. I call God to witness that never in all my wars have I been the aggressor, but that my enemies have been the author of the calamities which have come upon them."* Extreme age did not quench the martial fire. At seventy he mounted for the conquest of China; but on the way the great conqueror of all, Death, awaited him. "His designs were lost, his armies were disbanded, China was saved."

The other savage trait, love of show, was largely developed. The Spanish ambassador to Timour "describes the gate of the palace as lofty and richly ornamented with gold and azure; in the inner court were six elephants, with wooden castles on their backs and streamers, which performed gambols for the amusement of the courtiers." "He speaks of the magnificent halls painted with various colours, of the hangings of silk, of gold and silver embroidery, of tables of solid gold, and of the rubies and other precious stones. The most magnificent of the entertainments was on a plain, 20,000 pavilions being pitched around Timour's, which dis-

* Gibbon.

played the most gorgeous variety of colours. Two entertainments were given by the ladies of the court, in which the state queens of Timour, nine in number, "sat in a row, and here pages handed round wine, not *koumiss*, in gold cups, which they were not slow in emptying."* Gibbon describes the scene at the marriage of six of Timour's grandsons; "The pomp of the ancient caliphs was revived at their nuptials. They were celebrated in the garden of Canighul, where innumerable tents and pavilions displayed the luxury of a great city and the spoils of a victorious camp. Whole forests were cut down to supply fuel for the kitchens; the plain was spread with pyramids of meat and vases of every liquor, to which thousands of guests were courteously invited. The orders of the state and the nations of the earth were marshalled at the royal banquet. The public joy was manifested by illuminations and masquerades; the trades of Samarcand passed in review; and every trade was emulous to execute some quaint device, some marvellous pageant with the materials of their peculiar art. After the marriage contracts had been ratified by the *cadhies*, nine times, according to the Asiatic fashion, were the bridegrooms and their brides dressed and undressed, and at each change of apparel pearls and rubies were showered on their heads and contemptuously abandoned to their attendants."†

We have no motive to conceal that along with barbaric pomp and vices went occasional displays of barbaric virtues, such as have more eminently marked races like the American Indians,—magnanimity, good faith, hospitality, and kindred traits.

But some one says, "Surely you do not hold the Turks responsible for the crimes of Attila and his hordes. They cannot help having had such an origin." Heaven forbid. The Turks have sins enough of their own to answer for to God and man. We are only explaining how they came to be the barbarians they are; for undoubtedly such is their present character in all essentials. Turk is Tartar writ small, Attila in miniature. He is stained by the same vices and guilty of the same practices on a diminished scale, and this diminution is the result more of necessity than choice—the result of the pressure of outward forces, not of any change of sentiment and character. It is a

* Newman, pp. 38, 40,

† *Ibid.*, p. 45.

terrible misfortune for the Turk and humanity that the two leading Tartar vices, polygamy and cruelty, are consecrated and directly encouraged by the Turk's adopted faith. Mahometanism sanctions the first, nominally permitting four wives, but practically leaving the door wide open to lust. Those who compare Mussulman with Jewish polygamy only prove that they know neither. As to blood-thirstiness, the propagation of the faith by force is a sacred duty, and history tells how the command has been kept. The Saracen, indeed, more merciful by blood, permitted the alternative, "The Koran, tribute, or the sword," but the Turk has always, save from necessity, omitted the second. The slaughter of the infidel Christian is enough to atone for the most flagitious lives, and merit a whole paradise of congenial sensuality.

In proof that the Turk is unchanged we will refer, not to recent events, but to something which took place in 1822. Off the coast of Asia Minor lies Scio, the ancient Chios, an island thirty miles long by ten wide, one of the fairest gems of the *Ægean*. It was famous of old for its wine (Chian wine ranked with the classic Falernian), its exuberant fertility, and the beauty of its women. The poet Theocritus, and others as eminent, were among its natives. The tyranny of the modern Turk goaded it, as it has goaded others, into revolt. Mark the vengeance. We quote such unimpeachable authority as Alison. "An army of 30,000 fanatical Asiatics" (our friends, the Bashi-Bazouks, faithful instruments of a Sultan's revenge), "eager for the plunder of the garden of the Archipelago, was collected on the opposite coast of Smyrna, and loudly demanded to be led to the promised scene of rapine and massacre. The city, one of the finest in the Levant, was soon taken and given up to massacre. In four days 9,000 men were slaughtered, all the women and children sold into slavery (and we know what that means), the very graves rifled for treasure, and the bones of the dead tossed about among the newly slain." That was not all. Similar hordes were let loose on the country. Submission was rejected. "Nothing could assuage the thirst for blood or appease the fanatical fury of the Mussulmans. Every corner of the island was ransacked, every house burnt or sacked, every human being that could be found slain or carried into captivity. Nothing was to be seen in the once smiling land but heaps of ruins and a few ghastly inhabitants wandering in a state of

starvation among them. When the massacre ceased, from exhaustion of the assassins, 25,000 persons, chiefly full-grown men, had been slain, 45,000 women and children dragged into slavery, and 15,000 had escaped into the neighbouring islands, where the greater part died of grief and starvation." Well done, children of Attila!

We thus see that the religion of the Turk, instead of tending to correct his original faults, has come to their aid. Members of the same Tartar race settled in Russia, Bulgaria, and the adjacent countries, and coming there under the influence of a more benign faith have advanced no inconsiderable distance on the way to enlightenment and freedom. On the other hand, the Saracen, a being of superior original capacity, even under the yoke of Mahomet developed no mean powers of improvement. Doubtless the Arabic civilisation of Spain and the East has been unduly magnified. Mr. Freeman, while doing full justice to Saracen attainments, puts the matter in a truer light. He says:—

"I am willing to believe that the poetry and tales of Arabia may be equal to those of any nation ancient or modern; and I know that among no people has literary excellence after their own standard ever been held in higher honour. It is no less clear that for several ages the Saracens, above all the Spanish Saracens, were considerably in advance of the western nations of Christendom in astronomy, medicine, logic, and most of the useful and ornamental arts. Their science was, of course, child's play compared with what we should now call by that name; but it was far superior to anything in contemporary England, Gaul, or Germany. But when I am told, as we sometimes are, not only that they had made great comparative advances in learning and science, but that they had all the learning and science then in the world to themselves, I simply attribute it to our strange habit of entirely forgetting the existence of an eastern as well as a western Christendom. Whence did the Saracens obtain their knowledge? They confessedly did not bring it with them from Mecca and Medina, and it hardly sprang spontaneously from the ground either at Cordova or Bagdad. We must again look to our poor friend, the 'Greek of the Lower Empire.' The Arabs studied *Aristotle*, and taught him to the men of western Europe; but it was surely from the men of eastern Europe that they obtained him in the first instance. He was read in translations at Samarcand and at Lisbon, when no one knew his name at Oxford or Edinburgh; but all the while he continued to be read in his own tongue at Constantinople and Thessalonica. I think I can per-

ceive that nearly all Saracenic knowledge came from what was to them the west, except what came to them from the remoter east, namely the Arabic numerals, which I believe competent judges believe to be of Indian origin. The Arabs seem to have positively invented nothing, though what they learned from their Byzantine masters they often, with the zeal of new scholars, developed and improved. And I can also perceive that they only acquired a very little of what those Byzantine masters could have taught them. I looked through those parts of *Abulpharaguis* which are devoted to the enumeration of learned men till I grew tired of the process. This did not happen till I had observed three things: First, that whatever the Arabs learned they learned from translations of Greek books; secondly, that they confined themselves to an infinitesimal portion of Greek literature; thirdly, that many of the most famous literary men at the court of the caliphs were not Mahometans at all, but Jews or Christians. They seem never to have cultivated any language but their own; they never studied the Greek authors in their own tongue, and they hardly selected the masterpieces for translation. As Gibbon says, there is no record of an Arabic translation of any Greek poet, orator, or historian. . . . A victorious caliph sometimes imposed a tribute of books upon a defeated emperor; he carried off Ptolemy and Hippocrates, the physical, logical, and ethical writings of Aristotle. But he never inquired for the lays of Homer, of Pindar, or of Æschylus, for the orations of Lysias or Demosthenes, for the histories of Thucydides and Polybius, for the treatise in which Aristotle himself has taught of man in his highest capacity, as the citizen of a free republic. Caliphs and sultans were never disturbed by the doctrine of the earliest historian that 'freedom is a brave thing.' . . . Neither a nation nor an individual is blameable for ignorance of the old Greek literature if it has not come within his reach; but I cannot rate highly the intellectual proficiency of those who, while making their election among the writers of Hellas, omit to cast a single glance upon her poets, her orators, or her historians."*

We think it is Mr. Freeman who remarks on the good providence which deferred the conquest of Constantinople and Greece to the fifteenth century. If it had come before the extension of Greek scholarship and writing to the west, much or all of that literature might have been lost to us.

The case, then, stands thus. The Saracen history proves that, given a natural capacity for improvement, Mahometanism does not absolutely prevent a certain growth of civilisation. The Christian nationalities of

* Freeman, p. 156.

eastern Europe prove that Christianity will raise even a Tartar race. The Turkish empire proves that where Tartar barbarism and Mahometanism meet all hope of general advancement is cut off. The splendid Mogul empire of India, where both elements are found, may seem to prove the contrary, but it only seems to do so. There is no evidence that the Moguls created the civilisation of India. Just the contrary. They found it already existing. The most which can be said is that, a minority among such vast populations, they were too weak to destroy, and learned that it was their interest to preserve what they saw. If historical teaching leads to anything, we see no escape from these conclusions.

We cannot but sometimes speculate, how happy the result might have been if it had been Christianity, instead of the foul system of Mahomet, which the Turks had encountered and accepted on their westward march. It is fair to argue that an inevitable training in evil like this serves to lessen the national guilt, and we are willing to give to the plea all the weight it can claim. But what does it amount to? Put the case individually. Here is a man of low, almost brutish organisation, whose training has been all that is bad. We pity him, indeed; but none the less we take security against him and deprive him of the power to do harm. If he cannot help stealing and murdering, that only establishes the imperious necessity for guarding against him.

We are far from saying that the Turk has made no advance, that he is still the unredeemed savage of ancient Scythia. But, without desiring to exaggerate, we can only regard him as a barbarian at heart, a barbarian indeed who speaks French and borrows English money, but a barbarian. And what opportunities he has had, what grace he has thrown away! For one who, succeeding to such an empire, such cities, such skies and soil and seas, the ruler for centuries of such races, we say for him to have learnt nothing, to be what his acts show him to be, is an unpardonable sin. Nay, more, one who has done his best to crush civilisation and religion out of others, who has turned the fairest of lands into silent deserts, and cities which were the pride of civilisation into ruinous heaps, is surely a solecism among nations. Of course it is not the fault of the Turk that he has not developed institutions which have never yet been seen on eastern soil. The only

government ever known to Orientals is that of personal despotism. What we allege, without fear of disproof (contradicted it may be), is that, of the only kind of civilisation possible where individual freedom is unknown, Turkey has shown no trace. Where are the glories of ancient Egypt and Persia? Turkey has had sultans great in war, it has won great victories, and taken great cities, but there it has stopped. Its history is just that of the ancient Tartars, in modern guise. Of the victories so won it has never made any worthy use. It has not merely conquered, but ruled like a conqueror. Of admitting its Christian subjects to equality and government, it has never dreamed, its religion forbids the very thought. Any superficial varnish of civilisation which it may have acquired is only what it could not help acquiring. Reigning for centuries in the queen of the cities of the world, master of the resources of Egypt, of Syria, of Asia Minor, of the isles of the sea, all once unequalled in fertility and wealth, it is now the pauper of the nations, and as ignorant as poor. But all this has been said in better words.

"Other nations have been civilised in their own homes, and by their social progress have immortalised a country as well as a race. They have been educated by their conquests, or by subjugation, or by the intercourse with foreigners which commerce or colonisation has opened; but in every case they have been true to their fatherland, and are children of the soil. The Greeks sent out their colonies to Asia Minor and Italy, and those colonies reacted upon the mother country. Magna Græcia and Ionia showed their mother country the way to her intellectual supremacy. The Romans spread gradually from one central city, and when their conquests reached as far as Greece, 'the captive,' in the poet's words, 'captivated her wild conqueror, and introduced arts into unmannered Latium.' England was converted by the Roman See, and conquered by the Normans, and was gradually civilised by the joint influence of religion and of chivalry. Religion, indeed, though a depraved religion, has had something to do with the civilisation of the Turks; but the circumstances have been altogether different from those which we trace in the history of England, Rome, or Greece. The Turks present the spectacle of a race poured out, as it were, upon a foreign material, interpenetrating all its parts, yet preserving its individuality, and, at length, making its way through it, and reappearing in substance the same as before, but charged with the qualities of the material through which it has been passed and modified by them. They have been invaded by no conquerors, they have brought no

captive arts or literature home, they have undergone no conversion in mass, they have been taught by no commerce, by no international relationship; but they have in the course of centuries slowly soaked or trickled, if I may use the words, through the Saracenic populations with which they came in contact, and after being nationally lost to the world, as far as history goes, for long periods and through different countries, eventually they have come to the face of day with that degree of civilisation which they at present possess, and at length have usurped a place within the limits of the great European family."—*Newman*, p. 58.

Lest we should be supposed to misrepresent the Turk, we give the same writer's estimate of his character:—"I am not insensible, I wish to do justice to the high qualities of the Turkish race. I do not altogether deny to its national character the grandeur, the force and originality, the valour, the truthfulness and sense of justice, the sobriety and gentleness which historians and travellers speak of; but in spite of all that has been done for them by nature and by the European world, Tartar still is the staple of their composition, and their gifts and attainments, whatever they may be, do but make them the more efficient foes of faith and civilisation."*

But it is time to return to the Turks in their aboriginal state. The first modifying influence to which they were subjected arose from their settlement in the beautiful country of Bokhara, the ancient Bactriana and Sogdiana, with its capitals, Samarcand and Bokhara. The richness and loveliness of the country are spoken of in the most glowing terms. An old Arab writer calls it "the most delightful of all places God has created," and modern travellers confirm the praise. Alexander made conquests here, and he was not accustomed to attempt profitless enterprises. The circumstances in which the Turks made so great a change in their habits as is implied in the exchange of a nomadic for a settled life are not told us. The good effect of settlement in such a region, and inter-marriage with better races, was considerable. The date was the sixth or seventh century, A.D.

It was on this field that the Turks first encountered the force which was to determine their future history—the Saracen race and faith. The Saracen had just broken up the Persian empire (651 A.D.), and driven the last Persian

* *Newman*, p. 110.

monarch, Yezdegerde, to the north, where he took refuge with the Turks, who first protected and then murdered him. The two races closed in fierce conflict, with the result that the Turks were beaten. Mere valour, however great, went down before equal valour *plus* the discipline acquired in a thousand conflicts. Then the Turk not only entered the service, but adopted the faith of his conqueror. The Saracen presented the usual alternative—"The Koran, tribute, or the sword," and the defeated race chose the first. From this period (700 A.D.) the triple process of emigration, service, and conversion went on for several centuries. New hordes kept swarming down by the same route into the Saracen empire of Persia, and as they did so trod in the steps of their brethren by blood. One effect of the religious change was undoubtedly the substitution of gravity and stoic apathy for the old savage impetuosity, though the old character only slumbers, and reappears on necessity. Remarking on the difference and on the fact that even children in Turkey behave with a certain staidness and dignity, Dr. Newman says, "There are evidently elements in the Mahometan creed which would tend to change them from the one temperament to the other. Its sternness, its coldness, its doctrine of fatalism, even the truths which it borrowed from Revelation, when separated from the truths it rejected, its monotheism, untempered by mediation, its severe view of the Divine attributes, of the law, and of a sure retribution to come, wrought both a gloom and also an improvement in the barbarian."*

In the eighth century Bagdad replaced Damascus as the seat of the caliphs. The Saracen empire very early reached its zenith, and showed signs of decay. Its growth was too rapid to be lasting. "Forthwith it sprung up;" in this respect presenting a marked contrast to the empires of Greece and Rome, which grew and strengthened slowly, and lasted a proportionately longer time. The chief Saracen conquests—those of Syria, Egypt, and Persia—were all effected within twenty years from Mahomet's death; and even the conquest of North Africa and Spain, when the empire reached its farthest limit, took place within eighty years from the same time. The battle of Tours, which finally checked the Saracen progress, was fought exactly a century after Mahomet's death, 732 A.D.

If in the mysterious providence of God there had been no Turk to take up the falling sceptre, or if (the harmless speculation may be forgiven) that Turk had not become Mahometan, how different a course history would have run! There is every probability that the Saracen's power, and with it his false faith, would soon have vanished away. We must remember that Mahometanism has always rested on political power, the caliph was head at once both of the empire and religion, as the sultan is still. In a religion like the Christian, which, though it may use, does not rely on the secular power, the removal of the latter need not lessen, and may even increase its spiritual influence; but in a religion which has always put the political element first, and never taken its hand off the sword, the two stand or fall together. The downfall of the Turkish empire will be a tremendous blow to the Mahometan faith. Bagdad soon proved the Capua of the Saracen. Losing in the luxuries of empire all relish for the toils and endurance by which his marvellous successes had been won, by a fatal mistake he made the Turk his soldier. Turks made up his armies, guarded his palaces, collected his revenues, and governed his provinces. The son of the great Caliph Harun al Raschid had 50,000 Turkish troops in Bagdad alone. Of course the servants soon became masters; and they were masters in fact centuries before they were masters in name and form. The Turk remained almost uninfluenced by Saracen civilisation, destitute of its polish, and at the same time free from its weakness. His barbarism, which after the attainment of empire became his weakness, before that time was his strength. He won great victories and conquered whole provinces, and then came back to receive rewards from the caliph, who lay in inglorious ease at Bagdad. The caliph was his puppet, made and unmade at pleasure. For four years there was a caliph a year. "At their wanton caprice the Turks made these successors of the false prophet the sport of their insults and blows. They dragged them by the feet, stripped them and exposed them to the burning sun, beat them with iron clubs, and left them for days without food."* This state of things continued several centuries, during which time the mighty Mahmud, the Ghaznevide (997—1028 A.D.), son of a slave, went off from Bagdad

* Newman, p. 79.

eastward, and in the course of twelve expeditions carved out for himself an empire in North India. He was the first to assume the historic title of Sultan, the badge of Turkish, as Khan is of Tartar, and Caliph of Saracen dominion. It is of him the following story is told. The sultan asked a chief what help he could give to a military expedition. "'If you send,' was the reply, 'one of these arrows into our camp, 50,000 of your servants will mount on horseback.' 'And if that number,' continued Mahmud, 'should not be sufficient?' 'Send this second arrow to the horde of Balik, and you will find 50,000 more.' 'But if I should stand in need of the whole force of your kindred tribes?' 'Dispatch every bow,' was the last reply of Ismael, 'and as it is circulated around, the summons will be obeyed by 200,000 horse.'"

While Mahmud was conquering in the farther east, his rivals of the Seljukian house were making themselves masters of the caliph and empire. It is in the persons of the three great Seljukian princes that the Turkish power first became supreme. The rise of their dynasty is coeval with the Norman conquest of England. Seljuk was a barbarian fresh from the northern deserts. By a rapid transition, so common in the east, his grandson, Togrul Beg (1038—1063 A.D.), was acknowledged sultan of the Turks and lieutenant of the caliph. He was "conspicuous by his zeal and faith; each day he repeated the five prayers which are enjoined to the true believers; of each week the two first days were consecrated by an extraordinary fast; and in every city a mosque was completed before Togrul presumed to lay the foundations of a palace." As a reward for the humiliation of the caliph's enemies, and the slaughter of 130,000 Christians, Togrul received the caliph's daughter in marriage. Gibbon thus describes his inauguration as lieutenant of the empire. "At the palace-gate he respectfully dismounted, and walked on foot, preceded by his emirs without arms. The caliph was seated behind his black veil; the black garment of the Abbassides was cast over his shoulder, and he held in his hand the staff of the apostle of God. The conqueror of the east kissed the ground, stood some time in a modest posture, and was led towards the throne by the vizir and an interpreter. After Togrul had seated himself on another

* Gibbon, Chap. LVII.

throne, his commission was publicly read, which declared him the temporal lieutenant of the vicar of the prophet. He was successively invested with seven robes of honour, and presented with seven slaves, the natives of the seven climates of the Arabian empire. His mystic veil was perfumed with musk; two crowns were placed on his head; two scimitars were girded to his side, as the symbols of a double reign over the east and west. After this inauguration the sultan was prevented from prostrating himself a second time; but he twice kissed the hand of the commander of the faithful, and his titles were proclaimed by the voice of heralds and the applause of the Moslems."

His nephew, Alp Arslan, the Valiant Lion (1063—1072 A.D.), was every way worthy of his name, and carried the Turkish power to a higher point. He plundered Cesarea in Cappadocia, finally conquered Armenia and Georgia, defeated and took prisoner, after a fierce campaign, the Emperor of Constantinople, Romanus Diogenes, and then released him for a large ransom, and met his death at the hands of an obscure chief while on his way, at the head of 200,000 troops, to reduce his native country of Turkestan. The mode of his death reminds us of that of our own Richard of the Lion Heart. A Carismian chief presumed to defend his fortress against the invader. His insolence, when taken captive and reproached for his folly, provoked the sultan to sentence him to be impaled. "At this command the desperate Carismian, drawing a dagger, rushed headlong towards the throne; the guards raised their battle-axes; their zeal was checked by Alp Arslan, the most skilful archer of the age: he drew his bow, but his foot slipped, the arrow glanced aside, and he received in his breast the dagger of Joseph, who was instantly cut to pieces. The wound was mortal; and the Turkish prince bequeathed a dying admonition to the pride of kings. 'In my youth I was advised by a sage to humble myself before God, to distrust my own strength, and never to despise the most contemptible foe. I have neglected these lessons, and my neglect has been deservedly punished. Yesterday, as from an eminence I beheld the numbers, the discipline, and the spirit of my armies, the earth seemed to tremble under my feet; and I said in my heart, Surely thou art the king of the world, the greatest and most invincible of warriors. These armies are no longer mine, and, in the confidence of my personal strength, I now fall by the hand

of an assassin." On his tomb was written, "O ye who have seen the glory of Alp Arslan exalted to the heavens, repair to Maru, and you will behold it buried in the dust."

The son of Alp Arslan, Malek Shah, finished the conquest his father had begun, and after reigning twenty glorious years, from the Chinese frontier to Jerusalem, died of fever, at the age of thirty-seven, just when he was contemplating the removal of the caliph from Bagdad.

We pass rapidly over the remaining fortunes of the Seljukian house. It was Soliman who, by taking part in the competition for the throne of Constantinople, obtained possession of Asia Minor, "since the first conquests of the caliphs, the most deplorable loss which the church and empire had sustained," according to Gibbon. The Turk now ruled over all the earliest seats of the Christian faith—Jerusalem, Antioch, the seven churches of the Revelation. His capital was Nicæa (1082 A.D.), within one hundred miles from Constantinople, the scene of the synod which condemned Arianism, and "the divinity of Christ was denied and derided in the same temple in which it had been pronounced." The Turk had thus by the folly and weakness of the Greeks come to the very gate of the capital. Then follow the long struggles of the Crusades, the policy and history of which we need not discuss, beyond stating that the final result was to roll back the Seljukian power from Nicæa to Iconium, where it was finally extinguished by the arms of the Mogul-Turks, under the successors of Zingis. In 1258 A.D. the same invaders deposed the last caliph, Motassem, and thus suppressed the phantom sovereignty of the Abbasside caliphate which the Seljukians had allowed to linger so long.

The Seljukian dynasty had followed into oblivion the caliphate it had overthrown. Often as the Crusades are spoken of as a failure, they had not only stopped the westward advance of the Turks but thrown them back on the east. The eastern Roman empire might again breathe freely; when suddenly from the ashes of the conquered rose a more terrible power, destined to accomplish what both Saracen and Seljuk Turk had failed in—the Ottoman Turk. Again, as one set of barbarians perishes in the decrepitude of old age, another comes forward with the fresh vigour and energy of youth to fill the vacant place.

The grandfather of Ottoman, from whom the Ottoman empire derived its origin and name, was one of countless

obscure barbarians. His father rose to be the chief of a following of four hundred families. In 1399, Ottoman invaded Nicomedia, and set rolling the wave of conquest which, ever advancing, never receding, at last submerged the imperial city. Prusa or Broussa, on the eastern shore, became Ottoman's capital. We may briefly note the steps in the growth of the Ottoman power during the next century and a half. Ottoman's son, Orchan, during a long reign (1326—1360 A.D.) subdued most of Asia Minor, compelled the Greek emperor, as the price of his alliance, to submit to the disgrace of giving him his daughter in marriage, and gained a footing for his troops in Europe, ostensibly as auxiliaries, really as masters. Gallipoli fell into his hands. Amurath I. (1360—1389) from this vantage-ground subdued Thrace, defeated repeatedly Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians and Albanians, and fixed his capital at Hadrianople, at the gates, as it were, of Constantinople, which was thus girdled by Turks on the east and west. It was Amurath who established the famous corps of Janizaries, who, consisting of apostate Christians, served their new master and faith with the fanaticism of converts, and eventually becoming a terror to the Sultans themselves were exterminated. Amurath perished by the dagger of a wounded Servian on the field of Cossova, where the independence of the Slavonian races was finally crushed. Bajazet (1389—1403) is famous alike for his victories and misfortunes. It was he who, in the presence of some captive French princes, had one of his chamberlains, accused of drinking the goat's milk of a poor woman, cut open. In the battle of Nicopolis he inflicted a crushing defeat on the Hungarian king Sigismund and his army of 100,000 Christians. After the victory, reserving the Count of Nevers and four-and-twenty other lords for ransom, he had the rest of the French captives brought before him, and, on their refusal to abjure Christianity, beheaded on the spot. In the insolence of his pride he boasted that he would conquer Germany and Italy, and feed his horse with oats on the altar of St. Peter. Dr. Newman says, "The Apostle heard the blasphemy." Gibbon's earlier comment was: "His progress was checked, not by the miraculous interposition of the Apostle, not by a crusade of the Christian powers, but by a long and painful fit of the gout. The disorders of the moral are sometimes corrected by those of the physical world; and an acrimonious humour falling on

a single fibre of one man may prevent or suspend the misery of nations." He laid siege to Constantinople, and would probably have taken it, but for the sudden invasion of Timour, or Tamerlane, who came down like an avalanche on the Ottomans. It was Tartar against Tartar. Each had heard of the other's conquests, and was fired with jealousy. After both had exchanged insults and threats, Bajazet was beaten and taken prisoner in the great battle of Ancyra (1402). "Alas," said Timour to his captive, "the decree of Heaven is now accomplished by your own fault. It is the web which you have woven, the thorns of the tree which you have planted. I wished to spare, and even to assist the champion of the Moslems: you braved our threats; you despised our friendship; you forced us to enter your kingdom with our invincible armies. Behold the event. Had you vanquished, I am not ignorant of the fate which you reserved for myself and my troops. But I disdain to retaliate: your life and honour are secure; and I shall express my gratitude to God by my clemency to man." But the promise was not kept. Bajazet was imprisoned in an iron cage, and soon died of vexation and shame. This invasion, which was a mere episode in Timour's vast conquests, for a while saved Constantinople. But the Ottoman power survived the tremendous blow. The next few years were years of internal strife and conflict; and if the Greeks had been strong and united, the Turkish power might have been annihilated. There can not be stronger evidence of the wretched state to which the empire was reduced than that such an opportunity as the humbling of the Ottomans by Timour was allowed to pass away without improvement, and soon the foe was again thundering at the gates.

The following is a Turkish portrait of Amurath II., 1421 to 1451, A.D.: "Sultan Murad, or Amurath, lived forty-nine and reigned thirty years, six months, and eight days. He was a just and valiant prince, of a great soul, patient of labours, learned, merciful, religious, charitable; a lover and encourager of the studious, and of all who excelled in any art or science; a good emperor, and a great general. No man obtained more or greater victories than Amurath: Belgrade alone withstood his attacks. Under his reign the soldier was ever victorious, the citizen rich and secure. If he subdued any country, his first care was to build mosques and caravanseras, hospitals and colleges. Every

year he gave 1,000 pieces of gold to the sons of the prophet; and sent 2,500 to the religious persons of Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem."* Like Charles V., afterwards he retired from the throne to fast and pray.

Meanwhile what was left of the Greek empire was reduced to the last stage of confusion, weakness, and corruption. It sent imploring appeals to the West to come and rescue it from the swoop of the gathering eagles. A Greek emperor was seen in the capitals of Italy, France, and England begging help; but none came. Western Europe was too divided and distracted. No crusaders appeared to force back the Ottoman as they had forced back the Seljukian Turks. Dr. Newman laments that the summons of the Pope met with no response. But it is impossible to approve the policy, however we may sympathise with the object, of the Crusades. The eastern Roman empire fell by its own folly and crimes. Respite again and again, as we have seen, it learnt no wisdom and took no precautions, till the hour was past. Abusing the aid which it fondly dreamed would always be forthcoming, it lay secure in the confidence that the West would never suffer it to fall into the hands of the infidel. A nation which can no longer defend itself, and has to wait on the interest and convenience of others, is doomed beyond redemption. The policy of the Crusades was simply the policy of the Western Powers twenty years ago in defending this very Turkish power from like internal corruption and external enemies, with what results we know.

In 1451, Mahomet II. succeeded Amurath, a great conqueror, though a furious and brutal savage. In April, 1453, he laid siege to Constantinople, and on the fatal twenty-ninth of May the city fell, and the crescent displaced the cross on the proud dome of St. Sophia, whence ever since it has gleamed shame and defiance on Christendom. The last flicker of glory which played around the dying empire was the heroism of the Emperor Constantine Palæologus, who when he saw all was lost sought and found death in the breach. His end was worthy of the last representative of imperial Rome. If he could have infused his own character into those he commanded, the Ottoman might have been hurled back to his native barbarism, the Greek empire regenerated, Europe spared the

* Gibbon, Ch. LXVII.

scandal of centuries, the Eastern Question never raised, and large populations saved from generations of unutterable suffering and grinding tyranny.

It is well known that the Turk was not satisfied with the conquest of the fair regions of eastern Europe, but essayed to grasp the whole. Twice he was repulsed by desperate struggles from the walls of Vienna, once in 1529 and again in 1683. Thus happily for Europe the attempt to penetrate by the east, as the attempt in the eighth century by the south, failed. Freedom and Protestantism may owe little in the past to the Hapsburg, but better a Hapsburg in every capital in Europe than the Ottoman in its heart.

It would take us too long to review the subsequent history, and the subject has no charm. The Turk by ancient descent is a conqueror, a despoiler of the rights of others, and ceasing to be that he is nothing. His domestic history is simply a record of appalling crimes, tragedy succeeding tragedy in horrible monotony. Of the twenty-four sultans who have reigned since Mahomet II., the greatest undoubtedly is Soliman "The Magnificent," the contemporary of Francis I. and Charles V., and besieger of Vienna; and he killed two of his own sons, and signalised his capture of Buda by the utter destruction of a noble library, the collection of thirty years, which a cardinal in vain endeavoured to ransom for an immense sum. *Ex uno disce omnes*. If the Turk, as he threatened, had overrun Europe, not a great library would have escaped, and the continent would again have sunk into the abyss of barbarism. The average length of the reign of the European sultans is twelve years. Of their number five have been deposed, several strangled, and several have perished of intemperance. The chief cause of all the disorders of the country—of countless insurrections, of ceaseless oppression of Christians, of the absence of all progress—is the refusal to recognise the equality of Turk and Christian, and this is impossible while the Mahometan religion reigns. The light in which Christians are regarded by Turks is accurately put in the answer of a Turkish Minister of State to a French ambassador who announced some triumphs of his master, Louis XVI. "What care I whether the dog eat the hog, or the hog the dog, so that the interests of my sovereign prosper?" Whatever reforms have been adopted have come from without. Wonder is often expressed that these

remain a dead letter, but how could it be otherwise? They cannot assimilate with a foreign system. Not grafted in, but tied on, they have remained sterile.

What the Turk found Constantinople, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Cyprus we know; what he has made them, we see. To speak of the corrupt religion and government of the East in the fifteenth century, and previously, is only to say what is equally true of the West at the same time. There is no reason to doubt that but for this foe from without, the East would have made the same progress, and presented the same scene of order and civilisation as the West now. While England, France, Germany, Italy, in the conquests of freedom, civilisation, and religion have added a new and glorious page to the world's history, a page rich in great characters and achievements, eastern Europe under the iron yoke of Islam has been a waste, without a history. What has made the difference but the presence of the Turk? No regions of the earth are more richly gifted by nature, none were once more thickly studded with large and flourishing cities, none had inherited from the past a grander legacy of intellectual and artistic treasures than the countries on which the Turk settled. These embrace more than the empire of ancient Greece and some of the richest provinces of ancient Rome. There was the bulk of the wealth which ancient civilisation had to bequeath, of which the mere crumbs and fragments made the best wealth of Western countries. It is to no purpose to say that modern Greeks and Romans were degenerate sons. Alas, we know too well that they were unable to defend the priceless treasure which they had received: but at least there was no danger of their destroying it. Their very pride made them guard and glory in what they could not always use. But to know what these countries were is to know what the Turk has destroyed. The boast of Attila describes his mission still. Never were a prophet's words so applicable: "The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them." Take Dr. Newman's description of the former glories of a single province of the Turkish empire, Asia Minor. "Asia Minor especially was by nature one of the most beautiful, and had been made by art one of the most fertile, of countries. It had for generations contained flourishing marts of commerce, and it had been studded with magnificent

cities, the ruins of which now stand as a sepulchre of the past. No country, perhaps, has seen such a succession of prosperous states, and had such a host of historical reminiscences, under such distinct eras, and such various distributions of territory. It is memorable in the beginning of history for its barbarian kings and nobles, whose names stand as commonplaces and proverbs of wealth and luxury. The magnificence of Pelops imparts lustre even to the brilliant dreams of the mythologist. The name of Cræsus, King of Lydia, goes as a proverb for enormous riches. Midas, King of Phrygia, had such abundance of the precious metals, that he was said by the poets to have the power of turning whatever he touched into gold. The tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It was the same with the Greek colonies which were scattered along its coasts; they are renowned for opulence, for philosophy, and for the liberal and the fine arts. Homer, among the poets; Thales, among philosophers; Herodotus, the father of history; Hippocrates, the oracle of physicians; Apelles, the prince of painters, were among their citizens; and Pythius, who presented one of the Persian kings with a plane-tree and a vine of massive gold, was in his days, after those kings, the richest man in the known world. Then come the many splendid cities founded by the successors of Alexander through its extent; and the powerful and opulent kingdoms, Greek or barbarian, of Pontus, and Bithynia, and Pergamos—Pergamos, with its library of 200,000 choice volumes. Later still the resources of the country were so well recognised, that it was the favourite prey of the Roman statesmen, who, after involving themselves in enormous debts in the career of ambition, needed by extortion and rapine to set themselves right with their creditors. Next it became one of the first seats of Christianity. St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles relates to us the apostolic labours of St. Paul there in town and country; St. John wrote the Apocalypse to the Churches of seven of its principal cities; and St. Peter, his first epistle to Christians scattered through its provinces. It was the home of some of the greatest saints, and martyrs, and doctors of the earliest ages: there first, in Bithynia, the power of Christianity manifested itself over a heathen population; there St. Polycarp was martyred; there St. Gregory Thaumaturgus converted the inhabitants of Pontus; there

St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Gregory Nyssen, St. Basil, and St. Amphiloehus preached and wrote. There were held three of the first four councils of the Church—at Chalcedon, at Ephesus, and at Nicæa, the very city afterwards profaned by the palace of the Sultan. It abounded in the gifts of nature for food, utility, or ornament; its rivers ran with gold, its mountains yielded the most costly marbles; it had mines of copper, and especially of iron; its plains were fruitful in all kinds of grain, in broad and luxuriant pastures, while its hills were favourable to the olive and the vine." The loveliness and fertility of nature remain, but all else is vanished. The Turk has destroyed, and built nothing of his own instead. The commerce of the few ports is in the hands of other races. Centuries of trial prove that he is as incapable of government, of reform, of progress of every kind, as he is of justice and mercy. It is not for us to enter on the ground of politics; but if present appearances are to be trusted, Turkey will never again owe its safety to British armies. British interests will have to be secured in some other way. And left to itself, no longer protected by the jealousies of Christian states, the Ottoman power will fall to pieces. Of a state which is built upon borrowed skill and revenues, which wastes Government loans upon vice and extravagance, and then repays them, not by produce called forth by good administration, but by other loans, the collapse, however long it may be artificially delayed, is as sure and unalterable as the laws of nature can make it. And when the Turkish power passes away, mankind will rejoice, and history will record no regret.

The republication of the two works at the head of this article, both first published about twenty years ago, is opportune. Dr. Newman's facts are mostly excerpted from Gibbon, whom he once scornfully styled "the only ecclesiastical historian" England could show; but the setting is his own. The lectures are among the writer's best works, abounding in powerful description and subtle analysis. We are, of course, far from agreeing with Dr. Newman's estimate of the part played by the Papacy in the transactions he relates; but with this abatement his judgment of the Turk is perfect in the basis of truth on which it rests, the clearness of detail with which it is drawn out, and the calm, incisive, judicial tone in which it is delivered. The last feature will give it a weight which

may not be accorded to the stronger utterances of Mr. Freeman. In substance the two estimates are the same, and the coincidence is curious. Of both writers England is justly proud; and their judgment, founded on the widest knowledge and expressed deliberately, cannot but greatly influence public opinion. Mr. Freeman, with all his fervour, has not said more than did Dr. Newman on the eve of the Crimean war: "It is difficult to understand how a reader of history can side with the Spanish people in past centuries in their struggle with the Moors, without wishing Godspeed, in mere consistency, to any Christian power which aims at delivering the East of Europe from the Turkish yoke."* We commend to the reader especially the three last lectures on *The Prospects of the Turk*, as unsurpassed examples of analysis and generalisation not more keen and searching and brilliant, than just and unchallengeable. We can only indicate a few points. First, our author discusses the general characteristics of barbarism and civilisation respectively, and shows, both analytically and by wide historical induction, that a barbarous state perishes from external, a civilised state from internal causes, external causes being defined as "foreign wars, foreign influence, insurrection of slaves or of subject races, famine, accidental enormities of individuals in power, and other instruments analogous to what in the case of an individual is called a violent death;" internal, as "civil contention, excessive changes, revolution, decay of public spirit, which may be considered as analogous to natural death."

The Turkish power is shown to belong to the category of barbarism by every possible mark on the testimony of observant and even friendly travellers. The notes of barbarism are such as caprice, ungovernable passion, incapacity for improvement, unwillingness to learn, which again is the result of invincible arrogance. The conclusion then applies with irresistible force. The following is the summary of the first two lectures. "If civilisation be the ascendancy of mind over passion and imagination; if it manifests itself in consistency of habit and action, and is characterised by a continual progress or development of the principles on which it rests; and if on the other hand the Turks alternate between sloth and energy, self-

confidence and despair,—if they have two contrary characters within them, and pass from one to the other rapidly, and when they are the one are as if they could not be the other; if they think themselves to be notwithstanding the first nation upon earth, while at the end of many centuries they are just what they were at the beginning; if they are so ignorant as not to know their ignorance, and so far from making progress that they have not even started, and so far from seeking instruction that they think no one fit to teach them; there is surely not much hazard in concluding that apart from the consideration of any supernatural intervention, barbarians they have lived, and barbarians they will die.”*

The last lecture, dealing with the prospects of Turkish power, as these prospects may be divined from its characteristics and surroundings, is one of marked interest, and some illustrations will be seasonable. The poverty of the Turkish character which was seen in former times in the necessity for the Janizaries and Mamalukes, whose place since their destruction has never been supplied, is seen in our days in the wholesale borrowing by which the Turkish Government has prolonged its existence. The merchants, bankers, farmers, artisans, sailors, and many military and naval commanders, are of foreign blood. The same poverty is manifested even in the way in which their religion is held. They have known nothing of the speculative controversies and numerous sects by which the Saracens at least displayed mental activity. Their faith is mute, passive, mechanical, bringing no inquiry to bear on the dogmas it receives. Everyone knows that such a spirit is sure to be fanatical, bigoted, persecuting. Blind to every object but one, it has no conception of the possibility of elements of truth and goodness outside. “Their religion, one of their principal bonds, owes nothing to them; it is, not only in substance but in concrete shape, just what it was when it came to them. I cannot find that they have commented upon it; I cannot find that they are the channels of any of those famous traditions by which the Koran is interpreted, and which they themselves accept; or that they have exercised their minds upon it at all, except so far as they have been obliged in a certain degree to do so in the administration of the law.” “Indeed I

should like it investigated what internal history the Ottomans have at all; what inward development of any kind they have made since they crossed Mount Olympus, and planted themselves in Broussa; how they have changed shape and feature, even in lesser matters, since they were a state, or how they are a year older than when they first came into being. We see among them no representative of Confucius, Chi-hoagti, and the sect of Ta-osse; no Magi; no Pisistratus and Harmodius; no Socrates and Alcibiades; no patricians and plebeians; no Cæsar; no invasion or adoption of foreign mysteries; no mythical impersonations of an Ali; no Suffeeism; no Guelphs and Ghibellines; nothing really in the type of Catholic religious orders; no Luther; nothing in short which for good or evil marks the presence of a life internal to the political community itself. Some authors, indeed, maintain they have a literature, but I cannot ascertain what the assertion is worth." "Such is the strange phenomenon, or rather portent, presented to us by the barbarian power which has been for centuries seated in the very heart of the old world; which has in its brute clutch the most famous countries of classical and religious antiquity, and many of the most fruitful and beautiful regions of the earth; which stretches along the course of the Danube, the Euphrates, and the Nile; which embraces the Pindus, the Taurus, the Caucasus, Mount Sinai, the Libyan Mountains, and the Atlas as far as the Pillars of Hercules; and which, having no history itself, is heir to the historical names of Constantinople and Nicæa, Nicomedia and Cæsarea, Jerusalem and Damascus, Nineveh and Babylon, Mecca and Bagdad, Antioch and Alexandria; ignorantly holding in possession one-half of the history of the whole world. There it lies and will not die, and has not in itself the elements of death, for it has the life of a stone, and unless pounded and pulverised is indestructible. Such is it in the simplicity of its national existence, while that mode of existence remains, while it remains faithful to its religion and its imperial line. Should its fidelity to either fail, it would not merely degenerate or decay, it would simply cease to be."

The external relations of the Turks are depicted with like power. "They have kept their sovereign position by the insignificance, degeneracy, or mutual animosities of the several countries and religions which they rule, and by

the ruthless tyranny of their government. Were they to relax that tyranny, were they to relinquish their ascendancy, were they to place their Greek subjects, for instance, on a civil equality with themselves, how in the nature of things could two incommunicable races coexist beside each other in one political community? Yet if, on the other hand, they refuse this enfranchisement of their subjects, they will have to encounter the displeasure of united Christendom. Nor is it a mere question of political practicability or expedience. Will the Koran in its laxest interpretation admit of that toleration on which the Frank kingdoms insist? Yet what and where are they without the Koran? Nor do we understand the full stress of the dilemma in which they are placed, until we have considered what is meant by the demands and the displeasure of the European community. Pledged by the very principle of their existence to barbarism, the Turks have to cope with civilised governments all around them, ever advancing in the material and moral strength which civilisation gives, and ever feeling more and more vividly that the Turks are simply in the way. They are in the way of the progress of the nineteenth century. They are in the way of the Russians, who wish to get into the Mediterranean; they are in the way of the English, who wish to cross to the East; they are in the way of the French, who from the Crusades to Napoleon have felt a romantic interest in Syria; they are in the way of the Austrians, their hereditary foes. There they lie, unable to abandon their traditional principles, without ceasing simply to be a state; unable to retain them and retain the sympathy of Christendom;—Mahometans, despots, slave-merchants, polygamists, holding agriculture in contempt, Europe in abomination, their own wretched selves in admiration, cut off from the family of nations, existing by ignorance and fanaticism, and tolerated in existence by the mutual jealousies of Christian powers as well as of their own subjects, and by the recurring excitement of military and political combinations, which cannot last for ever."

The author reminds us that "the raw material of the Turkish nation" still exists in abundance in the wild hordes of Asia, and that with a leader of genius it might give trouble to Europe. But we scarcely anticipate scenes such as the past has witnessed. Providence indeed seems

to reserve the dangers as a menace to Europe in case of wide-spread degeneracy, but we hope better things of modern enlightenment and Christianity. The probabilities and event of Russian conquest are also discussed. This we pass over. Dr. Newman's last sentence shall be ours: "Many things are possible; one thing is inconceivable,—that the Turks should, as an existing nation, accept of modern civilisation; and in default of it, that they should be able to stand their ground amid the encroachments of Russia, the interested and contemptuous patronage of Europe, and the hatred of their subject populations."

- ART. II.—1. *Notes on Chinese Literature.* By A. WYLIE, Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in China. London: Trübner and Co. 1867.
2. *Shih Keae Chih Tsiin.* The Decalogue Explained. By YANG MA NOH. 1642.
3. *Shih Keae-Hiuen Lin Shing Tsik.* The Decalogue, with Commentary, &c. By a FOREIGN JESUIT. No date.
4. *Teih Tsuy Ching Rivei.* A Treatise on the Remission of Sins. By JULES ALENI. About 1620.
5. *Mé sã tse e.* The Doctrine of the Mass. By JULES ALENI.
6. *Shing Káow Le Kwei.* Rules of Holy Church. No name or date.
7. *Gan Shay Leo Shüt.* The Doctrine of Indulgence.
8. *Shing Mon Shing Yueh.* The Sacred Month of the Holy Mother. 1859.
9. *Shing Yeo Shih Shing Yueh.* The Sacred Month of St. Joseph. By a EUROPEAN JESUIT. 1862.

THE Roman Catholics have laboured long and hard to propagate the tenets and ceremonies of their Church in China. During a period of nearly three centuries they have sent forth from Europe men remarkable alike for varied accomplishments, ardent zeal, and unremitting toil. Nor has this zealous toil gone unrewarded. It is true that their course in China has been a very chequered one. The Imperial Government has alternately patronised and persecuted them; now lavishing upon them untold favours, and then insisting upon their leaving the country altogether. Nevertheless, amid caresses and frowns, they have, in great part, won their way, and their church-roll, so far as we have been able to ascertain, now numbers 400,000 adherents.

The mode in which they accomplish their work differs, however, altogether from that adopted by Protestant missionaries. The latter, as our readers are well aware, seek by the public proclamation of the Gospel, the translation, printing, and circulation of Holy Scripture, to spread

among the heathen a knowledge of God and the Christian revelation. On the other hand, the Jesuits and their coadjutors never throw open their churches and chapels to the heathen, and only to the initiated do they teach the doctrines of Christianity, enforcing a belief in their own peculiar dogmas, and an observance of their established rites and ceremonies. Again, with every wish cordially to acknowledge their self-denying zeal, we have one just ground of complaint against them: namely, that although they have been so long in the country they have never yet given to the people a translation of the entire Word of God. It is true they have published a few books in which passages of Holy Scripture, long or short, are quoted, with notes appended; but they are not unfrequently perverted from their original design in order to give colour to some theory which the writer seeks to establish. By far the best and fullest of these is a work by Emmanuel Diaz, in fourteen books, consisting of the Gospels for the several Sundays and feast-days throughout the year, as appointed by the ritual, with extended commentary and reflections on each. This production was finished in 1636, and is written in a chaste and lucid style. Of course prominence is given to Romanist views as to the teaching of the Holy Gospels on certain doctrinal points. Others have published various works on Christian evidences, doctrines, and ceremonies, together with several of a controversial character, as regards the idolatries, superstitious notions and practices of the natives. Some are written in a pure, classical style, and to the Chinese taste are accounted unexceptionable. The scientific productions of the early Jesuits do not come within the scope of our remarks. Nor shall we refer to their apologetic and polemical treatises and tracts, inasmuch as they contain little to which our readers could object, except when they press ecclesiastical miracles into their service in dealing with the evidences, and thereby enfeeble, as we take it, the force of the argument derived from the real miracles of our Lord and His Apostles. It is to some of the works which dwell more at length on the doctrines, rites, and customs of the Romish Church that we wish to turn our readers' attention, but we disclaim any wish to excite the least animosity against the Roman Catholics as such. We rather seek to lead those who enjoy a purer faith to emulate their zeal, and to pour into China the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in its integrity.

The book placed first on our list will furnish all the information we need as to the authors of the different works which follow, as also the time at which they reached China, and the number of years during which each one laboured there. In a short preface to his invaluable work, Mr. Wylie tells his readers, among other things, whence he derived the knowledge in question. "For the publications of the early Jesuit missionaries, a special source of information has turned up. A Chinese tract, without date, entitled, *Shing Keaón Sin Ching*, 'Evidences of the Holy Religion,' signed by two native converts as the authors, gives a series of short notices of all the Jesuit missionaries to China, down to the year 1681, with the several publications issued by each. This part of the tract was translated into Latin by Philip Couplet, and published at the end of his *Astronomia Europæa* in 1687. . . . This has given me a clue to the authors of most of the books published by the Jesuits within that period."

We have not been able to find any works published by the two Jesuits, who of all others, next to Xavier, have been the most written about and talked about in Europe, namely, Ricci and Schaal. But Mr. Wylie says that the former issued a short treatise on Friendship, in 1595, one on the Character and Attributes of God in 1601, another in 1604, containing a series of twenty-five short articles, chiefly of a moral bearing, but having little of the peculiar and essential doctrines of the Christian system. In 1608 Ricci sent forth another work, consisting of a record of Ten Conversations which he had held with some of the high native dignitaries at various times. Mr. Wylie refers to Schaal in the following words: "John Adam Schaal, renowned for his services in the cause of science, has left to posterity twenty-six works, but most of these are in the department of astronomy, only five or six being of a directly religious character, and of these there is one which consists of a collection of legendary miracles, little calculated to exalt its doctrine in the minds of intelligent Chinese."

The second work on our list is that of a European Jesuit, known amongst the Chinese by the name of *Yang Ma Noh*, and was first published in 1642. In the first place, after the Introduction, he gives a general account of the Decalogue and then proceeds to the first Commandment. Here he dwells on the existence and unity of God, and the obligation of all men to worship Him. From this he passes

on to show that similar worship is due to the Lord Jesus, but it is lamentable to find him, after having established these points with much force of reasoning and great beauty of style, descending to plead that an inferior kind of worship should be paid to the cross, to the Virgin Mary, to saints, to angels, and to relics. It is the well-known distinction between *latria* and *doulia*, which Roman Catholic writers nearer home seek to establish, but of which we are persuaded the Bible knows nothing.

The next book in order is also on the Decalogue, and by a Jesuit. The year of first publication is not given, neither are we able to discover his European name. He was known, however, amongst the Chinese as *Poon Kwoh Kwang*, and his period of missionary labour extended from 1638 to 1671. The idea of true worship is set before his readers as including faith, hope, and charity, or love. The way in which the first Commandment is transgressed by certain superstitious practices current among the heathen is not overlooked. At the same time the worship of the Virgin, saints, and angels is pleaded for and recommended. Pictures of the Father and the Spirit, the former as an old man and the latter in the form of a dove, as also of the angels as children with wings, are defended against a supposed querist who regards all such things as infractions of the first Commandment. To paint God the Father as an old man is to represent His existence prior to all creation. To paint the Spirit as a dove signifies that He descends into men's hearts to make them pure and to produce in them an aspiration heavenwards. The angels are represented as children with wings to signify their perfection in virtue and the readiness with which they execute all God's mandates. Hereupon follows a detailed account of a dozen miracles, one half of which were performed by or for those who resolutely kept the first Commandment, and the other half followed upon the breach of it.* Let us cull one of each. In former times there was a female saint who was a lover of God from very childhood. When seven years of age she prayed unceasingly to the Virgin Mary to allow her to see the Saviour. One Christmas Day, when about fourteen, she rose very early, and in a small private chapel in the house urged her petition with great importunity. On a sudden she saw the Virgin approach her carrying

* The book contains more than one hundred such legendary miracles.

Jesus in her arms. The Saviour, addressing the girl, said, "Do you love Me?" She responded, "I love you very much." "You love Me like unto what else?" said Jesus. "As I love my body." "This love is but small," was the rejoinder. The maid replied, "I love God more than my heart (perhaps soul)." "How much more?" said Jesus. "I cannot tell," was the answer. "But I beg Thee to look at my heart." In a moment, the flesh concealing her heart parted asunder, and on it were found the following precious words: "I love God more than all things, for He made me, He redeemed me, and He will glorify me." Hereupon angels escorted her soul to heaven with music. The above colloquy was overheard, so the story goes, by people in an adjoining room, as also the sweet strains of heavenly music. When the room or chapel was entered the words were seen on the heart of the girl. All who beheld them revered her greatly and gave thanks unto God, who had conferred such distinguished favour on the young maid.

As an inducement to worship God and therefore abjure all faith in necromancy and sorcery, the following miracle is recorded. There was once a certain man who was a great believer in sorcery, and to him, with the intent of deceiving, the devil presented a charm. "Wear this in your girdle," said he, "and neither knives nor ropes will be able to cause your death." Firmly believing in this charm the man gave himself up to all kinds of wickedness. Eventually he was entangled in the meshes of the law, was tried, and condemned to be hanged. Trusting to the security which the charm imparted he was unwilling to confess: that is, to the priests. The magistrate gave orders that the sentence should be carried out, but the rope snapped three times in succession. Of course the man displayed no sign of penitence or wish that a confessor should wait upon him. One day, as the magistrate was turning the matter over in his mind, he heard a sound as if proceeding from the open sky, which said, "Is there no rattan* to be had?" Enough rattan was immediately obtained, and preparations were made to hang the man with it. He then began to pray to the devil, and the latter replied as follows: "I promised that cords should not effect your death; not that rattan should not do it"—and so the man

* Rattan is the name given to a tough, strong stem, a species of the genus *Calamus*. It is used for ropes.

was hanged. The cruelty of the devil is pointed out, and thus the story ends.

Jules Aleni, the author of the next book, commenced his career in China in the year 1613, and at its close left twenty-five different works, most of which are still in circulation. His treatise on the Remission or Purgation of Sins is divided into five chapters, which treat respectively of Self-examination, Repentance, Reformation, Confession, and Penance. In the chapter on Confession the original design of it is dwelt upon, sundry doubts on absolution are solved, the propriety of the duty is urged, as also the spirit and temper in which it needs to be performed. In the section on the spirit and temper in which confession is to be made it is recommended that it should be done thoroughly. The number of times any particular sin has been committed must be honestly told, for it will not suffice to name the sin only as if committed once for all. Moreover, the heinousness of the offence or otherwise must not be forgotten. For instance, if the sin of stealing is confessed, the number of the things stolen must be given; also whether the theft was perpetrated on a rich man or a poor man; for, as the injury received will be different, so the sin will differ in its enormity. Again, whether the theft was committed from sheer necessity, or for any other reason, must not be overlooked; for, as the motives are unlike in the case in question, so also will the sin be. And so on about lying, fighting, adultery, murder, breach of Church customs, evil thoughts, &c., &c. There is in these statements no doubtful hint as to the kind of persons the priests are willing to receive to confession, and of course to recognise as members of their Church.

The next work, *Me-sâ-tse-e*, is by the same author, and is an explanation of the Doctrine of the Mass, with a minute account of the ceremonies of the Church of Rome connected with the service. In the section on vestments for adorning the body of the officiating priests it is peremptorily required that ordinary attire should not be worn. A minute description is given of the *amice*, *albe*, *girdle*, *maniple*, *stole*, and *chasuble*, the material of which they must be composed, and also of their symbolical meanings. And in order, we suppose, to make the import of these words still more mysterious, and therefore all the more imposing, their sound is first given in Chinese characters and then translated. Following the order of the words given above,

their transliteration is as follows:—A-me-to, A-yu-mat, Ka-ye-tang, Ma-ne-pou-le, Sz-to-lah, and Ka-soo-lal. The *amice*, we are told, represents two things: first, mortal eyes could not bear to look at the infinite glories of the Divine nature of Jesus Christ, and so when He came into this world He shrouded that glory in human nature in order that men's eyes might look at Him without injury; and hence it is that when the priest puts on the *amice* he, in the first instance, covers his face with it. But it also represents the covering put on Christ's face in the house of Caiaphas on the night of His apprehension. The *albe* represents the fact that during the whole period of the Saviour's life in this world He was perfectly pure and spotless, hence it is that the material of which it is made is *white* linen, and that it is long enough to cover the entire body. But it also points to the robe put on Jesus in mockery and derision by Herod's command. The *girdle*, used to encircle the body of the priest, represents the "golden girdle" with which the Lord was "girt" when He appeared to John in Patmos, as also the cord with which He was bound to the pillar when scourged. The *maniple*, which the priest has to put on his left arm, signifies the shield with which the Lord opposed His enemies in carrying out the great end of His incarnation, namely, to expel error and uphold the truth; it also suggests that His right hand, full of power, was employed in raising up the human race and taking them with Him to heaven; it likewise represents that when the Lord knew that His enemies were coming to Him in the garden, He went forth to receive them and submitted to be bound by their fetters. The *stole*, which must depend from the neck in the form of a cross, betokens the yoke of obedience, which, laid down by our first parents, was taken up by Christ in order to redeem all transgressors of the law; and that when the Saviour went forth to suffer death, He Himself bore the cross up the heights of Calvary. And the *chasuble*, the garment of beauty, represents the unchangeable Priesthood of Jesus; and, as the priest acts in Christ's stead in the consecration of the host, it is fitting he wear the high priestly robe; it also represents the royal robe in which Pilate's soldiers scornfully arrayed Him.

The use of the Latin language in the devotional books of the Romish Church, and in the administration of the sacraments, has often been remarked upon as unsanctioned and

absurd, and as leading to endless uncertainty. We have met with no reply to these objections at all sufficient to justify the continuance of the custom. But inexcusable as this usage is, the one they have adopted in Chinese is much more so, as it seems to us. In this matter, as well as others, they have copied the example of the Buddhists, who, instead of translating some of their prayers from the Sanscrit, have represented each syllable by a Chinese character. The prayer of consecration, as used in the sacrifice of the Mass by the Roman Catholics, begins as follows:—Teh-e, a-teh-ung, koo-e, Leh-ti-fee-ka-teh, U-wan-tu-tang, Meh-yang, Roo-e-a, Ton-ngeh-sz, and so on; but it is quite as unintelligible to the Chinese scholar as to the English reader. On other occasions also they show a preference to represent Latin syllables by Chinese characters, rather than translate them, or in addition to translating them. What their motive can be for so doing it is difficult to divine, except indeed it be to throw an air of mystery around what ought to be as clear as noonday. For instance, the following sounds, *Pa-teh-leh*, *Fe-leuh*, *Sz-pi-li-to-San-to*, and *Ngeh-keh-leh-se-a*, are made to do duty for the Latin words *pater*, *filius*, *spiritus-sanctus* and *ecclesia*. These words are all translated and explained in a work lying before us, by a European Augustinian, in his notes to the Apostles' Creed; but why they are not translated in the first instance, and wherever they occur, seems a marvel to us.

The next work on the list, *Customs of Holy Church*, is without both name of author and date of publication. The customs here explained relate chiefly to certain forms to be observed by those who have charge of the sick and dying, the interment of the dead, and the prayers to be repeated for the repose of the souls of all the faithful departed. When the sickness is likely to be unto death in any case, the person or persons in charge of the individual must arouse him to prepare for Confession, Holy Communion, and Extreme Unction. Should the patient in question not be at peace with anyone, means must be used to effect a reconciliation; if he is in debt he must be exhorted to pay it to the last farthing; and if he has not made a will he must be urged to do so in order to avoid jangling in his family when he is gone hence. The means to be employed to arouse him for confession, &c., are the repetition in his hearing of penitential prayers, confessions of sin, and

sundry invocations expressive of faith, hope and love; and while a cross is placed so as to be seen by the sick, a prayer must be addressed to Jesus in which mention is made of His sufferings on the cross. Prayers are to be said to the Virgin Mary, to the angels, and to all the saints. The following are the petitions directed to Mary:—"Holy Mother Mary! thou didst stand by the cross, and although suffering much mental anguish, didst support Jesus (by thy presence), and didst not leave Him until He was dead: leave me not, mother of pity and goodness, in my last hour." "Holy Mother Mary! Mother of Grace, of pity and goodness, protect me, suffer me not to be hurt by mine enemies, and receive me when I die." "Holy Mother of God! fold me in thy bosom, and let me not fall into any evil." "Mother of tender pity! turn thine eyes compassionately upon me, and grant that after death I may behold thy beloved Son Jesus." The following is addressed to Gabriel:—"Holy Gabriel! Chief of all the Angels, pity me, drive away all evil spirits, that they injure me not. I now, with all my heart, commend my soul to thy protection, beseeching thee to guide it to heaven." Then follows one to the angels: "Angels of God, protect me. In eager hope and with undivided heart, I pray you to guide me, and help me in my last hour." Two more short prayers are addressed to all the saints. The book contains prayers to be said for deceased bishops, pastors and priests, parents and kindred; forms are given suitable for repetition on behalf of such as have been recently called away.

Gan Shay Leo Shwo, the next work placed at the head of this paper, is an Explanation of the Doctrine of Indulgences, and of several Societies in the Papal Church, and is given in the catechetical form. The book is without name and date; and no intimation is given as to whether it is the first edition or otherwise, nor under what bishop's imprimatur it is issued; but as it is sold with those named above it is no doubt published under lawful authority. However that may be, the doctrine it teaches is sufficiently plain. We learn from the preface what the author means by the word indulgence. It is the payment of debts which we owe to the Divine Being, it entirely meets the claims of His justice, and lessens all the temporary punishments which God has decreed against every kind of wickedness; and this, no matter what the sin may have been, nor for what reason committed. Because of our

extreme poverty and indebtedness to the Almighty we are entreated to repair to the treasury which has been opened for us. The treasury, we are further told, consists of the superabundant merits of Jesus Christ and of all the saints, male and female. These merits, we are assured, have been placed at the Church's disposal by God Himself. How the saints come to have such merits is thus explained. During their earthly sojourn they endured much suffering, voluntary and otherwise, but their sins were very few, so that their merits were far in excess of their demerits; and this balance the Saviour has been pleased to unite with His own great merits and present to the Church for its disbursement. Moreover, the merits of the Virgin Mary, "vast as the ocean," are included in this treasury. Besides, she herself never had the least taint of sin in her nature. "And if merits such as these cannot be useful to others, what profit is there in them?" We are exhorted not to be afraid of taking too much from this treasury, the danger is in not taking enough. And to arouse us to perform this work immediately Scripture is quoted, "What thy hand can do, do it at once." The object of indulgences is not forgiveness of sins, but the remission of their punishment, so far as this world and purgatory are concerned. Mark the following statement:—"If after the commission of sin a man really repents, confesses sincerely, and determines to amend his life, then God graciously forgives his sins, and hereby he is relieved from eternal suffering; and yet all the penal consequences of his sin are not escaped, for during the present life or in purgatory he must endure temporary punishments." The treasury here spoken of is not open to all who may wish to apply. The unbaptized and excommunicated can receive no benefit from this depository of grace. It is further stated that the souls in purgatory, by means of these indulgences, may be delivered out of their prison-house at once, or the time of their torment materially abridged. In case anyone should wish to secure an indulgence for a soul in purgatory, three things are necessary. 1. The pastor (chief shepherd) must give his permission; if not, all attempts privately to transmit the indulgence to the person in purgatory will avail him nothing. 2. The applicant must devoutly perform all the good works laid upon him by the pastor in order to its attainment. 3. He must of set purpose do all these good deeds for the sole object of benefiting the soul

now in pain. Farther on the following case is presented:— Suppose the person on whose account an indulgence is sought to be in heaven and not in purgatory, who reaps the benefit of it? And in order to avoid, if possible, the loss which might arise under such circumstances, the following recommendation is given. Whenever an indulgence is sought on behalf of the dead a proviso of this kind must be made. "In case such a person is in purgatory let the benefit be his, if not let it be placed to the interest of so-and-so, or to some soul still more necessitous."

Again, every soul released from purgatory by the indulgences we have gained for them, and thereby attaining to heaven sooner than they otherwise would have done, will become powerful advocates for us in the presence of God. Those now suffering who should be the first objects of our solicitude are parents and friends, such as are there on account of our sins, and those who left no one behind to attend to those matters for them. The greatest benefit resulting from these indulgences will accrue to such as practised severe penance while living, and who, moreover, sought to benefit the souls in purgatory by the same means. It is said in an after part of the book that by conforming to certain customs, such and such indulgences may be obtained, provided those applying for them wear upon their persons rosaries, medals, crosses, crucifixes, &c., &c., which have been blessed by the Pope or one of his deputies. It may answer the same purpose if these sacred objects are kept in the houses of the faithful. We find nothing about the payment of money for the purchase of indulgences; but, inasmuch as those asking for them are required to do all the good deeds laid upon them by the priest, the door is open for what would be the equivalent of purchase money. Again, rosaries, &c., &c., which have been blessed at Rome will not, we may suppose, be sold at cost price. But in reference to these crosses, &c., several of the Popes have extended special grace to the faithful in China, and now indulgences may be had without them. For instance, if a delinquent sincerely repenting shall devoutly recite certain given prayers, he will thereby obtain an indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines; or if two days during one year he shall go to Confession and Holy Communion, and also pray fervently that the true doctrine may spread, he will obtain a plenary indulgence for each day. Again, all who with burning zeal recite the Lord's

Prayer obtain, each time they do so, an indulgence for 300 days. Supposing two of these believers meet on the Sabbath, and as they bow to each other *à la Chinoise*, one says, "Praise to Jesus," and the other says, "Amen," they each receive 100 days' indulgence. All who hear another one repeat the holy name of Jesus or of Mary, and thereupon bow the head, obtain a twenty days' indulgence. All who kiss the crucifix and, repenting, cherish a feeling of pity at the Saviour's sufferings, receive a forty days' indulgence. Of course all these indulgences may be transmitted to those now suffering in purgatory.

It will be seen at once that the assumed necessity for prayers being offered for the dead, as also for their being in purgatory at all, sets aside the grand doctrine of Revelation as to man's renewal and sanctification by the Blessed Spirit. But this ignoring of the Spirit's work in the human heart is also apparent in the praise lavished upon the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, in the works ascribed to them, and in the titles they have conferred on them, as also in the prayers addressed to them. The perusal of two books has given us intense pain: one the *Sacred Month of Holy Mother*, and the other *Sacred Month of St. Joseph*. In the former of the two, a work much resembling the *New Month of Mary*, by Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, U.S., if not a translation of it, the following are some of the titles conferred on the Virgin: "Holy Mother of God," "Mother of Divine Grace," "Adorable Virgin," "Virgin of Great Power," "Virgin of Beneficence," "Cause of our Joy," "Tower of David," "Pagoda of Ivory," "Palace of Gold," "Ark of the Covenant," "Gate of Heaven," "Morning Star," "Health of the Sick," "Confidence of Sinners," "Comfort of the Sorrowful," "Help of Christians," under each of these titles her intercessions being requested. Converts in China are told that the fifth month has been specially chosen by believers in the West in which to show extraordinary devotion to the Holy Mother, and that numbers of books have been written to direct and assist them in so doing. These unusual acts of worship to the Virgin need not be restricted to the fifth month only, but may be observed with advantage during other months also. On the 24th day of May the title of the Virgin to be specially pondered is that of "Health of the Sick;" and to show her claims to the title, the following story, or miracle as the book calls it, is

told. "Once upon a time the city of Rome was suffering from the plague, and they had no means whatever of staying it, while vast multitudes were its victims. The then reigning Pope caused an image of the Holy Mother to be brought out of a famous church dedicated to her honour. It was taken in procession along the streets, and God was entreated to look down upon and protect them. Wherever the image came the poisonous miasma was at once dissipated. When the procession reached a bridge it beheld an angel sheathing his sword, plainly showing that God's anger was allayed. Among the people who saw the vision, or heard of it, there were none who did not return thanks to the Virgin for her matchless grace." That image of the Virgin is preserved in her temple to the present time, and words would not suffice to recount all the miraculous deliverances accomplished by it.

The last book on the list is composed after the model of the *New Month of Mary*. The various titles to which, the Chinese Christians are informed, St. Joseph has a claim, are followed by two meditations, a brief prayer in which the title is incorporated, an exhortation to the practice of some virtue, an object for which to pray, and a miracle. The book is dedicated to Jesus and the Sacred Heart of Mary, and its full title is *The Sacred Month of St. Joseph, Great Patron of China*. Hints are given as to the best mode of congratulating or felicitating St. Joseph. The following is the first:—"In the church or in the house an image of the saint must be placed in a spot of becoming dignity and cleanliness, and its external splendour must be preserved by means of careful dusting, hereby adding to the reverence (we entertain for the saint)." The second hint or direction is to the effect that on each day of St. Joseph's month (March), the believer should consecrate himself to his service, &c., &c.

The titles given to St. Joseph are not so extravagant as those which are bestowed on the Virgin, but the prayers addressed to him are equally God-dishonouring. A few sentences from some of them may be given:—"O worthy of boundless love, our great and powerful patron St. Joseph, we have heard a former faithful servant of thine, St. Theresa,* once said, 'Of all who sincerely invoke thy name, and perseveringly seek thy protection, none

* We cannot be certain that the characters are meant for Theresa's name, but they are suitable ones.

have been rejected by thee, none have failed to receive succour from thee. . . . We sinners, sad and with tears, flee to thine altar, and bow ourselves at thy feet. . . . We beseech thee repulse us not, but listen to our cry.' " But many other petitions might be quoted, showing that Joseph, the carpenter, has been more than canonised. In the body of the book, and under the title, "Joseph, our Patron," an account is given of a meeting of priests in Canton, at which, with one heart, they selected St. Joseph to be the Patron Saint of China. A memorial was sent to the Pope asking for his approval of this selection, and it was at once and joyfully given.

The great benefit of praying to him is thus set forth. There was once a monk, who, although not diligent in the performance of duty, never failed for a single day to revere St. Joseph. After death he appeared to the members of his fraternity, and said: "Alas! alas! pray to God for me, for I am enduring severe pain in purgatory. And that I did not sink into hell is all owing to the great grace of St. Joseph; the reason God did not send me to the place of eternal torment is that during my life I always revered the spotless consort of Mary." After uttering these words he disappeared.

In the midst of all these saints, and intercessors, and saviours, one is disposed to exclaim with Mary at the sepulchre, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." For while volume after volume teems with panegyrics to the honour of saints, and relates the wondrous deeds performed by them, very little is said, comparatively, of the dignity, love, and glories of the Saviour Himself. Rome would almost seem to have organised a well-concerted attack on the prerogatives and offices of each Person of the adorable Trinity, and in this respect to have outstripped both "Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of the Jews." The sole charge against them was that they had gathered together against God's holy child Jesus. But the charge against Rome is much heavier. The Bible says, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." But what says Rome? Saints and angels, and the host, and the cross and relics, may and ought to be worshipped. "Who can forgive sins, but God only"? Who? The Pope and cardinal, bishop and priest. Again, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and

men, the Man Christ Jesus." The calendar of Romish saints, and their supposed intercession, will seriously conflict with St. Paul's statement. For from among this vast crowd of saints, or demi-gods, we may select any one in particular to be our patron, place ourselves under his protection by an act of dedication, expect him to succour us while living, and receive our souls at the hour of death. Besides, every spirit released from purgatory by our suffrages and prayers will become, on his admission into heaven, a mighty pleader on our behalf. Again, the office of the Holy Spirit in men's hearts is that of renewal and sanctification. This purification, says Rome, needs the fires of purgatory to make it perfect. "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" The Roman system condemns the man whose sins are forgiven to endure their penal consequences in a place of torment. But we must stop here.

In the books now glanced at many other things are written which could not be told without soiling these pages, and giving to chastity an inexpressible shock. The majority of the works are by the early Jesuit missionaries; but, inasmuch as they are now published, the doctrines propounded therein must still have the endorsement of the Pope and his cardinals.

In the catalogues of books on sale at the various Romish missions in China, very few new ones are included, and this circumstance incidentally corroborates the following statement found in Dr. Williamson's *Journeys in North China*. He "never observed any indications among them (Romish priests) of men grappling with the language, and girding with ardour to overthrow the mighty evils which are stalking abroad among the natives. . . . They never preach or publish any books." The fact that they preach so little is not to be regretted, for we here see the kind of doctrine they would have to set forth.

This, then, is the Christianity, the agents of which are not unfrequently lauded to the skies by the press of this and other lands, both east and west. It is no pleasure to write after this manner, but fidelity to the Gospel and a deep concern that while Chinese attention is being turned to the Truth it should see it in all its simplicity, free from the incrustations of human tradition and error, seemed to require it of us. We have often wished, when oppressed with a sense of the vastness of the harvest-

field, and the fewness of its reapers, and sympathising with St. Paul's declaration, under very trying circumstances, "nevertheless Christ is preached, and therein I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice," that we could cordially give the right hand of fellowship to the agents of the Roman Catholic Church labouring among the heathen, but to have done so would have been treason against the majesty of Evangelical Truth. Let the reader bear in mind that the religion Rome is pouring into China she is seeking to extend in other pagan lands, and then ask himself whether his obligations to the Saviour do not demand of him that with prayers, and gifts, and personal effort he should seek to extend the knowledge of the true Light to the ends of the Earth.

ART. III.—1. *Miscellaneous Essays*. By H. T. COLEBROOKE.
A New Edition with Notes by E. B. COWELL, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Cambridge. Two Vols. London: Trübner and Co. 1873.

2. *Indian Wisdom; or, Examples of the Religious, Philosophical, and Ethical Doctrines of the Hindus*. By MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A. Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. London: W. H. Allen and Co. 1875.

INDIA is the home of Pantheism. There it was born, there it grew to maturity, there it has always flourished and flourishes still as it does nowhere else. However it is to be explained, the fact is certain that the air and soil of that country are most congenial to this form of religious faith. Pantheism of course is the exact antipodes of Atheism, and to the latter India has never been favourable. The sect is known under the name of Chârvâkas or Nâstikas (literally nihilists), but it can scarcely be said to exist. It is doubtful whether the millions of India would furnish a solitary atheist. Buddhism, which makes a near approach to atheism, was cast out of India by main force, and took refuge in Burmah and China. If a Hindu abandons the popular polytheism, it is to embrace a pantheistic rather than a negative creed; it is not to go over to the opposite side, but to go still farther in the direction of his old faith; for it will be observed that pantheism is an error on the same side as polytheism: its tendency is not to narrow and exclude, but to extend the presence and action of Deity. In the West pantheism has never been more than an idiosyncrasy of individual thinkers. It has never been the doctrine of a school or church, openly avowed on a large scale as the only explanation of the world and guide of life, and as such transmitted from age to age. In India it is all this. The last of the three great philosophical systems, of which in our last number we glanced at two, is pure pantheism; and, what is more important, this is the most enduring, most general and influential creed of India at the present day. The educated Hindu intellect is all pantheistic, or inclines far to that side. The spell

which the system has laid on a few high spirits among us is universal in educated India. And the creed has charms for the popular mind as well. The village ryot is one on this subject with the scholarly pandit of Benares. The only difference is the difference of the rustic patois and polished Sanscrit. Everyone familiar with the prevalent ideas of the people of India knows the incredible extent to which pantheistic views leaven the masses.

The third system is known as the *Mimāṃsa*, and, like the two former, consists of two parts, the Former and Latter (*Pūrva* and *Uttara*). The first, the work of Jaimini, we may dismiss at once. It is simply an elaborate philosophical work on the ritualism of the *Vēdas*, a sort of ritualist directory, and has little practical influence. The latter part is the more important. Its reputed author is *Vyāsa* or *Bādarāyana*, who is also credited with the compilation of the *Vēdas*, the *Mahā-Bhārata*, the *Purāṇas*, and a legal code, verily the greatest literary Hercules the world has ever heard of. The name given to the system is significant of the character claimed for it. It is the *Vēdānta*, the end, scope, intent, essence of the *Vēdas*. From the fact that it has always been the popular belief of India, its literature is enormous. The *Vēdānta* may be said to have completely thrust out of sight the two prior systems, the *Sāṅkhya* and *Nyāya*. What was remarked of the latter, that they are more theological than philosophical, is still more eminently true of *Vēdāntism*. It is simply pantheism formulated into a creed, established by every possible evidence, and vindicated from objections.

The principal *Vēdāntist* authority is *Vyāsa's* work, entitled *Brahma-mimāṃsa*, or *Shārīraka-mimāṃsa*,* in the form of aphorisms, *sūtras*. The commentaries upon this, and commentaries upon these again, are almost countless. The greatest of all the commentators is *Shankarāchārya*, who is believed to have lived in the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century A.D. The name of commentators on *Shankarāchārya*, again, is legion, the chief one being *Vāchaspati-Mishra*. *Vāchaspati* (king of speech) has also his annotators, and so on. These abstruse works are for the few. The multitude may well be satisfied with such popular compendiums as the *Vēdānta-sāra*, *Essence of the Vēda*, by *Sadānanda* (perpetual joy), which has been often printed

* *Shārīra*, embodied soul. The treatise is thus designated an inquiry into the nature of this. Other terms are the *Brahma-Sūtras* and *Shārīraka-Sūtras*.

and translated, and the Atmâ-Bodhâ, Knowledge of Spirit or Self-knowledge, also attributed to Shankara.

The roots of Vêdântism strike back into the Vêdas themselves, and thus far the claim implied in its name is justified. In the Vêdic Upanishads something more than its germs is to be found. Something has been said on the subject already,* but the subject will bear further illustration. The Upanishads, of which about one hundred and fifty are enumerated, are treatises appended to certain portions of the Vêdas, consisting of speculation, often in the form of dialogue and legend, on metaphysical points. The meaning of the term is disputed. In its secondary sense of "mystery" it corresponds closely with our "apocrypha." Another meaning alleged by native writers is "to set ignorance at rest by revealing the knowledge of the Supreme Spirit,"† or, more briefly, "the knowledge of God," and they support this by a fanciful derivation to which Colebrooke seems to adhere for want of a better.‡ But the etymological meaning now generally accepted is "sitting beside," in allusion to the attitude of a disciple. Professor Whitney, in his notes on Colebrooke, says truly, though in too dogmatic a tone, "The Hindu etymologies of the word *upanishad* are all false. Its true original meaning is simply 'sitting down by,' as an act of submissive and reverent attention on the part of a pupil to his instructor, or the like; hence, through the meaning of 'a session' or 'a lecture,' it has come to signify the religious instruction imparted at such a session and reverently received by the pupil; or else, as Müller suggests, it has passed from the significations of 'submissive listening' and 'implicit faith' to that of 'divinely revealed truth.'"§ It is in one of the Upanishads that the formula occurs which sums up the whole system in a single word, *Ekamêv adwitiyam*, one only without a second. *Adwiti* means non-dual,|| without a second. Vêdântists are called *Adwaitas*; all others *Dwaitas*, as acknowledging two distinct substances, soul and matter. It is obvious that Indian pantheism is at the farthest distance from materialism. Its doctrine is not "all is matter," but rather "all is spirit." In a special sense it may be designated spiritualism, being the spiritual view of the universe pushed to the farthest extreme. The Vêdântist creed is of the simplest. "God is the only

* No. xci. p. 18.

† *Indian Wisdom*, p. 35, note.

‡ Vol. I. p. 83.

§ Colebrooke's *Essays*, Vol. I. p. 122.

|| *Dwiti* = two, a privative.

existence, at once the material and the cause of the universe. All separate existences are only in appearance, phenomenal, and the apprehension of such separate existence is the result of ignorance which must be removed." It will be observed that this is precisely the reverse of the modern theory taught among us that phenomena are the only real and knowable existences, and that all else is illusion or hypothesis. On the contrary, the Hindu says, "Phenomena are unreal. The real is what lies beneath or behind phenomena." He would interpret the old Greek precept, "Know thyself," to mean, "Know thyself to be Brahma, God, part of the one universal soul." We confess that of the two errors at opposite poles the Hindu one seems the better. Between pure materialism and pure pantheism our choice would fall on the latter. On the question of truth or error it appears more easily conceivable, as a Vedântist says, that living spirit might project from itself the phenomenal universe than that matter should give rise to all the phenomena of life, intelligence, and virtue. Both theories, indeed, are equally in error in breaking down the old distinction between mind and matter, in annihilating one of the two factors which the world has always acknowledged; but, if the language may be allowed, the pantheist's way of doing this is most reasonable and natural. Of the two elements we prefer to give up the material. The loss to humanity will be less. As to the Hindu view there can be no doubt. A maxim of one of the Upanishads puts it in a sentence, "Brahma satyam, jagan mithyâ, jivo Brahmaiva, nâparaha: Brahma is true, the world is false, soul (life) only is Brahma, there is no other."*

We will now give some illustrations of Vedântist doctrine from the Upanishads, which, though the earliest sources, leave little for future development. The following is from the Aitareya Upanishad of the Rigvéda:—

"Originally this universe was, indeed, Soul only: nothing else whatever existed, active (or inactive). He thought, 'I will create worlds': thus he created these worlds,—water, light, mortal beings, and the waters. The 'water' is the region above the heavens, which heaven upholds, the atmosphere comprises light, the earth is mortal, and the regions below are 'the waters.' He thought, 'These are indeed worlds, I will create guardians of worlds.' Thus he drew from the waters and framed an embodied

* *Indian Wisdom*, p. 113.

being (purusha). He viewed him, and of that being so contemplated the mouth opened as an egg, from the mouth speech issued, from speech fire proceeded. The nostrils spread, from the nostrils breath passed, from breath air was propagated."

In the same way the sun is described as issuing from the eyes and sight, space from the ears and hearing, herbs and trees from the skin and hair, &c. The deities thus created come to the original soul, and ask for an appropriate form which they may inhabit. Declining the forms of a cow and horse, they accept the form of a man, and take up their abode in his different members, fire becoming speech in the mouth, air becoming breath in the nostrils, the sun becoming sight in the eyes, and so on.

"He (the universal soul) reflected, 'How can this body exist without me?' He considered by which extremity he should penetrate. He thought, 'If (without me) speech discourse, breath inhale, and sight view; if hearing hear, skin feel, and mind meditate, &c., then who am I?' Parting the suture (of the head), he penetrated by this route. That opening is the road to beatitude (by which the emancipated soul rejoins the supreme soul). What is this soul, that we may worship him? Is it that by which a man sees, by which he hears, by which he smells odours, by which he utters speech, by which he discriminates pleasant and unpleasant tastes? Is it the heart, or the mind? Is it sensation, or power, or discrimination, or comprehension, or perception, or retention, or attention, or application, or pain, or memory, or assent, or determination, or animal action, or wish, or desire? All these are only various names of apprehension. But this (soul, consisting in apprehension) is Brahma, he is Indra, he is Prajapati; these gods are he; and so are the five primary elements, earth, air, ether, water, light: these (in all combinations) are the eye of intelligence. On intellect everything is founded; the world is the eye of intellect, and intellect is its foundation. Intelligence is Brahma."—Colebrooke, Vol. I., p. 42.

The following is from the Vrihad Upanishad of the Yajur-Vêda:—

"Next looking round, that (soul) saw nothing but himself, and he first said, 'I am I.' Therefore his name was 'I;' and thence even now, when called, a man first answers, 'It is I,' and then declares any other name which appertains to him. . . . He felt dread; and therefore man fears when alone. But he reflected, 'Since nothing exists besides myself, why should I fear?' Then his terror departed from him; for what should he dread, since fear must be of another? He felt not delight; and therefore

man delights not when alone. . . . He caused his own self to fall in twain, and thus became man and woman."

Then the original pair take successively the shapes of the different animals, and thus originate the different animal species.* The same Upanishad says:—

"Where there is duality one sees another, one smells another, tastes, speaks to, hears, minds, regards, knows another; but where the whole is one spirit, then whom and by what can one see, whom and by what can one smell, whom and by what can one taste, speak, hear, mind, regard, know?"—*Indian Wisdom*, p. 124.

Professor Williams gives also the following sentences from this source:—

"In this universe there was nothing at first distinguishable. But, indeed, it was enveloped by death, and death is the desire to devour. As the web issues from the spider, as sparks proceed from fire, so from the one soul proceed all breathing animals, all worlds, all the gods, and all beings. The soul the gods adore as the light of lights, and as the immortal life. Those who know him as the life of life, the eye of the eye, the ear of the ear, and the mind of the mind, have comprehended the eternal pre-existing spirit. Infinitely full is that spirit (regarded as independent of all relation); infinite, too, is this spirit (in his relations and attributes). From the infinite is drawn out the infinite. On taking the infinite from the infinite there remains the infinite. 'I am Brahma,' whoever knows this knows all. Even the gods are unable to prevent his becoming Brahma. Man indeed is like a lofty tree, the lord of the forest. His hair is like the leaves, his skin the external bark. From his skin flows blood as sap from the bark: it issues from his wounded body as sap from a stricken tree. If a tree be cut down, it springs up anew from the root. From what root does mortal man grow again, when hewn down by death? (Cf. Job xiv. 7—10.) The root is Brahma, who is knowledge and bliss."—*Indian Wisdom*, p. 39.

We quote also a portion of the Taittiriya Upanishad, of the same Vēda:—

"Bhrigu, son of Varuna, approached his father, saying, 'Venerable one, make known to me Brahma.' Varuna proposed these: food, truth, sight, hearing, mind, and speech; and added: 'That whence all beings are produced, by which they live when born, towards which they tend, and into which they pass, seek thou, for that is Brahma.' He meditated in devout contempla-

* Colebrooke, Vol. I., p. 57.

tion; and having thought profoundly, he recognised food to be Brahma: for all beings are produced from food, when born live by food, tend towards it, pass into it. This he understood. He again approached his father Varuna, saying: 'Venerable one, make known to me Brahma.' Varuna replied, 'Seek the knowledge of Brahma by devout meditation. Brahma is profound contemplation.' Having deeply meditated, he discovered breath to be Brahma: for all beings are produced from breath, live by it, tend towards it, pass into it. This he understood. Again he approached his father Varuna, saying, 'Venerable one, make known to me Brahma.' Varuna replied, 'Seek him by profound meditation. Brahma is that.' He meditated in deep contemplation, and discovered intellect to be Brahma: for all beings are produced from intellect, live by it, tend to it, pass into it. This he understood. Again he came to his father Varuna, saying, 'Venerable one, make known to me Brahma.' Varuna replied, 'Inquire by devout contemplation. Profound meditation is Brahma.' He thought deeply, and having thus meditated with devout contemplation, he knew happiness to be Brahma: for all things are produced from pleasure, they live by it, tend towards it, pass into it. Such is the knowledge which was attained by Bhrigu."—Colebrooke, Vol. I., p. 69.

The Chhândôgya Upanishad of the Sâma-Vêda is a very important one. The following extract from it, though long, is characteristic of the favourite style of the Hindus as well as of the opinions under consideration. Five learned Brahmans, Prâchinashâla, Satyayajna, Indrad-yumna, Jana, and Vudila, well versed in the Vêdas, meet together to discuss the question, "What is soul, and who is Brahma?"

"They reflected, 'Uddâlaka, son of Aruna, is well acquainted with the universal soul, let us go at once to him.' They went; but he thought, 'These great and learned persons will ask me, and I shall not be able to tell them all: I will at once indicate to them some one else.' He said to them, 'Ashwapati, son of Kékaya, is well acquainted with the universal soul, let us now go to him.' They went, and on their arrival, the king caused due honours to be shown them, and next morning civilly dismissed them; but observing that they stayed and did not accept his presents, he asked the reason."

After some parleying, they said,—

"'Thou well knowest the universal soul. Communicate the knowledge to us.' He replied, 'To-morrow I will declare it to you.' Perceiving his drift, they next day attended him, bearing (like pupils) logs of fire-wood. Without bowing to them, he thus

spoke, 'Whom dost thou worship as the soul, O son of Upamanyu (Prâchinashâla) ?' 'Heaven,' answered he, 'O venerable king.' 'Splendid is that universal self* which thou dost worship as the soul. Therefore in thy family is seen the Sôma juice, drawn, expressed and prepared (for religious rites), thou dost consume food, and thou dost behold a beloved object. Whoever worships this for the universal soul, similarly enjoys food, contemplates a beloved object, and finds religious occupations in his family. But this is (only) the head of the soul. Thy head had been lost, hadst thou not come to me.' He now turned to Satyayajna, saying, 'Whom dost thou worship as the soul, O descendant of Prâchinayôga ?' 'The sun,' answered he, 'O venerable king.' 'Varied is that universal self, which thou dost worship as the soul. Therefore in thy family many various forms are seen, a car yoked with mares, and treasure, together with female slaves, is with thee ; thou dost consume food and view a pleasing object. Whoever worships this for the universal soul has the same enjoyments and finds religious occupations in his family. But this is only the eye of the soul. Thou hadst been blind, hadst thou not come to me.' He next addressed Indradyumna, 'Whom dost thou worship as the soul, O descendant of Vyâghrapad ?' 'Air,' replied he, 'O venerable king.' 'Diffused is that portion of the universal self which thou dost worship as the soul. Numerous offerings reach thee, many tracts of cars follow thee, thou dost consume food, thou viewest a favourite object. Whoever worships this for the universal soul enjoys food and contemplates a beloved object, and has religious occupations in his family. But this is only the breath of the soul. Thy breath had expired, hadst thou not come to me.' He next interrogated Jana, 'Whom dost thou worship as the soul, O son of Sharkarâkshya ?' 'The ether,' said he, 'O venerable king.' 'Abundant is that universal self whom thou dost worship as the soul ; and therefore thou likewise dost abound in progeny and wealth. Thou dost consume food, thou seest a favourite object. Whosoever worships this for the universal self consumes food and sees a beloved object, he has religious occupations in his family. But this is only the trunk of the soul. Thy trunk had corrupted, hadst thou not come to me.' He afterwards inquired of Vudila, 'Whom dost thou worship as the soul, O descendant of Vyâghrapad ?' 'Water,' said he, 'O venerable king.' 'Rich is that universal self whom thou dost worship as the soul ; and therefore art thou opulent and thriving. Thou dost consume food, thou viewest a favourite object. Whosoever worships this for the universal soul, partakes of similar enjoyments, contemplates as dear an object, and has religious occupations in his family. But this

* Rather, soul ; the Sanscrit for self and soul is the same, *âtma*.

is only the abdomen of the soul. Thine had burst, hadst thou not come to me.' Lastly, he interrogated Uddālaka, 'Whom dost thou worship as the soul, O descendant of Gotama?' 'The earth, O venerable king.' 'Constant is that universal self whom thou dost worship as the soul; and therefore thou remainest steady with offspring and with cattle. Thou dost consume food, thou viewest a favourite object. Whosoever worships this for the universal soul, shares like enjoyments, and views as beloved an object, and has religious occupations in his family. But this is only the feet of the soul. Thy feet had been lame, hadst thou not come to me.' He thus addressed them: 'You consider this universal soul as if it were an individual being, and you partake of distinct enjoyment. But he who worships as the universal soul that which is known by its parts and is inferred, enjoys food in all worlds, in all beings, in all souls; his head is splendid like that of this universal soul; his eye is similarly varied; his breath is equally diffused; his trunk is no less abundant; his abdomen is alike full; and his feet are the earth, his breast is the altar, his hair is the sacred grass, his heart the household fire, his mind the consecrated flame, and his mouth the oblation.'—Colebrooke, Vol. I., p. 76.

The following passages from the same treatise throw still further light on the Hindu faith. An interlocutor, Sanat-kumāra, speaking of the Vēdas and Purānas, says: "The knowledge of these works is a mere name. Speech is greater than this name, Mind than Speech, Will than Mind, Sensation than Mind, Reflection than Sensation, Knowledge than Reflection, Power than Knowledge, and highest of all stands Life. As the spokes of a wheel are attached to the nave, so are all things attached to Life. This Life ought to be approached with faith and reverence, and viewed as an Immensity which abides in its own glory. That Immensity extends from above and from below, from behind and from before, from the south and from the north. It is the Soul of the universe. It is God Himself. The man who is conscious of this Divinity incurs neither disease, nor pain, nor death." Human souls are compared to rivers, the supreme soul to the ocean: "These rivers proceed from east to west; thence from the ocean they rise in the form of vapour, and, falling again, they flow to the south and merge into the ocean." The supreme soul is also compared to a bridge. "Crossing this bridge, the blind cease to be blind, the wounded to be wounded, the afflicted to be afflicted, and nights become days. For ever

refulgent is the region of the universal spirit."* Again, "This whole universe is indeed Brahma.† It springs from him, merges in him, breathes in him. Therefore calmly worship him."‡ "The omnipotent, omniscient, sentient cause of the universe is essentially happy. He is the brilliant, golden person seen within the solar orb and the human eye. He is the ethereal element, from which all things proceed and to which they all return. He is the breath in which all beings merge, from which they all rise. He is the light which shines in heaven, and in all places high and low, everywhere throughout the world and within the human person. He is the breath and intelligent self, immortal, undecaying, and happy."§ A sentence or two of this is taken from other treatises.

Having quoted from the first three Vēdas, we will next instance an Upanishad of the Atharvana-Vēda, called the Mundaka. The sage Angiras says to an inquirer:—

"Two sorts of science must be distinguished, as they who know God declare, the supreme science and another. This other is the Rig-, Yajur-, Sāma-, and Atharvana-Vēdas, the rules of accent, the rites of religion, grammar, the glossary and explanation of obscure terms, prosody, and astronomy; also the Itihāsa and Purāna; and logic with the rules of interpretation and system of moral duties. But the supreme science is that by which the imperishable is apprehended, invisible, not to be seized, not to be deduced, devoid of colour, destitute of eyes and ears, without hands or feet, yet pervading all; minute, unalterable; and contemplated by the wise as the source of beings. As the spider spins and draws back, as plants sprout on the earth, as hairs grow on a living person, so is this universe produced from the imperishable. By contemplation the vast one germinates, from him food is produced, and thence successively breath, mind, real worlds, and immortality arising from good deeds. The omniscient is profound contemplation, consisting in the knowledge of him who knows all; and from that the vast one, as well as names, forms and food, proceed; and this is truth."—Colebrooke, p. 84.

We give also two metrical extracts from the Yajur-Vēda. The first is from the Shwētāshwatara Upanishad:—

"Him may we know, the ruler of all rulers,
The god of gods, the lord of lords, the greater

* *Indian Wisdom*, p. 40.

† Brahman, neuter, is the supreme Spirit. Brahma, masculine, is the first in the Hindu Triad. It is scarcely necessary to preserve the distinction in English.

‡ *Indian Wisdom*, p. 112.

§ Colebrooke, I., p. 363.

Than all the greatest, the resplendent being,
 The world's protector, worthy of all homage.
 Of him there is not cause, nor yet effect.
 He is the cause, lord of the lord of causes,
 None is there like him, none superior to him,
 His power is absolute, yet various,
 Dependent on himself, acting with knowledge.
 He the one god is hidden in all beings,
 Pervades their inner souls and rules their actions,
 Dwelling within their hearts, a witness, thinker,
 The singly perfect, without qualities.
 He is the universe's maker, he
 Its knower, soul, and origin of all ;
 Maker of time, endowed with every virtue,
 Omniscient, lord of all embodied beings ;
 Lord of the triple qualities, the cause
 Of man's existence, bondage and release,
 Eternal, omnipresent, without parts,
 All-knowing, tranquil, spotless, without blame,
 The light, the bridge of immortality ;
 Subtler than what is subtlest, many-shaped,
 One penetrator of the universe,
 All-blest, unborn, incomprehensible,
 Above, below, between, invisible
 To mortal eyes, the mover of all beings,
 Whose name is glory, matchless, infinite,
 The perfect spirit with a thousand heads,
 A thousand eyes, a thousand feet, the ruler
 Of all that is, that was, that is to be,
 Diffused through endless space, yet of the measure
 Of a man's thumb, abiding in the heart,
 Known only by the heart, whoever knows him
 Gains everlasting peace and deathlessness."

The following is from the Maitrāyani Upanishad :—

"In this decaying body made of bones,
 Skin, tendons, membranes, muscles, blood, saliva,
 Full of putrescence and impurity,
 What relish can there be for true enjoyment ?
 In this weak body ever liable
 To wrath, ambition, avarice, illusion,
 To fear, grief, envy, hatred, separation
 From those we hold most dear, association
 With those we hate ; continually exposed
 To hunger, thirst, disease, decrepitude,
 Emaciation, growth, decline and death,
 What relish can there be for true enjoyment ?

The universe is tending to decay,
 Grass, trees and animals spring up and die.
 But what are they? Earth's mighty men are gone,
 Leaving their joys and glories; they have passed
 Out of this world into the realm of spirits.
 But what are they? Beings greater still than these,
 Gods, demigods and demons, all have gone.
 But what are they? For others greater still
 Have passed away, vast oceans have been dried,
 Mountains cast down, the polar star displaced,
 The cords that bind the planets rent asunder,
 The whole earth deluged with a flood of water,
 E'en highest angels driven from their stations.
 In such a world what relish can there be
 For true enjoyment? Deign to rescue us,
 Thou only art our refuge, holy lord."—*Indian Wisdom*, p. 45.

The Upanishads, it will be remembered, though the most recent portions of the Vêdas, as evinced by the language and matter, go back probably five centuries before Christ. The specimens above will show how strong a footing Pantheism has in the early Scriptures of India, and what reason Vêdântism has for claiming those Scriptures as its authority. All that the later Vêdânta does is to articulately expand the teaching of the Vêdic Upanishads, to frame the materials there furnished to its hand into a symmetrical structure. We now proceed to the text-book of Vêdânta itself, the *Brahma-Sûtras* of Vyâsa with Shankara's explanations.

First the subject is announced. "Next, therefore, the inquiry is concerning Brahma, God," as the subject of the *Purva-Mimânsa* was Dharma, duty. It will be noticed that in its account of the nature and attributes of the supreme Brahma the Vêdânta founds upon the Vêdas. The following are extracts from the *Sûtras* :—

"He is described in many passages of the Vêda as diversified, and endued with every quality and particular character, but in other very numerous texts as without form or quality. The latter only is truly applicable, not the former, nor yet both. He is impassible, unaffected by worldly modifications, as the clear crystal, seemingly coloured by the red blossom of the hibiscus, is not the less really translucent. He does not vary with every disguising form or designation, for all diversity is expressly denied by explicit texts; and the notion of variableness in relation to him is distinctly condemned in some Shâkhas of the Vêdas. He is neither coarse nor subtle, neither long nor short, neither

audible nor tangible; amorphous, invariable. This luminous, immortal being, who is in this earth, is the same with the luminous, immortal embodied spirit, which informs the corporeal soul, and is the same with the (supreme) soul. He is to be apprehended by mind alone. There is here no multiplicity. Whoever views him as manifold dies death after death. He is amorphous, for so he is explicitly declared to be; but seemingly assumes form, as sunshine or moonlight, impinging on an object, appears straight or crooked. He is declared to be sheer sense, mere intellect and thought; as a lump of salt is wholly of an uniform taste throughout, so is the soul one mass of intelligence. The luminous sun, though one, reflected in water becomes various, and so does the unborn divine soul by disguise in divers modes. Like the sun and other luminaries, seemingly multiplied by reflection though really single, and like ether apparently subdivided in vessels containing and limiting it, the (supreme) light is without difference or distinction of particulars, for he is repeatedly declared so to be. Therefore is one who knows the truth identified with the infinite being, for so revelation indicates. But since both are affirmed, the relation is as that of the coiled serpent fancied to be a hoop; or as that of light and the luminary from which it proceeds, for both are luminous. There is none other but he, notwithstanding the apparent import of divers texts, which seem to imply differences, various relations, and fractional parts. He is ubiquitous and eternal; for he is pronounced to be greater than ethereal space, which is infinite."—Colebrooke, I., p. 383.

The identity of all being is still more unequivocally asserted in the following passages of the Sûtras:—

"An effect is not other than its cause. Brahma is single without a second. He is not separate from the embodied soul. He is soul, and the soul is he. Yet he does not do that only which is agreeable and beneficial to soul. The same earth furnishes diamonds, rock crystals, red ochre, &c.; the same soil produces a diversity of plants; the same food is converted into various excrescences, hair, nails, &c. As milk changes to curd and water to ice, so is Brahma variously transformed and diversified, without aid of tools or outward means of any sort. In like manner the spider spins his web out of his own substance, spirits assume various shapes, the lotus stretches from pond to pond without organs of motion. That Brahma is entire without parts is no objection, he is not wholly transformed into worldly appearances. Various changes are presented to the same dreaming soul. Divers illusory shapes and disguises are assumed by the same spirit. Unfairness and uncompassionateness are not to be imputed to him (Brahma), because some are happy, others are

miserable, and others again partake of happiness and unhappiness. Every one has his lot in the renovated world according to his merits, his virtue or vice in a former stage of the universe, which is eternal without beginning. So the rain-cloud distributes rain impartially, yet the sprout varies according to the seed. Every attribute of a first cause exists in Brahma, who is devoid of qualities."—Colebrooke, p. 375.

Again:—

"The soul is a portion of the supreme ruler, as a spark is of fire. The relation is not that of master and servant, ruler and ruled, but of whole and part. In more than one hymn and prayer of the Vêdas it is said, 'All beings constitute one quarter of him, three quarters are imperishable in heaven;' and in the Ishwara-Gîtâ and other smritis, the soul that animates body is expressly affirmed to be a portion of him. He does not however partake of the pain and suffering of which the individual soul is conscious through sympathy during association with body; so sunshine or moonlight appears as that which it illumines, though distinct from it. As the sun's image reflected in water is tremulous, shaking with the undulations of the pool, without however affecting other water images or the sun itself; so the sufferings of one individual affect not another, nor the supreme ruler."—Colebrooke, I., p. 379.

An Upanishad says:—

"As the sun, the eye of the whole world, is not sullied by the defects of the eye or of external objects, so the inner soul of all beings is not sullied by the misery of the world."—*Indian Wisdom*, p. 45.

It will be noticed that the above extracts anticipate objections to the theory. A considerable part of the Brahma-Sûtras is controversial, arguing against the other systems, the Sâṅkhya, Yôga and Vaishêshika, and replying to objections which might be brought from the standpoint of those systems against Vêdântism. Thus:—

"The objection that the cause and effect are dissimilar is not a valid one: instances of such dissimilarity are frequent. Hair and nails, which are insensible, grow from a sensible animal body, and sentient vermin spring from inanimate sources. The argument too might be retorted; for according to the adverse position sentient beings are produced from insensible plastic nature (the Sâṅkhya prakriti). On these and other arguments the orthodox doctrine is maintainable by reasoning; and by like arguments opinions concerning atoms and an universal void (the theory of Kanâda), which are not received by the best persons, may be

confuted. The distinction relative to fruition, discriminating one who enjoys and that which is enjoyed, does not invalidate the singleness and identity of Brahma as cause and effect. The sea is one and not other than its waters; yet waves, foam, spray, drips, froth, and other forms, differ from each other."—Colebrooke, I., p. 375.

Here is a criticism of the Sāṅkhya and Vaiśeṣika theories:—

"According to the doctrine of the Sāṅkhyas, who maintain that souls are numerous, each of them infinite, and all affected by one plastic principle, nature, the pain or pleasure which is experienced by one must be felt by all. The like consequence follows the doctrine of Kanāda, who taught that souls, numerous and infinite, are of themselves insensible; and mind, the soul's instrument, is minute as an atom, and by itself likewise insentient. The union of one soul with a mind would not exclude its association with other souls, equally infinite and ubiquitous; and all therefore would partake of the same feeling of pain or pleasure."—Colebrooke, I., p. 379.

The great commentator, Shankarāchārya, deals with objections in similar fashion:—

"It may be objected that God is not proved to be the cause of the universe. Why? From the visible instances of injustice and cruelty. Some he makes very happy, some very miserable, and some in a middle state. Being the author of such an unjust creation, he is proved to be subject to passions like other persons—that is to say, to partiality and prejudice—and therefore his nature is not spotless. And by dispensing pain and ruin he is chargeable with malicious cruelty, deemed culpable even among the wicked. Hence because of the instances of injustice and cruelty God cannot be the cause of the universe. To this we reply, Injustice and cruelty cannot be charged upon God. Why? Because he did not act independently. God being dependent creates this world of inequalities. If you ask on what he is dependent, we reply on merit and demerit (virtue and vice). That there should be an unequal creation, dependent on the merit and demerit of the souls created, is no fault of God. As the rain is the common cause of the production of rice and wheat, but the cause of their specific distinctions as rice and wheat are the varying forms of their respective seeds; so is God the common causes in the creation of gods, men, and others, but of the distinctions between gods, men, and others, the causes are the varying works inherent in their respective souls."

If we ask, how there could be previous virtue and vice at

the original creation, Shankara falls back upon the eternity of the world. He says:—

“The supreme being existed at the beginning, one only without a second. Hence before the creation there could be no works in dependence on which inequalities might be created. God may be dependent on works after distinctions are made. But before the creation there could be no works caused by various instruments, and therefore we ought to find a uniform creation. We reply, This does not vitiate our doctrine, because the world is without beginning. The world being without beginning, nothing can prevent works and unequal creations from continuing in the states of cause and effect, like the seed and its plant.”—*Indian Wisdom*, p. 116.

The *Brahma-Sūtras* also treat copiously of the devout profound contemplation by means of which the individual soul may be liberated from its separate existence and attain identity with the universal spirit. By such meditation alone, perfect knowledge of the truth is to be arrived at. This knowledge obtained, the soul has done with life and its miseries. Different degrees of emancipation are distinguished, such as *Sāmīpya*, dwelling near *Brahma*, *Salōkya*, residence with him, *Sāyujya*, union with or absorption in his essence. The last, of course, is the highest beatitude, though the others are high attainments. “As water wets not the leaf of the lotus, so sin touches not him who knows God: as the floss on the carding comb cast into the fire is consumed, so are his sins burnt away.” “Yet the consequences of virtue and vice must be worked out. Those which were in operation are not annulled, as the arrow which has been shot completes its flight, nor falls till its speed is spent, and the potter’s wheel once set in motion, whirls till the velocity which has been given it is exhausted.” After describing the process in ordinary death, the speech and other faculties merging in the mind, mind in breath, breath in the soul, the soul in the atomic body (*linga-sharira*), which again at the general dissolution merges in supreme deity, the *Brahma-Sūtras* say, “But he who has attained the true knowledge of God does not pass through the same stages of retreat, proceeding directly to reunion with the supreme being, with which he is identified as a river at its mouth merges in the ocean. His vital faculties, and the elements of which his body consists, the sixteen parts which compose the human frame (*linga-*

sharīra), are absorbed absolutely and completely: both name and form cease; and he becomes immortal, without parts or members." The soul issues forth by the crown of the head. "By that passage, in virtue of acquired knowledge and of recollection of the meditated way, the soul of the wise, graced by the favour of Brahma, whose dwelling is in the heart, issues and meets a solar ray; and by that route proceeds, night or day, winter or summer. The contact of a sunbeam with the vein is constant as long as the body endures: rays of light reach from the sun to the vein, and conversely extend from this to the sun." Respecting the nature of the subsequent state there is a difference of opinion, Jaimini holding that the liberated soul is endued with all the Divine attributes, Vyāsa that he becomes pure thought or intelligence. Still Hindu emancipation (*mōksha*) is not Buddhist annihilation (*nirvāna*). The liberated soul exists as a part of the universal soul. Professor Cowell quotes the following from Goldstücker (Colebrooke, i. 426). "The Brahmanic Hindus hope that their soul will ultimately become united with the universal spirit, which in the language of the Upanishads is the neuter Brahma, and in that of the sects the supreme deity, who takes the place of this philosophical and impersonal god. And, however indefinite this god Brahman may be, it is, nevertheless, to the mind of the Brahmanic Hindu an entity. The final salvation of a Buddhist is entire nonentity. The various expressions for eternal bliss in the Brahmanic creed mean either 'liberation from this earthly career,' or 'the absolute good.' They, therefore, imply a condition of hope. The absolute end of a Buddhist is without hope; it is *nirvāna*, extinction." Respecting the states which fall short of absolute absorption, *Sāmīpya*, &c., it is disputed whether the presence of body is essential, some denying, Jaimini maintaining, Vyāsa holding it indifferent. One who has reached this state is called a *Yōgī*, one joined with Deity, and is supposed to possess all Divine powers, except that of creation. The state of a *Yōgī*, who is not limited to one body or place, is attainable in the present life. But perfect emancipation is absolute and final. For the soul which is once swallowed up in the universal spirit there is no return to the toils of mortality and the changes of finite existence.

The works already referred to are for professed scholars. Ordinary Hindu students are satisfied with such manuals

as the *Vēdānta-Sāra** and *Atmā-Bōdhā*, which state the theory clearly and briefly without entering into minute detail, or staying to notice difficulties and objections. In dogmatic style and practical purpose they answer to our Catechism. We quote from the former a few passages, which confirm the view given of Hindu Pantheism, omitting all reference to fanciful theories of emanation and evolution. The relation of faith and works is illustrated thus: "Two persons being on a journey, one of them loses his horses and the other his carriage. The first is in the greatest perplexity, and the other, though he can go on horseback, shrinks from the fatigue. After some suspense they agree to unite, and thus accomplish their journey with ease. The first is he who depends on works, the latter he who depends on wisdom. Hence, to obtain emancipation works and divine knowledge must be united." "That which pervading the members of the body is the cause of life as motion is called individual soul (*jiva*); that which pervades the universe and gives life to all is *Brahma*. These are one. The space between the trees of a forest and universal space are of the same nature; they are both pure ether: and so *Brahma* and individual spirits are one: both are pure life." "All are one, not two: the distinctions of I, Thou, He, are all artificial, existing only for present purposes and through illusion." "A person observes a string on the ground and imagines it to be a snake. His fears are as much excited as if it were a real snake, and yet he is in error. So the hopes, fears, desires, pride, sorrow of one who is under the influence of worldly attachment arise from what is unsubstantial. All things past, present, and to come, of every class and description, are *Brahma*, who is the cause of all things, as well as the things themselves. If it be not admitted that he is both potter and clay, it will follow that for clay he is indebted to another." "The animating principle pervading all bodies, from the grossest to the most ideal, is the same in all. There is no difference between the imprisoned and abstract spirit: the body is mere illusion."† This is clear enough. The same is repeated and expressed in every variety of phrase and illustration. *Brahma* is the only real sub-

* Containing 598 verses.

† Quoted from Ward's work. Colebrooke condemns his rendering of the *Vēdānta-Sāra* in strong terms (p. 361); but Ward's is evidently meant to be a summary, and as such is correct.

stance or existence. Everything which contradicts this is a mistake.

The *Atmâ-Bôdhâ*, attributed to the great Shankara himself, summarises the creed in sixty-eight verses, the principal of which are rendered by Professor Williams thus:—

“ Knowledge alone effects emancipation.
As fire is indispensable to cooking,
So knowledge is essential to deliverance.
Knowledge alone disperses ignorance,
As sunlight scatters darkness. Not so acts :
For ignorance originates in works.
The world and all the course of mundane things
Are like the vain creation of a dream,
In which ambition, hatred, pride, and passion
Appear like phantoms mixing in confusion.
While the dream lasts the universe seems real,
But when 'tis past the world exists no longer.
Like the deceptive silver of a shell,
So at first sight the world deludes the man
Who takes mere semblance for reality.
As golden bracelets are in substance one
With gold, so are all visible appearances
And each distinct existence one with *Brahma*.
By action of the fivefold elements
Through acts performed in former states of being
Are formed corporeal bodies, which become
The dwelling-place of pleasure and of pain.
The soul enwrapped in five investing sheaths*
Seems formed of these, and all its purity
Darkened, like crystal laid on coloured cloth.
As winnowed rice is purified from husk,
So is the soul disburdened of its sheaths
By force of meditation as by threshing.
The soul is like a king whose ministers
Are body, senses, mind, and understanding.
The soul is wholly separate from these,
Yet witnesses and overlooks their actions.
The foolish think the spirit acts, whereas
The senses are the actors, so the moon
Is thought to move when clouds are passing o'er it.
When intellect and mind are present, then
Affections, inclinations, pleasures, pains
Are active ; in profound and dreamless sleep
When intellect is non-existent, these
Exist not ; therefore they belong to mind.

* These are—Bliss, Reason, Mind, Breath, Matter.

As brightness is inherent in the sun,
 Coolness in water, warmth in the fire,
 E'en so existence, knowledge, perfect bliss,
 And perfect purity inhere in soul.
 The understanding cannot recognise
 The soul, nor does the soul need other knowledge
 To know itself, e'en as a shining light
 Requires no light to make itself perceived.
 The soul declares its own condition thus—
 'I am distinct from body, I am free
 From birth, old age, infirmity and death.
 I have no senses ; I have no connection
 With sound, or sight, or objects of sensation.
 I am distinct from mind, and so exempt
 From passion, pride, aversion, fear, and pain.
 I have no qualities, I am without
 Activity, and destitute of option,
 Changeless, eternal, formless, without taint,
 For ever free, for ever without stain.
 I, like the boundless ether, permeate'
 The universe within, without, abiding
 Always, for ever similar in all,
 Perfect, immovable, without affection,
 Existence, knowledge, undivided bliss,
 Without a second, one, supreme, am I.'
 The perfect consciousness that 'I am Brahma'
 Removes the false appearances projected
 By ignorance, just as elixir, sickness.
 The universal soul knows no distinction
 Of knower, knowledge, object to be known.
 Rather is it enlightened through itself
 And its own essence, which is simple knowledge.
 When contemplation rubs the Araui*
 Of soul, the flame of knowledge blazing up
 Quickly consumes the fuel, ignorance.
 The saint who has attained to full perfection
 Of contemplation, sees the universe
 Existing in himself, and with the eye
 Of knowledge sees the all as the one soul.
 When bodily disguises are dissolved
 The perfect saint becomes completely blended
 With the one soul, as water blends with water,
 As air unites with air, as fire with fire.
 That gain than which there is no greater gain,
 That joy than which there is no greater joy,

* Wood used in kindling fire.

That lore than which there is no greater lore,
Is the one Brahma—that is certain truth.
That which is through, above, below, complete,
Existence, wisdom, bliss, without a second,
Endless, eternal, one—know that as Brahma.
That which is neither coarse nor yet minute,
That which is neither short nor long, unborn,
Imperishable, without form, unbound
By qualities, without distinctive marks,
Without a name—know that indeed as Brahma.
Nothing exists but Brahma : when aught else
Appears to be, 'tis like the mirage false."

Indian Wisdom, p. 120.

A prominent tenet of later Vedāntist teaching is that of illusion or false knowledge (*Māyā* or *Avidyā*), but it seems unknown to the earliest authorities. The power is attributed to the supreme soul in two forms, envelopment and projection (*Avarana* and *Vikshēpa*), the first producing the semblance of internal, the second of external changes. By the first Brahma fancies in himself desires and qualities, by the second he projects the outer universe of gods and men. Practically *Māyā* is the Creator of Vedāntism. All existences, from the highest deity through every scale of being to the lowest matter, are parts of a dream which rises and vanishes. Thus creation and providence come to be pictured by Hindu writers as a divine sport or amusement. Professor Cowell quotes the following remarkable passage from a comment of Shankara on the *Aitareya Upanishad*. "It may be objected that a carpenter, &c., can make a house, &c., as he is possessed of material ; but how can the soul, being without material, create the worlds ? But there is nothing objectionable in this. The world can exist in its material cause, *i.e.* in that formless undeveloped subject which is called soul, just as the subsequently developed foam exists in water. There is, therefore, nothing contradictory in supposing that the Omniscient, who is Himself the material cause of names and forms, creates the world. Or, better still, we may say as a skilful juggler without material creates himself as if it were another self going in the air, so the Omniscient Deity, being omnipotent and mighty in *Māyā*, creates himself as if it were another self in the form of the world."* It is evident that the notion of *Māyā* is intended to meet the difficulty of spirit

* Colebrooke, I., p. 400, note.

being the origin of matter. The knot is cut sheer through by the assertion that matter itself, or rather the whole visible and invisible universe including matter, is nothing more than a spectral illusion, a trick.

The most perfect, as the most poetical, expression of Indian Pantheism, however, is the *Bhagavad-Gitâ*, Song of the Supreme. This beautiful poem, in three sections of six chapters each, and containing seven hundred lines, is part of the great epic, the *Mahâ-Bhârata*, and is supposed to be as old as the Christian era. Its author is said to have been a *Vaishnava-Brahman*, though, of course, Hindus put down the whole epic to *Vyâsa*. Whoever the author was, the genius which clothed abstruse metaphysics in all the rich hues of poetry is extraordinary. Translations have appeared, not only in all the Indian vernaculars, but in most Western tongues, the first of the latter being that of Wilkins, in 1785. Some years ago the Wesleyan Mission Press, at Bangalore, published an edition containing the Sanscrit text, in Canarese characters, with the Latin rendering of A. W. Schlegel, and a Canarese version. Dean Milman speaks of the poem, embedded in the mighty epic, as "like a noble fragment of Empedocles or Lucretius introduced into the midst of an Homeric poem."

That the poem is the latest word of Indian philosophy is evinced by the fact that while its main doctrine is the most uncompromising Pantheism, the other systems, especially the *Sâṅkhya* and its supplement the *Yôga*, are dexterously interwoven with it. The *Sâṅkhya* notions of *Prakriti* and *Purusha* figure largely. The *Vêdântist* confidently and justly claims the *Bhagavad-Gitâ*, which all India reverences as sacred, as on his side; but much of its teaching, as will be seen, is by no means that of the pure *Vêdânta*. The latter passionately insists that contemplation is the only means by which supreme beatitude is to be attained. The *Bhagavad* poem does not deny this; indeed, enforces it; but at the same time it inculcates the importance of every one earnestly doing the work of his station, whereas the *Vêdânta* urges the abandonment of outward activity as worthless and the source of misery. Hence the poem has always been the stronghold of caste and ritualism, as well as of Pantheistic sentiment.

The poem is a dialogue between the *Pândava* hero, *Arjuna*, and the divine *Krishna*, in a pause before the battle between the *Pândava* and *Kaurava* hosts for the

throne of Hastinâpura. Krishna, an incarnation of Vishnu, is Arjuna's cousin, and has become his charioteer. The Pândava and Kaurava princes are cousins, and Arjuna, the bravest and gentlest of knights, shrinks from wading even to a rightful throne through the blood of relations. It is to remove these scruples that Krishna epitomises the pantheistic philosophy. The gist of what he says is, "Life and death, victory and defeat, are but in appearance. Men are only automata. The only real actor is the universal God. In thee the warrior, as in the Brahman and Shûdra, in gleaming heaven, and earth, and sea, duty fulfils his purpose. Therefore, do thy duty without thought of fear."

Arjuna

"Looked as foemen stood on either side,
Kinsmen and friends by dearest ties allied.
There fathers, sons, and holy teachers stood,
Uncles and brothers, near in love and blood.
Sad was the sight to Arjun, o'er his soul
Horror and doubt and mournful pity stole."

Krishna replies :—

"Ne'er was the time when I was not, nor thou, nor yonder kings
of earth :

Hereafter ne'er shall be the time when one of us shall cease
to be.

The soul within its mortal frame glides on through childhood,
youth, and age ;

Then in another form renewed, begins its stated course again.

All indestructible is he that spread the living universe ;

And who is he that shall destroy the work of the indestructible ?

Corruptible these bodies are that wrap the everlasting soul—

The eternal unimaginable soul. Whence, on to battle, Bharata !

For he that thinks to slay the soul, or he that thinks the soul
is slain,

Are fondly both alike deceived : it is not slain, it slayeth not ;

Ancient, eternal, and unchanged, it dies not with the dying
frame.

Who knows it incorruptible, and everlasting, and unborn,

What heeds he whether he may slay, or fall himself in battle
slain ?

As their old garments men cast off, anon new raiment to
assume,

So casts the soul its worn-out frame, and takes at once another
form.

The weapon cannot pierce it through, nor wastes it the con-
suming fire ;

The liquid waters melt it not, nor dries it up the parching
wind ;

Impenetrable and unburned, impermeable and undried,
Perpetual, ever-wandering, firm, indissoluble, permanent,
Invisible, unspeakable."—*Dean Milman.*

This alone expresses no more than the eternity of the human soul, which does not imply Pantheism, and which is one of the Sāṅkhya tenets. But the sense in which it is to be understood is made clear by such passages as the following. Krishna is the speaker:—

"I am the ancient sage without beginning,
I am the ruler and the all-sustainer,
I am incomprehensible in form,
More subtle and minute than subtlest atoms ;
I am the cause of the whole universe,
Through me it is created and dissolved,
On me all things within it hang suspended
Like pearls upon a string. I am the light
In sun and moon, far, far removed from darkness ;
I am the brilliancy in flame, the radiance
In all that's radiant, and the light of lights,
The sound in ether, fragrance in the earth,
The seed eternal of existing things.
The life in all, father, mother, husband,
Forefather and sustainer of the world,
Its friend and lord. I am its way and refuge,
Its habitation and receptacle,
I am its witness. I am victory
And energy. I watch the universe
With eyes and face in all directions turned.
I dwell as wisdom in the heart of all.
I am the goodness of the good, I am
Beginning, middle, end, eternal time,
The birth, the death of all. I am the symbol A
Among the characters. I have created all
Out of one portion of myself. E'en those
Who are of low and unpretending birth
May find the path to highest happiness
If they depend on me. How much more those
Who are by rank and penance holy Brahmans
And saintly soldier-princes like thyself ?
Then be not sorrowful. From all thy sins
I will deliver thee. Think thou on me,
Have faith in me, adore and worship me,
And join thyself in meditation to me.

Thus shalt thou come to me, O Arjuna,
Thus shalt thou rise to my supreme abode,
Where neither sun nor moon has need to shine,
For know that all the lustre they possess is mine."

Indian Wisdom, p. 144.

The scene in which Arjuna asks a vision of the Divine glory is one of great power. Arjuna prays:—

"Most mighty lord supreme, this revelation
Of thy mysterious essence and thy oneness
With the eternal spirit, clears away
The mists of my illusions. Show me then
Thy form celestial, most divine of men,
If haply I may dare to look upon it."

At first Krishna declines, but after endowing Arjuna with strength, he

"Displayed to Arjuna his form supreme,
Endowed with countless mouths and countless eyes,
With countless faces turned to every quarter,
With countless marvellous appearances,
With ornaments, and wreaths, and robes divine,
With heavenly fragrance, and heavenly weapons.
It was as if the firmament were filled
All in an instant with a thousand suns,
Blazing with dazzling lustre. So beheld he
The glories of the universe collected
In the one person of the god of gods."

Then Arjuna, awe-struck at the vision, with bowed head and folded hands, bursts out:—

"I see thee, mighty lord of all, revealed
In forms of infinite diversity.
I see thee like a mass of purest light
Flashing thy lustre everywhere around.
I see thee crowned with splendour like the sun,
Pervading earth and sky, immeasurable,
Boundless,—without beginning, middle, end—
Preserver of imperishable law,
The everlasting spirit. Immensely vast,
Thou comprehendest all, thou art the all.
To thee earth's greatest heroes must return,
Blending once more with thy resplendent essence,
Like mighty rivers rushing to the ocean.
To thee be sung a thousand hymns of praise
By every creature and from every quarter,
Before, above, behind. Hail! hail! thou all!
Again and yet again I worship thee.

Have mercy, I implore thee, and forgive,
 That I, in ignorance of this thy glory,
 Presumed to call thee friend : and pardon too
 Whate'er I have too negligently uttered,
 Addressing thee in too familiar tones.
 Unrivalled god of gods, I fall before thee
 Prostrate in adoration ; thou, the father
 Of all that lives and lives not, have compassion,
 Bear with me as a father with a son,
 Or as a lover with a cherished one.
 Now that I see thee as thou really art,
 I thrill with terror. Mercy ! Lord of lords,
 Once more to me display thy human form,
 Thou habitation of the universe."—*Indian Wisdom*, p. 146.

The comparison is too obvious to need more than mention. The advantage of simplicity is certainly with the Bible. The Hindu tendency to exaggeration and exhaustiveness, leaving nothing to reflection, is very evident in the scene just pictured.

We must also briefly illustrate the other feature mentioned,—the commendation of active duty, so different from the passiveness and quietism of Vêdântism :—

"Better to do the duty of one's caste,
 Though bad and ill-performed and fraught with evil,
 Than undertake the business of another,
 However good it be. For better far
 Abandon life at once than not fulfil
 One's own appointed work. Another's duty
 Brings danger to the man who meddles with it.
 Perfection is alone attained by him
 Who swerves not from the business of his caste."

And again :—

"Perform all necessary acts, for action
 Is better than inaction. None can live
 By sitting still and doing nought. It is
 By action only that a man attains
 Immunity from action. Yet in working
 Ne'er work for recompense. Let the act's motive
 Be in the act itself. Know that work
 Proceeds from the Supreme. I am the pattern
 For man to follow. Know that I have done
 All acts already, nought remains for me
 To gain by action. Yet I work for ever
 Unweariedly, and this whole universe
 Would perish, if I did not work my work."

Ibid., pp. 140, 150.

Having finished our exposition of Hindu Pantheism, to show that no phase of opinion is unrepresented on Indian soul, we will mention the materialists, Chârvâkas, so called after a demon Chârvâka, their supposed founder. They are also called Lökâyatikas, literally secularists. Their nominal teacher is Vrihaspati. Like many heretical sects in the West, the Chârvâkas are only known to us through opponents, who state their opinions in order to confute them. We thus learn that their tenets are such as these: Perception is the sole source of knowledge; there are only four eternal elements—earth, air, fire, and water, and intelligence is a result of these, just as the mixture of several substances produces another different from all: soul and body are one and the same: all things are produced spontaneously. Professor Williams thus renders Vrihaspati's teaching:—

“ No heaven exists, no final liberation,
 No soul, no other world, no rites of caste,
 No recompense for acts. The Agnihotra,
 The triple Vêda, triple self-command,
 And all the dust and ashes of repentance,
 These yield a means of livelihood for men
 Devoid of intellect and manliness.
 If victims slaughtered at a sacrifice
 Are raised to heavenly mansions, why should not
 The sacrificer immolate his father?
 If offerings of food can satisfy
 Hungry departed spirits, why supply
 The man who goes a journey with provisions?
 His friends at home can feed him with oblations.
 If those abiding in celestial spheres
 Are filled with food presented upon earth,
 Why should not those who live in upper stories
 Be nourished by a meal spread out below?
 While life endures let life be spent in ease
 And merriment: let a man borrow money
 From all his friends, and feast on melted butter.
 How can this body when reduced to dust
 Revisit earth? And if a soul can pass
 To other worlds, why does not strong affection
 For those he leaves behind attract him back?
 The costly rites enjoined for those who die
 Are a mere means of livelihood devised
 By sacerdotal cunning, nothing more.
 The three composers of the triple Vêda

Were rogues, or evil spirits, or buffoons.
 The recitation of mysterious words
 And jabber of the priests is simple nonsense."

Indian Wisdom, p. 134; also Colebrooke, I., pp. 427, 456.

We are told further of the Chârvāka tenets: "Seeing no soul but body, they maintain the non-existence of soul other than body; and arguing that intelligence or sensibility, though not seen in earth, water, fire, and air, whether simple or aggregate, may yet subsist in the same elements modified in a corporeal frame, they affirm that an organic body, endued with sensibility and thought, though formed of those elements, is the sole person or soul. The faculty of thought results from a modification of the aggregate elements, in like manner as sugar with a ferment and other ingredients becomes an intoxicating liquor; and as betel, areca, lime, and extract of catechu chewed together have an exhilarating property, not found in those substances severally. So far there is a difference between animate body and inanimate substance. Thought, knowledge, recollection, &c., perceptible only where organic body is, are properties of an organised frame, not appertaining to exterior substances, or earth, &c., simple or aggregate, unless formed into such a frame. While there is a body there is thought, and sense of pleasure and pain; none when body is not. Hence, as well as from self-consciousness, it is concluded that self and body are identical."

To this the Vêdântists reply: "Thought, sensation, and other properties of soul or consciousness cease at the moment of death, while the body yet remains, and cannot therefore be properties of the corporeal frame, for they have ceased before the frame is dissolved. The qualities of body, as colour, &c., are apprehended by others; not so those of soul, as thought, memory, &c. Their existence while body endures is ascertained, not their cessation when it ceases. They may pass to other bodies. Elements or sensible objects are not themselves sentient or capable of feeling: fire, though hot, burns not itself: a tumbler, however agile, mounts not on his own shoulders. Apprehension of an object must be distinct from the thing apprehended. By means of a light or lamp objects are visible: if a lamp be present the thing is seen; not so if there be no light. Yet apprehension is no property of the lamp: nor is it a property of body, though observed only

where a corporeal frame is. Body is but instrumental to apprehension."

The above account is taken from a valuable work, *Compendium of all Philosophical Systems*, Sarva-Darshana-Sangraha, by Mādhava,* who lived in the fourteenth century. In this work fifteen systems of religious and philosophical opinions are described and discussed. They are as under:†

I. The Chārvāka-Darshana, mentioned above.

II. The Bauddha. Buddhism, with its doctrine of annihilation.

III. The Arhata. The Jaina sect, whose saints are called arhata, venerable.

IV. The Rāmānuja. Rāmānuja was a Vaishnava reformer of the twelfth century, and, like all Vishnuites, was a Dwaita, dualist, an earnest opponent of the adwaita Vedāntist doctrine that Brahma is all. The sect call themselves Shri Vaishnavas.

V. The Pūrṇa-prajna, an appellative meaning, one whose knowledge is complete. The founder was Madwāchārya, thirteenth century, and like IV., a Vaishnava, with sectarian peculiarities.

VI. The Nakulīsha-pāshupata.

VII. The Shaiva.

VIII. The Pratyabhijña.

IX. The Rasēshwara.

X. The Aulūkyā. Kanāda's Vaishēshika system, Uluka being a name given him.

XI. The Akshapāda, eye-footed. Gotama's Nyāya system.

XII. The Jaimini, or Pūrva-Mimāṃsa.

XIII. The Pānini, the grammarian.

XIV. The Sāṅkhya of Kapila.

XV. The Pātanjala, or Yōga.

It will be observed that the Vedānta does not occur in the list.

The account we have given of Indian pantheism not only shows that the prevailing tendency of Hindu thought is to religion and philosophy, but also indicates that the direction of that tendency is to the side of faith. Scepti-

* Mādhava was both priest and prime minister of Bukka-rama and Harihara, whose capital was Vijayanagara on the Godāvari (Colebrooke, I, 325). He and his brother Sāyana are celebrated commentators.

† See *Indian Wisdom*, pp. 76, 127, 128. Colebrooke, I, 280, 433. H. H. Wilson's Works, Vol. I.

cism is altogether out of harmony with the genius of the Hindus, who must break with their past history and falsify their whole character if they ever rest in unbelief. Hitherto polytheism has been the creed of the masses, pantheism of the superior intellects, and the spirit of both these errors is to believe too much. It is impossible to suppose that the negations of "science falsely so called" will ever be accepted by the general mind of India. Nations never so lose their identity. If any confidence is to be placed in deductions from the past, (and what a past India has had!) Christian monotheism is the creed most likely to commend itself to the intellect and heart of that great people.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Rev. Charles G. Finney, the American Evangelist.* Written by Himself. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1876.

THE fame of Mr. Finney on both sides of the Atlantic was during his lifetime, and is still, very great. As a Christian worker, he stands second to no evangelist of modern times, while as a theologian he is distinguished by an originality of mind which no other great revivalist can lay claim to. He founded no new sect and organised no new system: his measures, at first strange to the churches with which he was more immediately connected, were only an imitation, or perhaps we should say an extension, of those by which Methodist pioneers had from the beginning sought to arouse the sparse settlers in the West as well as the busy masses which even then began to throng the Eastern seaboard. If his tactics differed at all from those of his fellow-campaigners, they might excel in the hardihood and impetus of their attack, in the daring onslaught upon petted prejudices, in the utter disregard of proprieties and conventionalisms, in the demand for instant self-surrender and for some unmistakable act of self-committal, which characterised the strategy of this redoubtable Boanerges. Ordinary means were in fact modified to suit rather the ultra-Arminianism of a creed born of profound conviction than the disinherited Calvinism that sought to strangle it in the birth, and ordinary means became so extraordinary when worked with such fiery zeal, that those who had heard the human elements in salvation as stoutly urged by him and as strongly pressed as they ever have been since the days of Pelagius, were in some danger of ascribing all to the Divine, of mistaking the subjective for the objective, and of losing sight of the fact that means had been in any way contributory to the astounding spiritual results. Speaking generally, we may say there was nothing new in the measures themselves, only in the sphere of their application. But associated as they were with a new scheme of theology, and directed by the tremendous energy of a man like Finney against the humdrum formality of a Puritanism that was puritanic only in name, they operated

with such effect as not only to communicate a new tone to the religion of multitudes of individuals, but also, in conjunction with the swift advance of Methodism, to give a prominence and power to the religious interest in the United States unequalled in any other Christian country. The whole spirit and system of the Church in America is enthusiastically aggressive: life, movement, energy are the expected and realised tokens of personal godliness, the common and ordinary features of Church organisation; and society at large, yielding to the pressure brought to bear upon it, acknowledges the claims and respects the manifestations of a fervid and untrammelled Christianity. Among the concurrent causes of this great phenomenon, Finney's influence must be recognised as a formative force, moulding for good the mind of the most enterprising nation upon earth. Nor has his influence been confined to his own country. His two visits to England, each paid at a time of unwonted religious awakening, brought him into contact with some of the leading members of our most important denominations, and were productive of much spiritual profit. His successes here have, indeed, been overshadowed by those of recent labourers in the same field, but the effect of his published writings, and more particularly of his Lectures on Revivals, fragmentary and skeletonised though they were, must have been very great, to judge from their extensive circulation. He has undoubtedly given a tone to English as well as American evangelism.

It was therefore with a natural curiosity that we scanned the covers of the volume now before us. The word "Memoirs" modestly enough disclaimed the pretensions of a three-volume biography. Still we thought we might expect a complete summary of Finney's life and labours, and a tolerably fair portraiture of his character and position in the Church. But on turning to the title-page we found the memoirs there announced as "written by himself." The book is therefore autobiographic. No autobiography can be a work of art. A man may tell the story of his life, but as soon as he begins to compare himself with others for the purpose of gauging his own worth, that moment he ceases to be trustworthy. However minute and thorough his self-analysis, he cannot synthesize his facts without overstepping the bounds of humility; he cannot pose before the public eye without awakening

the suspicion that vanity has got the better of self-knowledge. From all this attitudinising the book we speak of is happily free. Mr. Finney is brought prominently before us on every page, but the self-assertion necessarily implied in such a task nowhere rises into self-laudation, nor sinks into the self-depreciating strain which is the most effectual mode of self-flattery. Indeed, we miss the regular chronicle form and staid connectedness of an autobiography. The purpose of the writer is to describe the course of a series of revivals in which he was called to take part, and not to do even this with any considerable attention to detail, but simply to "sketch such an outline as will, upon the whole, give a tolerably clear idea of the type which these revivals took on." He disclaims any intention of writing a formal autobiography; and when it is remembered that this book of nearly 500 pages was composed after its author had completed his seventy-third year, and that without any assistance in the way of diary or notes of any kind, the wonder will be, not that he has left gaps in his narrative, but that he has made it as full as it is. It is a record of convictions and conversions, of awakenings and revivals, such as seemed spontaneously to spring up in the evangelist's path. Everything is told in his own plain but forceful style, with no attempt at dramatic grouping or even legitimate moralising; and most wonderful of all, and yet most natural too, is his undiminished ardour and vitality down to extreme old age.

Charles G. Finney was born at Warren, Litchfield county, Connecticut, August 29, 1792. Two years later, the family removed to Oneida county, New York, where religious privileges were few. Common schools had been established, and at one of them young Finney acquired the rudiments of knowledge, and indeed made such proficiency as to be deemed competent at an early age to conduct a common school himself. After sundry other removes we find him, at the age of twenty, attending a high school in New England, and meditating graduation at Yale College. From this latter course he was dissuaded by his preceptor, himself a Yale graduate, for the ostensible reason that the whole four years' curriculum could be accomplished by private study in two, but as it appears to us, with the secret view of enlisting on behalf of a projected academy in the South the energy and talents that had doubtless discovered themselves in the youthful aspirant. By the

intervention of his parents the scheme of a joint-stock educational association fell through, and a period was thus somewhat summarily put both to his scholastic and collegiate ambitions. We can but speculate as to the possible effect of a course at Yale seminary on Finney's active mind. No thought of religion at this time influenced his movements: indeed, both his parents were, till after his own conversion, at least in the strict sense of the term, irreligious. No allusion is made by Finney to President Dwight, whose character and genius had at that time given such reputation to the college. Association with a man like Dwight could hardly have been other than beneficial; but as he died early in 1817, and Finney's final resolution to abandon all thought of Yale was taken in 1818, we see that had the resolution been the other way, the two men would not have met. Apart from this, however, we cannot but regard Finney's lack of a collegiate education as a serious loss. The direction of his mind to religious subjects would have been rather facilitated than hindered, and its workings, theological and practical, would have been just as vigorous as in their untrained luxuriance they actually proved, and probably much more healthful and efficient. Finney in fact, other things being equal, would have accomplished just as great a work in a less irregular way, with less suspicion of fanaticism, and at a smaller cost of ecclesiastical strife. He would more readily have acquired the catholicity of sentiment which every Christian sooner or later learns to cherish; while his theology, participating in the benefits of his culture, would have gained, if not in perspicuity of statement—for which he was always remarkable—yet in the comprehensiveness and depth which are only attainable where early intercourse with well-disciplined minds helps to interpret and modify the results of personal observation. It is his deprivation of these influences at the outset of his career, more than the absence of scholarship, that we deplore.

In his mental evolution, however, the literary lecture-room was replaced, as far as might be, by a short apprenticeship at a lawyer's office. He was articled to Squire W——, at Adams, in Jefferson county, New York, and here developed those logical powers which afterwards stood him in such good stead when he turned his thoughts from cases of petty larceny and pettifogging lawsuits to plead-

ing for Christ with the souls of men. His subsequent success with members of his original profession he attributes to the initiation he had obtained into their mental habits,—their demand for satisfactory evidence, their power of estimating its merits, and their immediate acquiescence in the conclusion when once it has been established. And though our English notions of either class, squires or lawyers, would hardly be likely to serve us in any truthful representation of such a personality as the American "Squire W—," who belonged to both, yet we doubt not that the modicum of law Finney picked up in his employ was of great service in after years. Indeed, its benefit was at once apparent, not simply as a mental discipline, but as a vehicle of information on topics which for most men would scarcely need illustrating from such a source. It is no less strange than true that up to this time Finney had not possessed a copy of the Scriptures. His introduction to the study of them is so remarkable that we must let him describe it in his own words.

"In studying elementary law, I found the old authors frequently quoting the Scriptures, and referring especially to the Mosaic Institutes, as authority for many of the great principles of common law. This excited my curiosity so much that I went and purchased a Bible, the first I had ever owned; and whenever I found a reference by the law authors to the Bible, I turned to the passage and consulted it in its connection. This soon led to my taking a new interest in the Bible, and I read and meditated on it much more than I had ever done before in my life. However, much of it I did not understand."

Finney's ignorance of Christianity at the age of six-and-twenty was in fact truly deplorable. He "had been brought up," he tells us, "mostly in the woods." He "had very little regard to the Sabbath, and had no definite knowledge of religious truth." Even when he attended the high school in New England, and had opportunities of hearing sermons, they were not of a kind "to instruct or interest a young man who neither knew nor cared anything about religion." At Adams, for the first time, he says, he sat stately for any length of time under an educated ministry. We are reminded by these circumstances of another name in American Church history, Albert Barnes the expositor, who in like manner commenced life as a lawyer and a sceptic. Like him, Finney might have claimed to be an independent witness to the truth of Chris-

tianity. Both were brought up in ignorance of the Gospel, both assumed an attitude of hostility to the truth, both were induced to institute an independent examination into its claims and brought to the task an acute and vigorous understanding, and both were led, though by different routes, to an unhesitating acceptance of Christianity.

At this point in the story of his life we make the acquaintance of a man who was destined to exert great influence over Finney's mind, the Rev. George W. Gale, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Adams. Considering the relations that ensued between them, it is curious to note Finney's criticisms both of him and of his flock. They are set down baldly, just as they must have occurred to his mind at the time, and without the least sign of their having been softened by the subsequent experience of nearly half a century. We have here, as we think, the first symptom of a tendency that frequently betrays itself in Finney—a lawyer-like fault to be set over against the lawyer-like excellences of his otherwise well-balanced mind. Like other lawyers he can see two sides to every question, but he can see only two. He is accustomed either to acquit or to condemn, and he knows no middle course. Everything with him is black or white, and the innumerable shades are overlooked which fill the space between. Another thing—perhaps it is a consequence of the form these memoirs assume—is that Finney's own figure in the transactions here recorded looms large and full upon our view, while others are left a good deal in the shade. He forgets that we are dependent for our knowledge of these men upon the information he supplies, and that in such a case, and especially where differences occur in opinion, in education, in modes of action, it is above all things necessary to hold an even balance, and for charity's sake rather to give some advantage to the opposite party than to risk the reproach of one-sidedness. The following paragraphs, descriptive of Mr. Gale's ministry and of his earliest intercourse with Finney, will explain the tenor of these remarks.

“His preaching was of the old-school type; that is, it was thoroughly Calvinistic; and whenever he came out with the doctrines, which he seldom did, he would preach what has been called hyper-Calvinism. He was of course regarded as highly orthodox; but I was not able to gain very much instruction from his preaching. As I sometimes told him, he seemed to begin in

the middle of his discourse, and to assume many things which to my mind needed to be proved. He seemed to take it for granted that his hearers were theologians, and therefore that he might assume all the great and fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. But I must say that I was rather perplexed than edified by his preaching."

So much for his sermons: now for the way in which he discharged some other duties of the pastorate, and the total effect on Finney's mind.

"Mr. Gale was in the habit of dropping in at our office frequently, and seemed anxious to know what impression his sermons had made on my mind. I used to converse with him freely; and I now think that I sometimes criticised his sermons unmercifully. I raised such objections against his positions as forced themselves upon my attention. In conversing with him and asking him questions, I perceived that his own mind was, as I thought, mystified; and that he did not accurately define to himself what he meant by many of the important terms that he used. Indeed, I found it impossible to attach any meaning to many of the terms which he used with great formality and frequency. What did he mean by repentance? Was it a mere feeling of sorrow for sin? Was it altogether a passive state of mind, or did it involve a voluntary element? If it was a change of mind, in what respect was it a change of mind? What did he mean by the term regeneration? What did such language mean when applied to spiritual change? What did he mean by faith? Was it merely an intellectual state? Was it merely a conviction, or persuasion, that the things stated in the Gospel were true? What did he mean by sanctification? Did it involve any physical change in the subject, or any physical influence on the part of God? I could not tell, nor did he seem to me to know himself, in what sense he used these and similar terms.

"We had a great many interesting conversations; but they seemed rather to stimulate my own mind to inquiry, than to satisfy me in respect to the truth. But as I read my Bible, and attended the prayer-meetings, heard Mr. Gale preach, and conversed with him, with the elders of the church, and with others from time to time, I became very restless."

It is difficult to read this string of questions without suspecting that Oberlin catechisings of a later date are here inadvertently anticipated. It seems hardly credible that one till now so innocent of all religious knowledge should have suddenly become capable of discussing some of the abstrusest problems of theology. There is no doubt, however, that we see here the awakening to spiritual con-

sciousness of a mind of more than ordinary vigour. Mr. Gale himself, we are bold to say, was well aware of that, although little wotting of the career that lay before his intractable disciple. And we think Finney expected too much from his pastor, if he thought it lay within his power, or that of any man, to solve these problems in a moment. True, the story reads a lesson to all who have to do with sceptics or with unconverted men, not to make light of their difficulties, and not to assume in them a knowledge of terms which in all probability they do not possess. But we think Finney's obligations to his first and only pastor very great. If he found his sermons more perplexing than edifying, it should be remembered that they were addressed to instructed Christians, who did not need continual inculcation of first principles. The discourses, moreover, were supplemented by earnest and heart-searching conversations, and whether the process was perfect or not, it led to a very desirable result. So we gather from the concluding statement,—“I became very restless.”

The fault which Finney finds with the pastor is intensified when he comes to speak of his flock. A grave inconsistency stared him in the face,—“the fact that they prayed so much and were not answered.” Undoubtedly, from the description given of them, there was too much truth in this, as there is still in similar complaints made by young inquirers, to say nothing of hardened scoffers, against the spiritual babyhood of the Church. If Christianity be what it professes, and saintship be blessed with privileges so exalted, why is not heaven opened upon earth? This is the question Finney put then, and never ceased to put both to himself and others as long as life lasted, from the time the Gospel was first declared to him in the Presbyterian pulpit at Adams. But amid all the weakness of those simple ministrations and of the simple-minded people that sat under them, there was an element of strength, and this Finney himself was soon to feel. After his conversion he learned that “some time before this some members of the church had proposed, in a church meeting, to make me a particular subject of prayer,” and although Mr. Gale did not favour the proposal, being too much discouraged by Finney's apparent indifference and opposition, there can be little doubt that a young man of such influence, and likely to be a power for good or evil among the other youths

of the place—already he was leader of the choir—was laid very close to these good people's hearts.

In the year 1821 Finney reached the turning-point of his career, or, as we should rather say, of his existence. In reference to this remarkable conversion, there are several things to be borne in mind, which from the fragmentary character of the memoirs might easily be overlooked. He had now been for three years a regular attendant on the ordinances of religion, and an interested, if not enthusiastic, student of the Scriptures. For the same space of time he had been diligently devoting himself to law, and acquiring that argumentative power for which he was noted through life. He was now also twenty-nine years of age. The events about to be detailed cannot be regarded therefore as due to the novelty of the Gospel acting upon the untrained mind of a volatile youth. He was not caught in the eddies of some widespread religious agitation, nor even brought under the ascendancy of some superior mind. Mr. Gale's influence was great, greater than he gets credit for, but it was not by any means commanding; and as to the rest, it is obvious upon the face of the record that in mental stature the young lawyer was felt by them to be a Triton among the minnows. Despite the plainness of the style in which the narrative is written, it is manifest that we are present here at a crisis always momentous to the individual who passes through it, and always as a spiritual phenomenon worthy of the observation of others, but in this case specially interesting from its stamping on the religious views and experiences of a man like Finney the peculiar character which rendered him so influential. We see in it the germs of a good deal of the theology he afterwards so forcefully expounded and applied, and we think we see some other things which do not well harmonise with his most favourite tenets. But before we criticise we will let him speak for himself. Passing over the period of conviction, and coming to the day of final decision, we find his state of mind described as follows:—

“At an early hour I started for the office. But just before I arrived at the office, something seemed to confront me with questions like these: indeed, it seemed as if the inquiry was within myself, as if an inward voice said to me, ‘What are you waiting for? Did you not promise to give your heart to God? And what are you trying to do? Are you endeavouring to work out a righteousness of your own?’ Just at this point the whole

question of Gospel salvation opened to my mind in a manner most marvellous to me at the time. I think I then saw, as clearly as I ever have in my life, the reality and fulness of the Atonement of Christ. I saw that His work was a finished work; and that instead of having, or needing, any righteousness of my own to recommend me to God, I had to submit myself to the righteousness of God through Christ. Gospel salvation seemed to me to be an offer of something to be accepted; and that it was full and complete; and that all that was necessary on my part was to get my consent to give up my sins and accept Christ. Salvation, it seemed to me, instead of being a thing to be wrought out by my own works, was a thing to be found entirely in the Lord Jesus Christ, who presented Himself before me as my God and Saviour.

"Without being distinctly aware of it, I had stopped in the street right where the inward voice seemed to arrest me. How long I remained in that position I cannot say. But after this distinct revelation had stood for some little time before my mind, the question seemed to be put, 'Will you accept it now, to-day?' I replied, 'Yes; I will accept it to-day, or I will die in the attempt.'

"North of the village, and over a hill, lay a piece of woods, in which I was in the almost daily habit of walking, more or less, when it was pleasant weather. It was now October, and the time was past for my frequent walks there. Nevertheless, instead of going to the office I turned and bent my course towards the woods, feeling that I must be alone, and away from all human eyes and ears, so that I could pour out my prayer to God.

"But still my pride must show itself. As I went over the hill, it occurred to me that some one might see me, and suppose that I was going away to pray. Yet probably there was not one person on earth that could have suspected such a thing if he had seen me going. But so great was my pride, and so much was I possessed with the fear of man, that I recollect that I skulked along under the fence, till I got so far out of sight that no one from the village could see me. I then penetrated into the woods, I should think a quarter of a mile, went over on the other side of the hill, and found a place where some large trees had fallen across each other, leaving an open place between. There I saw I could make a kind of closet. I crept into this place and knelt down for prayer. As I turned to go up into the woods, I recollect to have said, 'I will give my heart to God, or I will never come down from there.' I recollect repeating this as I went up—'I will give my heart to God before I come down again.'

"But when I attempted to pray, I found that my heart would not pray. I had supposed that if I could only be where I could speak aloud, without being overheard, I could pray freely. But

lo! when I came to try, I was dumb; that is, I had nothing to say to God; or at least I could say but a few words, and those without heart. In attempting to pray I would hear a rustling in the leaves, as I thought, and would stop and look up to see if somebody were not coming. This I did several times. Finally I found myself verging fast to despair. I said to myself, 'I cannot pray. My heart is dead to God and will not pray.' I then reproached myself for having promised to give my heart to God before I left the woods. When I came to try, I found I could not give my heart to God. My inward soul hung back, and there was no going out of my heart to God. I began to feel deeply that it was too late; that it must be that I was given up of God and was past hope. The thought was pressing me of the rashness of my promise, that I would give my heart to God that day or die in the attempt. It seemed to me as if that was binding upon my soul; and yet I was going to break my vow. A great sinking and discouragement came over me, and I felt almost too weak to stand upon my knees.

"Just at this moment I again thought I heard some one approach me, and I opened my eyes to see whether it were so. But right there the revelation of my pride of heart, as the great difficulty that stood in the way, was distinctly shown to me. An overwhelming sense of my wickedness in being ashamed to have a human being see me on my knees before God, took such powerful possession of me, that I cried at the top of my voice and exclaimed that I would not leave that place if all the men on earth and all the devils in hell surrounded me. 'What!' I said, 'such a degraded sinner as I am, on my knees confessing my sins to the great and holy God; and ashamed to have any human being; and a sinner like myself, find me on my knees endeavouring to make my peace with my offended God!' The sin appeared awful, infinite. It broke me down before the Lord.

"Just at that point this passage of Scripture seemed to drop into my mind with a flood of light: 'Then shall ye go and pray unto Me, and I will hearken unto you. Then shall ye seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.' I instantly seized hold of this with my heart. I had intellectually believed the Bible before; but never had the truth been in my mind that faith was a voluntary trust instead of an intellectual state. I was as conscious as I was of my existence, of trusting at that moment in God's veracity. Somehow I knew that that was a passage of Scripture, though I do not think I had ever read it. I knew that it was God's Word, and God's voice, as it were, that spoke to me. I cried to Him, 'Lord, I take Thee at Thy word. Now Thou knowest that I do search for Thee with all my heart, and that I have come here to pray to Thee; and Thou hast promised to hear me.' That seemed to settle the question that I

could then, that day, perform my vow. The Spirit seemed to lay stress upon that idea in the text, 'When you search for Me with all your heart.' The question of when, that is of the present time, seemed to fall heavily into my heart. I told the Lord that I should take Him at His word; that He could not lie; and that therefore I was sure He heard my prayer, and that He would be found of me.

"He then gave me many other promises, both from the Old and the New Testament, especially some most precious promises respecting our Lord Jesus Christ. I never can, in words, make any human being understand how precious and true those promises appeared to me. I took them one after the other as infallible truth, the assertions of God who could not lie. They did not seem so much to fall into my intellect as into my heart, to be put within the grasp of the voluntary powers of my mind; and I seized hold of them, appropriated them, and fastened upon them with the grasp of a drowning man. I continued thus to pray, and to receive appropriate promises for a long time, I know not how long. I prayed till my mind became so full that, before I was aware of it, I was on my feet and tripping up the ascent towards the road. The question of my being converted had not so much as arisen to my thought; but as I went up, brushing through the leaves and bushes, I recollect saying with great emphasis, 'If I am ever converted, I will preach the Gospel.'"

He was not long left in doubt that the change he sought so earnestly had already been accomplished. Returning to his place of business, he spent the afternoon in the discharge of his daily duties, and after all had retired, gave up the evening to devotion. Then it was that he first "received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost," and "was taught the doctrine of justification by faith as a present experience." Faith was immediately followed by works. The next day, when he "went down into the office," Squire W—, his employer, was immediately addressed on the subject of personal religion, and left the room with a wound in his heart from which "he did not recover till he was converted." Soon after, Deacon B— called, and reminded Finney of a cause he was to plead for him at ten o'clock. He was astonished to hear the reply, "Deacon B—, I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead His cause, and I cannot plead yours." The deacon went his way, settled his suit, and betook himself to prayer. After this summary dismissal of his client, Finney sallied forth from the office to converse with all whom he might meet about their souls. News of his strange movements

spread like wildfire through the village, and at night "with one consent the people seemed to rush to the place of worship." All appeared to be waiting for some one to begin, and without more ado, Finney rose and before a crowded congregation made open confession of his faith. Then Mr. Gale stood up and made confession—rather needlessly we think—of having doubted the possibility of Finney's conversion, and ended by calling on the new convert to make his first public prayer. This was of course the beginning of a great revival, and of a wholly new career for its first convert.

There are many who would exclaim against this great soul-transformation and the multitude of similar experiences of which for fifty years it set the pattern, as so much fanaticism, if not imposture. Granting an element of sincerity in these manifestations, such persons would maintain that they are the offspring of a heated fancy, and a dangerous source of self-delusion. But the same thing has been said against the effects of a living Gospel from the days of Pentecost and the Apostle Paul. Religious convictions have always worn an air of extravagance to those who have not participated in them. Without imputing such prejudice to the enmity of the carnal heart, there is quite enough of mystery about the movements of those for whom as a centre of action the temporal has been displaced by the eternal, to render their soberest moods incomprehensible. The phenomena are not confined to one grade of life or one section of the Church. The quest of the chief good is carried on by multitudes who never confess to having found it. And so long as the search is zealous and earnest, the action of those engaged in it will appear as irrational as that of the merchantman in the parable who, seeking goodly pearls, sold all he had and bought the field in which he alone knew them to lie. In such a case as Finney's, however, the facts are all against the hypothesis of lunacy,—the facts, that is, up to the time of the wonderful change. He was a shrewd, hard-headed man, intent on self-advancement, and battling against Christianity as for very life till the moment in which he was forced to yield. The spiritual process of conviction in him advanced side by side with the intellectual, and the complete control under which the whole man was held by the rational understanding up to the hour of his self-surrender is manifest from the clear account he was

able to give of it after the lapse of half a century. Then indeed—when the surrender was made—we have a marvelous unloosing of the emotions; but this was the effect, not the cause, of the moral change.

As we have intimated above, the account of his conversion foreshadows in some degree the cast and colour of his theology. It seems to explain his strong insistence on the part to be played by man's own will in man's salvation. It seems to explain his limitation of the Spirit's influence to a species of Divine moral suasion. It seems also to explain his making all virtue to consist in benevolence and all vice in selfishness. And undoubtedly there were prevalent at that time errors and evils that needed to be held in check by some strong presentation of human responsibility. The high Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, in no degree counteracted by the milder form of it set forth by George Whitefield, had held undisputed sway over the churches with which they had to do. The natural effects were an enfeebling religious despondency or an equally unpractical religious delirium, a renunciation of all endeavours to co-operate with the Divine Spirit for fear of diminishing the glory of His grace, and a consequent disposition to be content with the mediocre attainments of a half-enlightened formalism to the neglect of the inspiring hopes of a progressive Christianity. Against such a state of things Finney's warning voice was soon to be lifted, and his own experience was there to back him. His sense of the dangers of formalism was such as almost to justify exaggeration. But he was not aware of exaggeration: the doctrines he published to others were firmly held by himself, and if they were in any sense faulty, it was rather in what they omitted than in what they contained. One strange appendage to his ultra-Arminian creed is to be found in the remnant of Calvinism that encumbered it. He could not quite cast off the denominational chains, however they might seem to others to impede him. All the tenets of Arminianism he defended more stoutly than Arminians themselves, beginning with the free agency of the sinner and ending with the perfection of the saint. But to these he added effectual calling and final perseverance, and took no pains to conceal the join. Yet it was in his Arminianism that the strength of his system lay: all the rest was like a corps of superannuated veterans, sometimes employed to figure on a field-day, never to repel a serious attack.

Perhaps a person occupying a different point of view might find in these early experiences—and indeed in those of later date—what would clash with the doctrines they gave birth to. Take for instance the place accorded in Finney's theology to the actings of the human will. We should agree with him that man, though depraved, is still a free agent, and should insist with hardly less stringency on the need to gain the will's consent. And we entirely concur in the importance, in his own case, of the struggle which culminated in the resolve, "I will give my heart to God, or I never will come down from there." That resolve, whatever may be said of the form of it, was the turning-point. Without such a resolve, in some form or other, he would never have emerged from darkness. But his condition at this time, as attested by his own statements, was not what we should expect from his theology. For instance, one of his arguments against Edwards's inability theory is, "The human will is free, therefore men have power or ability to do all their duty." No mention is made of the Holy Ghost: His functions are limited to presenting truth to the mind. Why, then, we may ask, when Finney went into the wood to "give his heart to God," did he not at once carry out his resolve? His mind was made up as to his duty; he went to a certain place in order to discharge it, and then stopped short of the object for which he came. Surely this looks very much like the inability against which he so earnestly contends. At last, as he was verging on despair, a twofold revelation was made to him, of his own pride, and of God's promise to save those who search for Him with all their heart. But the very terms in which this revelation is described show it to have been something more than a mere presentation of the truth. The promises "did not seem so much to fall into my intellect as into my heart, to be put within the grasp of the voluntary powers of my mind." What was this but the gracious assistance of a will naturally free but morally enslaved? The process was one of illumination, without a doubt, but it was also one of purification, an eradicating of a vicious tendency to sin, an implanting of a gracious power to obey. There was something more than Divine moral suasion: there was a Divine efficiency working in him as well as a Divine solicitation addressed to him: if not, Finney regenerated himself.

Closely connected with this is what we must regard as

the foundation of all his errors, viz., the identifying of character with volition. Just as Descartes made thought or consciousness the substance of the soul, so did this modern thinker make the will synonymous with the character. Here we are not entirely at one with him. Like him, we hold that what the Scriptures call "the heart" is not to be confounded with the sensibilities; but unlike him, we refuse to confound it with the voluntary powers. This would but be to employ one of the soul's manifestations instead of another to represent that which lies back behind them all. The man is more than his own thoughts, feelings and volitions, more than the accumulated sum of all his manifestations. These come out into consciousness, but he himself—the hidden man of the heart—remains in unconsciousness. This it is which explains why salvation must be chosen and yet waited for, why repentance is at once commanded and found impossible. This illustrates the seventh chapter of the Romans, which the Oberlin theology does not fairly face, and gives meaning to that otherwise inexplicable judgment—"So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." As with the unconverted before regeneration, so with the converted after that event. Not one or two compliances with temptation can degrade a Christian from his position in the kingdom of God. Condemnation must follow, of course, and a loss of spiritual strength. But there is in favour of the true and the good the powerful bias of the new man who has replaced the old, the strenuous striving of the indwelling Spirit who has expelled the fiend. This Finney himself admits, but he does so in manifest contradiction of his general principle that the will is the whole of the man. Which theory is best exemplified in his experience we have his own words to show. We are not writing a theological essay, and cannot discuss a body of divinity that covers nearly a thousand pages. But in justice to ourselves we have thought it right to point out wherein our system does not perfectly accord with his, as well as to show our sympathy, notwithstanding differences of opinion, with a man so widely useful in the Church of God.

At the date of his conversion, Finney's theological system was as yet unformed, but it was already in course of elaboration, and as spiritual light was shed upon his mind the process went rapidly on. The very day he forsook all to

follow Christ he encountered a young man who was "defending Universalism," poured in a broadside which took immediate effect, and before night-fall had the satisfaction of hearing him relate his conversion to God. A natural sequel to the long conversations in the office is found in the statement, "Soon after I was converted I called on my pastor, and had a long conversation with him on the Atonement." Hitherto the minister had visited the hearer in order to instruct him. Now in his turn the hearer waited on the minister to confer a similar boon. This first conversation on the Atonement lasted half a day. Shortly after, Finney became an inmate of Mr. Gale's house, and a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry. This change did not mean for Finney a quiet acceptance of the orthodoxy professed by the presbytery and defended by Mr. Gale. The pastor had been appointed by the brethren to superintend his studies. But the little library became an arena of hot debate: its rows of old school divinity were ransacked for proofs of the nature of the Atonement. Nothing, however, could alter Finney's views. On the contrary, the tendency of the stream was rather in the opposite direction: Mr. Gale's confidence was shaken, and nothing contributed so much to this as the following incident, which is too full of interest to be omitted.

"After I had been studying theology for a few months, and Mr. Gale's health was such that he was unable to preach, a Universalist minister came in and began to promulgate his objectionable doctrines. The impenitent part of the community seemed very much disposed to hear him, and finally people became so interested that there was a large number that seemed to be shaken in their minds in regard to the commonly received views of the Bible. In this state of things, Mr. Gale, together with some of the elders of the church, desired me to address the people on the subject, and see if I could not reply to the arguments of the Universalist. The great effort of the Universalist was of course to show that sin did not deserve endless punishment. He inveighed against the doctrine of endless punishment as unjust, infinitely cruel, and absurd. God was Love; and how could a God of love punish men endlessly? I arose in one of our evening meetings and said, 'This Universalist preacher holds forth doctrines that are new to me, and I do not believe they are taught in the Bible. But I am going to examine the subject, and if I cannot show that his views are false I will become a Universalist myself. I then appointed a meeting the next week, at which time I proposed to deliver a lecture in opposition to his views. The Christian people were

rather startled at my boldness in saying that I would be a Universalist if I could not prove that his doctrines were false. However, I felt sure that I could. When the evening came for my lecture, the house was crowded. I took up the question of the justice of endless punishment, and discussed it through that and the next evening. There was general satisfaction with the presentation.

"The Universalist himself found that the people were convinced that he was wrong, and then he took another tack. Mr. Gale, together with his school of theology, maintained that the Atonement of Christ was the literal payment of the debt of the elect, a suffering of just what they deserved to suffer; so that the elect were saved upon principles of exact justice; Christ, so far as they were concerned, having fully answered the demands of the law. The Universalist seized upon this view, assuming that this was the real nature of the Atonement. He had only to prove that the Atonement was made for all men, and then he could show that all men would be saved; because the debt of all mankind had been literally paid by the Lord Jesus Christ, and Universalism would follow on the very ground of justice; for God could not justly punish those whose debt was paid. I saw, and the people saw—those of them who understood Mr. Gale's position—that the Universalist had got him into a tight place. For it was easy to prove that the Atonement was made for all mankind; and if the nature and value of the Atonement were as Mr. Gale held, universal salvation was an inevitable result.

"This again carried the people away; and Mr. Gale sent for me and requested that I should go on and reply to him further. He said he understood that the question on the ground of law was settled, but now I must answer his argument upon the ground of the Gospel. I said to him, 'Mr. Gale, I cannot do it without contradicting your views on that subject, and setting them all aside. With your views of the Atonement he cannot be answered.' . . . 'Well,' said Mr. Gale, 'it will never do to let the thing remain as it is. You may say what you please; only go on and answer him in your own way. If I find it necessary to preach on the subject of the Atonement, I shall be obliged to contradict your views.' 'Very well,' I said, 'let me but show my views, and I can answer the Universalist; and you may say to the people afterward what you please.'

"I then appointed to lecture on the Universalist's argument founded on the Gospel. I delivered two lectures on the Atonement. In these I think I fully succeeded in showing that the Atonement did not consist in the literal payment of the debt of sinners, in the sense which the Universalist maintained; that it simply rendered the salvation of all men possible and did not of itself lay God under obligation to save anybody; that it was not true that Christ suffered just what those for whom He died

deserved to suffer; that no such thing as that was taught in the Bible, and no such thing was true; that, on the contrary, Christ died simply to remove an insurmountable obstacle out of the way of God's forgiving sinners, so as to render it possible for Him to proclaim a universal amnesty, inviting all men to repent, to believe in Christ, and to accept salvation; that instead of having satisfied retributive justice, and suffered just what sinners deserve, Christ had only satisfied public justice, by honouring the law, both in His obedience and death, thus rendering it safe for God to pardon sin, to pardon the sins of any man, and of all men who would repent and believe in Him. I maintained that Christ, in His atonement, merely did that which was necessary as a condition of the forgiveness of sin, and not that which cancelled sin in the sense of literally paying the indebtedness of sinners. This answered the Universalist, and put a stop to any further proceedings or excitement on that subject."

The above passage illustrates Finney's thoroughness in all he undertook, and fearless confidence in the cause he had espoused. We do not marvel when we read a little farther on that Mr. Gale came round to his views. But it is somewhat surprising that when examined before the presbytery in order to his being "licensed to preach the Gospel,"—in March, 1824,—his heterodoxy, which could not but have been notorious, was allowed to pass unchallenged; and still more so to find that although the assembled ministers were "all of one way of thinking at that time," they subsequently "all gave in." What is alleged by Finney of one of their number must have been applicable to all, viz., that "their education for the ministry had been very defective," or else Finney's logical powers must have been very great. Perhaps both conjectures may be true. We should do Finney an injustice, however, were we to suppose that the process either of conviction in his own mind or of persuasion of others was solely a matter of logic. He sought logical consistency between Scripture and reason, and between these and the practical operations by which he was to influence his fellow-men. But he did not seek consistency for its own sake. He saw in the creed of the Christian Church the lever by which he must move the world, a machine simple in structure and effective in working, but requiring a rigid coherence in every part. This one condition failing, the usefulness of the instrument was destroyed: the Church was powerless to bless the world, and his own salvation, and that of all mankind, became imperilled. In his

research into the foundations of his faith, however we may lament his disadvantages, we can only admire the earnestness with which he plied the task. "Often," he says, "I would go to my room and spend a long time on my knees over my Bible. Indeed, I read my Bible on my knees a great deal during those days of conflict, beseeching the Lord to teach me His own mind on those points. I had nowhere to go but directly to the Bible, and to the philosophy or workings of my own mind, as revealed in consciousness." By degrees he emerged from the gloom, and if he did not ultimately reach the brightness of perfect day, that is only saying that he was human. He was preserved from vital error, from that pit of infidelity out of which he had so recently been delivered, and from that fluctuation of mind in times of temptation and despondency to which those are liable who have accepted their beliefs without inquiry. He had obtained also an instrument that could be worked to the great benefit of his fellow-creatures. In the practical parts of his system, in all that concerns the administration of redemption, he was logical to a fault, and overlooked the fact that there are depths in the heart of man which the eye of introspective consciousness cannot penetrate nor the plummet-line of reason fathom, depths which the lights of revelation do not fully disclose, and where the spiritual understanding is baffled though not confounded. In the speculative parts of his system he was less careful of analysis, and admitted opinions which to some minds seem to savour not so much of transcendentalism as of contradiction.

We proceed to consider Finney as an evangelist. His introduction to the work was characteristic. He did not as yet, perhaps he never wholly did, shake off his contempt for culture, and accordingly he "did not expect or desire to labour in large towns or cities, or minister to cultivated congregations." He desired to go into new settlements, and to preach in school-houses, barns and groves, as he best could. An opening of this kind presenting itself, he "took a commission for six months from a female missionary society in Oneida county," and, at their bidding, went into the northern part of Jefferson county, and began his labours at Evans' Mills, in the town of Le Ray. We could not give a more striking illustration of his method of dealing with a congregation than the account of his tremendous experiment upon the people of this place.

"I began to preach in the stone school-house at Evans' Mills. The people were very much interested, and thronged the place to hear me preach. They extolled my preaching; and the little Congregational church became very much interested, and hopeful that they should be built up, and that there would be a revival. More or less, convictions occurred under every sermon that I preached; but still no general conviction appeared upon the public mind."

With compliments and convictions after every sermon, many men would have been quite content: not so Finney.

"I was very much dissatisfied with this state of things; and at one of my evening services, after having preached there two or three Sabbaths, and several evenings in the week, I told the people at the close of my sermon, that I had come there to secure the salvation of their souls; that my preaching, I knew, was highly complimented by them; but that, after all, I did not come there to please them but to bring them to repentance; that it mattered not to me how well they were pleased with my preaching, if after all they rejected my Master; that something was wrong, either in me or in them; that the kind of interest they manifested in my preaching was doing them no good; and that I could not spend my time with them unless they were going to receive the Gospel. I then, quoting the words of Abraham's servant, said to them, 'Now will you deal kindly and truly with my Master? If you will, tell me; and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.' I turned this question over, and pressed it upon them, and insisted upon it that I must know what course they proposed to pursue. If they did not purpose to become Christians, and enlist in the service of the Saviour, I wanted to know it that I might not labour with them in vain. I said to them, 'You admit that what I preach is the Gospel. You profess to believe it. Now will you receive it? Do you mean to receive it, or do you intend to reject it? You must have some mind about it. And now I have a right to take it for granted, inasmuch as you admit that I have preached the truth, that you acknowledge your obligation at once to become Christians. This obligation you do not deny; but will you meet the obligation? Will you discharge it? Will you do what you admit you ought to do? If you will not, tell me; and if you will, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left.'

"After turning this over till I saw they understood it well, and looked greatly surprised at my manner of putting it, I then said to them, 'Now I must know your minds, and I want that you who have made up your minds to become Christians, and will give your pledge to make your peace with God immediately, should rise up; but that, on the contrary, those of you who are resolved that you

will not become Christians, and wish me so to understand, and wish Christ so to understand, should sit still.' After making this plain, so that I knew they understood it, I then said: 'You who are now willing to pledge to me and to Christ, that you will immediately make your peace with God, please rise up. On the contrary, you that mean that I should understand that you are committed to remain in your present attitude, not to accept Christ—those of you that are of this mind, may sit still.' They looked at one another and at me, and all sat still, just as I expected. After looking round upon them for a few moments, I said, 'Then you are committed. You have taken your stand. You have rejected Christ and His Gospel; and ye are witnesses one against the other, and God is witness against you all. This is explicit, and you may remember as long as you live, that you have thus publicly committed yourselves against the Saviour, and said, We will not have this man, Christ Jesus, to reign over us.' This is the purport of what I urged upon them, and as nearly in these words as I can recollect. When I thus pressed them, they began to look very angry, and arose *en masse*, and started for the door. When they began to move, I paused. As soon as I stopped speaking, they turned to see why I did not go on. I said, 'I am sorry for you; and will preach to you once more, the Lord willing, to-morrow night.'

It is quite plain that Finney was committed, whatever the people might be. He could not draw back, and unless in the interval some great change should come over their minds, he must have quitted his post with the conviction that his first campaign had proved a failure. For himself doubtless he had little concern; he would have wiped off the dust of his feet against them, and begun again elsewhere. But he was distressed for the souls of the people. The record betrays no fear lest this bold step should have been taken unadvisedly: on the contrary, he was greatly cheered by "Deacon McC.," who alone of all the Church stood by him, and declared, "You have got them: they cannot rest under this." For the present, however, there was no sign of yielding. For that evening and the next day the people were full of wrath, and "breathed out threatenings and slaughter," complaining that he had "drawn them into a solemn and public pledge to reject Christ and His Gospel." Meanwhile, Finney and Deacon McC. repaired to a grove and gave themselves to prayer. As evening drew on, both felt assured of success.

"As the time came for meeting, we left the woods and went to the village. The people were already thronging to the place of

worship; and those that had not already gone, seeing us go through the village, turned out of their stores and places of business, or threw down their ball-clubs, where they were playing on the green, and packed the house to its utmost capacity.

"I had not taken thought with regard to what I should preach; indeed, this was common with me at that time. The Holy Spirit was upon me, and I felt confident that when the time came for action I should know what to preach. As soon as I found the house packed, so that no more could get in, I arose, and I think, without any formal introduction of singing, opened upon them with these words: 'Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe to the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him.' The Spirit of God came upon me with such power, that it was like opening a battery upon them. For more than an hour, and perhaps an hour and a half, the word of God came through me to them in a manner that I could see was carrying all before it. It was a fire and a hammer breaking the rock; and as the sword that was piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. I saw that a general conviction was spreading over the whole congregation. Many of them could not hold up their heads. I did not call that night for any reversal of the action they had taken the night before, nor for any committal of themselves in any way; but took it for granted during the whole of the sermon that they were committed against the Lord. Then I appointed another meeting, and dismissed the congregation."

That night Finney was sent for several times to visit families where there were persons "under awful distress of mind." It was the commencement of a great revival. A band of Deists was broken up, and the members of it many of them converted. A tavern which was "a place of blasphemy" became a house of prayer, meetings being held in the bar-room every night. A Universalist who threatened to "kill Finney" for disturbing his wife's mind on the subject of universal salvation, coming one evening to hear him preach was convinced of sin, fell to the ground overpowered by his sense of guilt, and after spending the night in agony found salvation the next day in the woods. The flame quickly spread. There was a colony of Germans at some distance from Evans' Mills: Finney was requested to preach by the German church there, and did so with such effect that in a few days "the whole settlement was under conviction." A meeting for inquirers was called, and the harvest-field was abandoned to attend it. A wonderful spirit of prayer prevailed, and great unity of

feeling, and the revival here resulted "in the conversion of the whole church, and of nearly the whole community of Germans." An incident occurred which recalls the "gifts of knowledge" of the primitive age. A "tall, dignified woman" among these Germans, being addressed by Finney on the subject of salvation, testified, with the utmost simplicity, to her conversion in the same spirit, and told how the Lord had "taught her to read, since she had learned how to pray." She had never known her letters, and was greatly distressed that she could not read God's Word. She asked God to teach her, and then got the children's Testament to see if she could read what she had heard them read. She found she could, and took the book over to the school-mistress to test her new accomplishment. "Since then," said she, "I can read the Word of God for myself."

We have brought our readers through the critical period of Finney's life, the formative era which in any man's life is the most interesting and instructive. We have seen him choosing his vocation and girding on his weapons. How faithfully he fulfilled that vocation, and how vigorously he wielded those weapons, may be judged from the manner in which he took the field. This first onset was not a temporary flush of excitement to subside into indifference when the novelty of the enterprise and the heyday of youth had passed away. It was the first of a long series of encounters with the powers of darkness, in which the odds seemed all against him, but of which the issue was never doubtful. We have but reached the seventy-fifth page of the Memoirs, and the next two hundred and fifty are occupied with vivid narrations of the scenes he witnessed at Antwerp, at Gouverneur, at Western, at Rome, at Utica, at Auburn, at Troy, and finally among other places at Philadelphia, at Boston, and at New York. These labours were crowded into a period of about ten years, concluding with his appointment to the professorship of theology at the newly founded Oberlin College in 1835. It need scarcely be said that his labours did not cease with that appointment. It limited his opportunities, but could not restrain his zeal. All sorts of things were said against Oberlin. The great mass of the people of Ohio were opposed to it on account of "its abolition character." A democratic legislature sought to abrogate its charter. Ministers almost universally arrayed themselves against it, and, being deceived by the cry of antinomian perfec-

tionism, warned the churches not to support it, and discouraged young men from coming. Worse than all, while the work of putting up the buildings was going on, a great commercial crash prostrated nearly all the men who had subscribed to the fund, including Mr. Arthur Tappan, a large-hearted New York millionaire, on whose shoulders the heaviest part of the responsibility rested. In this emergency a deputation was sent to England, where Finney's lectures had been widely circulated, to lay the wants of Oberlin before the British public. To this appeal a generous response was given, and a sum was raised of six thousand pounds sterling, which very nearly cancelled the indebtedness. Oberlin survived these early difficulties, and its success, according to an impartial witness, was "a perfect anomaly in the history of colleges."

Finney's connection with Oberlin terminated only with his life. The pastorate of the first church in Oberlin, which was associated with the professorship, he resigned in 1872: the professorship itself he retained to the end, completing his last course of lectures in July, 1875, only a few days before his death. He died August the 16th, 1875, lacking two weeks of having completed his eighty-third year. His portrait, prefixed to the *Memoirs*, represents him as he was when he had reached fourscore years. Comparing it with that prefixed to his *Theology*, published in England in 1851, we arrive at a good idea of his physique, which strikes us as something extraordinary. There is a compression about the lips and a keenness in the glance of the eye which even an engraving has not failed to reproduce, and which accord well with the stamp of a vigorous mind impressed upon the whole countenance. Even in extreme old age his eye had not grown dim, nor his natural force abated.

We had thought of penning a few lines upon his methods, but confess that we have not heart for the task. For perfect purity of motive we are constrained to give him credit: the Holy Ghost himself attested it in the marvellous signs which followed his ministrations. Whether He also set His seal upon all his measures, and whether every inward prompting was an inspiration from above, may well remain open to doubt. Finney was as liable to err in his practical operations, and in his judgments of men, as in his speculative opinions and theological views. What he called pride in his hearers some would esteem modesty. Where he wielded thunders and cast forth

lightnings, some would have let their doctrine drop as the rain and their speech distil as the dew, as Moses did amid the terrors of Deuteronomy. One of the sons of thunder was the apostle of love. There was more of agony for souls in Finney than of sympathy with them. This was partly the result of his temperament, and partly of his theology. Though a thorough-going opponent of "right-arianism," as he termed it, and an advocate of the theory that all virtue is benevolence, he was as uncompromising as the straitest stoic, and his own benevolence was of the pure despotic form. Man's will being alone concerned either in the matter of his fall or his salvation, it followed that at all hazards the will must be stormed. Sin is undoubtedly our fault and folly, therefore sinners ought to be condemned; but sin is also our misfortune, therefore they claim compassion from the judge. The former truth he held and acted on to the full: the latter he deemed a dangerous error, and feared lest its influence should lull men's souls to sleep. But for close grappling with the conscience, and vigorous tearing away of the flimsy webs of sophistry in which men envelop themselves to their own hurt, he must be acknowledged to be almost without an equal.

It is not given to every man to do as Finney did. The bold strategy that surprised and took captive myriads of souls demanded not only spiritual but natural qualifications of a high order. A general on the field of battle would scarcely need more tact, energy, and perseverance than a great revivalist. To produce a transient excitement may be easy; and the fervour of the feeblest, so it be genuine, may not be spent in vain. But to organise and carry through an aggressive movement on a large scale against the passions and prejudices, the sins and follies and vices of the world as we see it to-day, is a task for which few are competent, and which many attempt with little consciousness of the mental, to say nothing of the spiritual, endowments they will require. But after all, every man has his own gifts, and may find his own place in the vineyard. Surely there is room enough, and need enough for all to work. And the signs of the times are propitious. Though every man may not possess Finney's talents, and every man is not bound to adopt Finney's plans any more than his opinions, yet all may emulate his entire self-consecration, and will be stimulated thereto by perusing the record of his labours.

ART. V.—*Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Epistles to the Philippians and Colossians.* By H. A. W. MEYER, Th.D. Translated by the REV. J. C. MOORE, B.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1875.

THE phrase "hidden life" does not occur in Scripture. The sacred life which is the gift of Christ through redemption has only one adjective connected with it throughout the New Testament: it is "eternal life," and no other predicate is ever found worthy to define it. Indirectly, however, it has many names which exalt it to the minds and endear it to the hearts of those who are partakers of this life. None of these has exercised more sway over the Christian imagination and feeling than that of which St. Paul gives the note when he says that we have already died, and that our life is and ever abides hidden as a mystery with Christ in God. Devout souls have always regarded this word "hid" as the key to the entire paragraph which surrounds it in the Colossian epistle, and as the key also to the deepest secret of their own religious consciousness. They have rejoiced over it as the exact and perfect expression of their mysterious union with God and their Saviour, of their relation to the present world in the midst of which, though strangers to it, they have their existence, and of their own peculiar, and, as it were, paradoxical interior experience. But there is a certain cold and severe exegesis which, bringing out indeed the essentials of the truth, takes from it nevertheless much of its spiritual power. This exposition has its ablest representative in the commentary heading this article. Meyer denies that the "hidden life" has any reference to the ethical or spiritual life of the regenerate soul in the present world, and asserts that it is the resurrection life of eternity which is until the final revelation of Christ a mystery unrevealed. We shall endeavour to show that, while that interpretation has its truth, it does not contain the whole truth; and, in fact, that it misses the best part of the truth. But this will be shown, not by controverting that condemned exposition, point after point, but by a

simple examination of the passage in the light of a sounder principle.

The final and fundamental secret of the hidden life is the union of the believer with Christ generally, and in particular with Christ through all the stages of His redeeming work: that is, in His death, and resurrection, and ascension, and final return. It is the characteristic of our present passage that it unites all these stages as no other does. In other epistles the first two, or the first three, are found; but here the fourth is added, and all are placed in their glorious consecutive order. Before marking the fourfold particulars, let us dwell for a moment on the more general idea of the oneness of the believer with his Lord.

Union with Christ is the personal appropriation through faith of that Redeemer who united Himself with universal mankind by grace. In the latter sense all men are united to the Saviour; but in the former only those who believe in Him with a personal "faith in the operation of God," wrought by the Holy Ghost, who is the bond of this union. Through the Spirit of Life they are "baptised into Christ;" and the baptism of water is in this epistle and that to the Romans the sign and symbol of that higher baptism: its appointed instrument also, though by no means its necessary condition. Now it is observable that when union with Christ generally is spoken of, that union is with Christ as our life. It is incorporation into the second Adam, the quickening Spirit, as opposed to our hereditary sinful relation to the first Adam, the fountain of our death. All are by nature joined to their first father, in "the flesh"—if we may so apply St. Paul's words to the Corinthians—but "he that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit." When our Lord first gave the word concerning this union with His Person, He referred only to life in Himself: "I in you and ye in Me," as the whole Vine-context shows, was the twofold expression of our life in Him and His life in us, the Holy Spirit being the common bond. The Redeemer does not allude to our union with the stages of His redeeming work, but to our union with Himself as our Life; and it is important to observe, as bearing on what follows, that His Apostles also when they speak of union with Christ generally signalise and make emphatic the participation of His life. This is the high idea that runs through all the details: it is the strength of the words in our paragraph "when Christ, our Life, shall ap-

pear;" and it finds its last echo in the closing words of the New Testament, "he that hath the Son hath life." "We are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life." And this answers again to our Lord's words, as every word in the epistle does, "I am come that they might have life." Whatever participation Christians have in the stages of their Lord's redeeming history, one thought surrounds and glorifies all: they have in union with Him all that is meant by their eternal life: the pledge of their resurrection, which is as good as their resurrection itself, and the spiritual life which is conditionally eternal. To say, therefore, that our life in Christ is, until the Lord's return, hidden in the sense of being reserved and not manifested, is to give an interpretation which has the whole stream of Scripture against it. The abstraction of an eternal life hid with Christ in God, towards which Christians aspire but which they possess not already, introduces a refinement which even the most exact exegesis does not require.

The truth of this will more fully appear if we now consider the four consecutive stages already referred to: in fact, the establishment of the third, ascension with Christ as following upon resurrection with Him, seems to be the very foundation of what we mean by the hidden life. We shall regard them as exhibited in this epistle alone, referring to parallel passages only for necessary illustration.

Union with Christ is the fellowship of the virtue of His crucifixion to sin. Our Lord who "died to sin once" died to it in one relation only, as an atonement and propitiation: a propitiation as for its guilt, and an atonement as removing its penalty of separation from God. This benefit of His death is applied to the believer in his release from condemnation. He can use the very bold language of the Apostle and say, "I am crucified with Christ." Christ died once; but faith appropriates the virtue of His death continuously, and introduces the soul into a state which permits the Galatian words to be paraphrased thus: "I was and ever am crucified with Christ, so that my relation to the sentence of the law is ended throughout my mortal life." In our present epistle both the critical change and the state resulting are clearly expressed. "For ye are dead" means the former, "for ye died;" "if ye be dead with Christ" means "since ye died with Christ." The

with the act of forgiveness in the words, "having forgiven you all trespasses, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross." The law with its record of our offences is no more to be found; it is no longer "in the midst;" if it exists at all, it is as nailed to the cross; and if justice reads the handwriting against us it must be read upon the silent cross, which reduces its every word to silence.

Union in Christ is union also with His risen life. Faith appropriates as the human act, receives as the Divine gift, the effect of the Lord's resurrection from the dead. In our epistle that benefit is regarded as twofold. It is linked with the benefit of the atoning death as the assurance of release, and is superadded to it as the impartation of a new life. Then only can we understand the counterparts in that remarkable verse: "And you, being dead in your sins, and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses." The forgiveness of trespasses in the last clause answers to the death in sins in the first, and the quickening answers to the unregenerate uncircumcision of the flesh in the middle. But the quickening is common to the two. Christ's resurrection—to borrow the language of another epistle—is the release of our Surety, and the assurance of our pardon; it is also the strength of a new life imparted through the gift of His Spirit, which however is here defined as the "putting on the new man," or the "rising with Him through faith in the operation of God," or "Christ who is all being in all," or the "being fulfilled or complete in Him which is the Head." Christ is the living Divine or Divine-human Head of a new fellowship of those who as children are free from the law of condemnation, each of whom can say with St. Paul, who makes himself as it were their human head and representative, "nevertheless I live." Their abiding faith in the Risen Lord, who "rose again for their justification," receives the abiding assurance of the adoption of sons. But that is not all. They receive a new life, which is the life of their Lord in them. In His resurrection their adoption and regeneration are one. It is the pledge, and more than the pledge, it is the reality of their life from the dead: *i.e.*, their resurrection from the death of the law—for they "died in abiding state of freedom from condemnation is connected

Him"—and of their resurrection in the renewal of their nature unto holiness.

It is important to observe, once more, that union with Christ is union with His ascension. It requires only a careful attention to the order of the words here, and comparison with those of the Ephesian epistle—the two epistles being in these respects echoes of each other—to show that this was in the writer's thought. The term which is theologically connected with the actual and local ascension of our Lord is that of session at the right hand of God. He who quickened us together with Christ "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." In this passage of the Ephesians it is to be remarked that the quickening and the raising are distinguished, just as the ascension is distinguished from the resurrection of Christ as its final issue. He was raised from the dead and raised to heaven. So, in our epistle, the same word sitting is applied both to Christ and His people. "Since ye then rose with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ is at the right hand of God sitting. Let those things above be your thought, not the things on the earth. For ye died, and your life [given to you in your quickening with Christ, ascended with Him] is and abides hidden with Christ in God." The Apostle does not say that the life is hid with Christ who is seated at the right hand of God: the Redeemer's session is the note of His mediatorial dominion; we are not said here to share that, but something better than that, His life which is in God. Let the thoughtful reader collate the great words of that very Christ Himself, spoken when He was about to open the heavens by His cross: "As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." He prays for our present privilege, to be enjoyed while the world may take cognisance of it and be convinced by its evidences: not for our future eternal life. For that He prays immediately afterwards, and in marked distinction. "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." So, to come down to St. Paul again, he here says: "For in Him now dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are complete in Him." With that fulness, which cannot be paraphrased, we are bodily fulfilled: not we shall be, but we are now, "in Him," our "Head, from Whom all the body by joints

and hands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." Here, we repeat, is the whole doctrine of the hidden life. It is a life concealed which to those who receive it is at the same time a life revealed. Just as "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are in Christ hidden," but not so hidden as that we do not receive them, so the life hid with Christ is not so hidden or reserved as that we do not now possess it. Believers in Christ live a life which is ministered to them from the depths of heaven; and therefore the heavens have received them as they received their Head. They can apply to themselves in a certain sense the Lord's words: "No man hath ascended in heaven, but the Son of man which is in heaven." They have not actually ascended, but they have ascended in Him; though they have not gone into heaven, heaven has come down to them. They taste by anticipation, and by more than anticipation, "the powers of the world to come." They are not finally and for ever there: the taste is one of probation; they may descend again to the lower parts of the earth; and, through unfaithfulness, be reduced again to the beggarly elements of the world. But so long as they are believers, and united to Christ, they live an ascended life, "hid with Christ in God."

The union with our Head and Representative goes still further. "When Christ, our Life, shall appear, then shall ye also with Him be manifested in glory." This is the order of the words, which signify more than that His people shall be raised into glory with their Head, as in the Romans we read of "the glory which shall be revealed in us," or "towards" us; the Head and members are one in the manifestation of a common glory. "He shall come to be glorified in His saints." It is the same "with" in both verses: "with Christ" the life is hid, and "with Him" it is fully revealed. The idea is not, we repeat, that those who die with Him, and rise with Him, shall be received into His eternal joy; but that being one with Him in the former stages, they are one with Him in this also. The round is complete in Him. In other words, the hidden life is not to be manifested as a blessing for which the spiritual death in life and life in death upon earth has prepared: it is rather the revelation with Christ of a spiritual life already enjoyed.

All this is only preliminary to the exposition of the

whole passage as depending upon its keynote, the hidden life. The expression refers to the whole process of the spiritual life in Christ upon earth viewed under two aspects: first, as an ideal mystery of union with the life which God reckons as complete, and we also must so reckon; secondly, as an ideal which must be realised in the actual probation of the Christian career, and which, without that realisation, is as if it were not. We shall not distinguish these; but follow the Apostle's guidance, who, in this passage, dwells almost entirely on the latter. He exhorts the Colossians, and all Christian people, to work out their union with Christ into all its issues under the several heads above referred to. The hidden life is the mystery of Christ's life in us generally, as a spiritual existence within the natural; it is the interior revelation of its power in the contest with the remaining sin, or as realising death with Christ; it is the spiritual manifestation of the new man in the fellowship of His risen life; it is the mystical attraction which draws the soul from things on earth to things in heaven, in the fellowship of His ascension; and it waits for its full victory over physical death, with all that accompanies and follows it, in the fellowship of His final glory. Then let us briefly consider them in their order.

It is not in harmony either with New-Testament usage generally, or with St. Paul's in particular, to limit the meaning of "Christ, our Life" in any way whatever. There are very few instances in which there is even the semblance of a distinction between the eternal life which is reserved in the heavens, and the spiritual life which is diffused on earth. The Gospel of St. John gives the first revelation of the truth that the Son of God came down to give life to the world and to His people. There the Saviour declares that His great gift is within the soul, He being Himself the Bread and the Water of life: the source, the nourishment, and the end of that new existence. St. John, who comments in his epistle on the words which he reverently left uncommented on in the gospel, makes this as strong and emphatic as words can make it. He divides all men into two classes: "he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." But it is needless to multiply passages in proof that whatsoever our Lord is as the Life of men He is in the present world. Our object is to show that His presence in the soul is the hidden mystery of its life within the life. The term

mystery as applied to this interior life is suggested by the very word hid; and it is directly sanctioned by another sentence in this same epistle: "the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory:" not Christ in heaven the hope of glory, but "Christ in you." The veil which hides Him is the veil of the inner shrine of the regenerate soul: within that veil "our life is hid with Christ in God."

Then in a certain sense it is a secret life which is hid within the natural life we live in the flesh. This is a new element which we may add to the Apostle's "mystery of godliness." It is the profound mystery of our estate of sin that we inherit from a remote ancestor a nature tainted with evil; it is the parallel and equally profound mystery that we become partakers of a Divine nature through the indwelling of the Son by His Spirit; but it is the climax of mystery that these two coexist, and that within the life of the flesh, beset with sin and infirmity, the life of the Spirit is struggling to its perfect manifestation. Every regenerate man has within his common and visible life, seen of men, the heavenly life that is seen of God alone. Hence the hidden life is really the true life. All its elements are within. Its source is within the soul, "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." He who is our life is not said to be hid in the heavens only; He is hid also in the heart of the believer. "He that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit." The nourishment of that life is internal and sacred; for the Christian may say with his Master, "I have food to eat that the world knoweth not of." Hence the force of that cardinal text, "I am that Bread of life," expanded as it is in many other sayings the strongest of which is, "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood ye have no life in you." Hence the symbolical meaning of the eucharistic mystery: the occasional sacramental memorial of a secret nourishment which is unfailing, by which the soul lives. The processes of this life in its interior development are hidden behind the veil of the life that is seen. The Christian has a life which, to use St. Paul's language, he lives "in the flesh." He lives in the common world, rejoices in its sun, eats its food, finds his nightly shelter in its darkness, transacts its business like other men. But he is the inhabitant, at the same time, of a better world, lighted by another sun, which gives not place to the moon and the

stars and darkness; he breathes another atmosphere, the very air of which is his strength and invigoration; he lives and moves and has his being in another sphere. Now the mystery of religion, that hidden mystery of which our passage surely writes, is the combination and interfusion and interaction of these two lives. Wherever the true Christian is he is conscious of these two spheres of existence. He has his "conversation in the world," and his "conversation is in heaven." He walks with men and he walks with God. To all his outward actions there corresponds an inner counterpart. This double life extends more or less to all things, save indeed those which in their very nature belong to this world as it is condemned and transitory. There are some processes of human existence which have no corresponding spiritual realities. But there is a large remainder in which the two lives, the visible and the hidden, coexist and coincide. The careful observance of this distinction, and the unfearing fidelity of exposition to the truth as it respects the latter branch, have been in all ages the secret and the charm and the strength of innumerable commentaries and discourses on this passage of Holy Writ.

What is generally called mysticism has sometimes carried its interpretation to an extreme, and sought to merge and lose the visible life in the invisible. To its excesses we have neither space nor inclination now to refer. But a healthier mysticism—the German *Mystik* as distinguished from *mysticismus*—has founded upon this passage some of its most affecting and edifying theology. It has never been weary of dilating on the reality of this life in comparison of the transitoriness of the other. And more than that: it has delighted in showing how the inner life irradiates the outer, and gives it also reality. The whole strain is set to three notes. First that the inner man is literally—if such a word may be used—the temple of the Triune God. His temple, like His kingdom, is within us. All the elements and constituents of man's nature become the sphere of that temple, which is as certainly the dwelling place of the Eternal as heaven is. And for this they have the clearest Scriptural warrant. In the Bible there are three temples: the inaccessible light of His Presence; the organised mystical Church, of which the house on Mount Zion was the type; and the personality of the regenerate man, of which the Supreme Revealer said, "We will come unto him and make our abode with him." Of this St.

Peter, summing up ancient Scripture, says: "Sanctify the Lord God in your heart." But St. Paul gives these spiritual interpreters of God's Word another note: "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." The spirit is the Holiest in man, but, as it is a spirit in the body, the temple is the whole nature wherever it is found and however employed. This transfigures and glorifies the natural life, and makes it, in all its processes, "holiness unto the Lord." When to these two fundamental principles a third is added by the Saviour, "The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light"—the interior light of God's presence enlightening the eye of holy intention, and leaving "no part dark,"—ample justification is given to the highest and sublimest spiritual exposition of the hidden life. It is not to be wondered at that such writers, writing sometimes their habitual experience, dwell on the life within the life as the only true life; and delight to reveal the inner man within the outer as doing spiritually what the other does visibly. However they may exaggerate when they carry this double existence into the common details of life in the world, they cannot be far wrong when they refer it to the more directly religious actions of life. Who can have the heart to complain when they describe the Christian as a worshipper in both the visible and the invisible temple: reading the Word like others and hearing it, but looking into the same Word unwritten, and studying it by a light not kindled by man, and hearing it spoken by a Voice that others do not hear; confessing and praying and praising with the lips, but also as standing or kneeling before a secret shrine, where he is a solitary perpetual worshipper; and so on throughout the whole service and religion of the probationary life.

Here let us pause to look at the two opposite expositions in a few of their representatives. Meyer leads the way in the following manner:—

"Verse 3 assigning a reason for the requirement of verse 2. *For ye are dead*; how then could your mind be directed towards earthly things? and *your life* does not belong to the realm of the visible world, but it is *hidden with Christ in God*: how should you not then *seek the things above*? It is a guide to a correct and certain interpretation of the passage, that this statement of a reason must affirm the same thing as was already contained, only without special development, in *if ye be then risen with Christ* of verse 1. This *special exposition* Paul now gives. Whosoever is

risen, namely, has *died* and *lives*, and these are the two points to which verse 3 refers."

Before proceeding we must again demur. These are not the two points to which verse 3 refers. It refers to a third point which is unmentioned, as we have said, namely, the fellowship with the ascended Lord whose present life in the heavens is now shared by all who are His. The order is, let it be observed again: we died with Christ to the sentence of sin; we rose with Him to a new and ransomed life; that life is in strictest relation with His ascended life in heaven, being fed from heaven while still on earth; and the final revelation of Jesus with the full revelation of its interior glory in us, corresponding with an external glory. This must be borne in mind while reading what follows, which contains a condemnation of our own exegesis as held by Bengel, Olshausen, and De Wette.

"Ye died: namely, by your having entered into the fellowship of the death of Christ. This being dead has dissolved in the consciousness of the Christian the ties that hitherto bound him to earthly things. He *finds himself* still in the realm of the earthly, but he no longer lives therein. '*Your life*' must necessarily be the life which has followed the being dead; consequently, the eternal life (comp. ver. 4) which set in through the resurrection (of which Christians, in fact, have become partakers with Christ, ver. 1)—a life which the believer has, prior to the Parousia, as a possession that has not yet been manifested but is still in secret (*it hath not yet appeared*, 1 John iii. 2), a treasure in heaven, possessed in hope and still unrevealed, destined to appear in glorious manifestation only at the Parousia. '*With Christ*: for Christ Himself, apart from fellowship with whose life the *life* of His believers cannot have its being and essence, is hidden till the Parousia; and only then sets in His *manifestation*, with which also the *manifestation* of the children of God (Rom. viii. 19) will take place, ver. 4. *In God*, in so far, namely, as Christ, who, according to John i. 18, is *in the bosom of the Father*, remains hidden in God till the Parousia (ver. 1), living united with God in His glory hitherto unseen, in order thereafter to proceed from God and to manifest Himself with the full Divine glory. But, as with Christ, so also with our *life*, which is hidden with Christ, and therefore can only issue forth at His second coming from God, and be received by us in real glorious communication and manifestation through our being *glorified together* (Rom. viii. 17). If the *coherence* of the relation expressed by *hid* was asserted by *with Christ*, so also is its inherence by *in God*. The essential part of an explanation viz., that *our life* is *eternal life*, is held also by

Chrysostom, Theodoret, Calvin, and others. The accurate contextual connection of this view with what precedes, and with verse 4, excludes the explanation adopted by many, of *life* in the *ethical, spiritual* sense. So Erasmus, Bengel, Olshausen, and others, including De Wette, who apprehends this life as being hidden in two respects: namely, as regards the disposition and striving, it is, because directed to the heavenly, *internal* and *ideal*, whereas the life of worldly men in the common sense is *real* or *manifest*; as regards the *imputation* or *recompense*, it lacks outward happiness, but enjoys internal peace, and is therefore in this respect also *hidden* or *ideal*, whereas the worldly life, in unison with the outer world, leads to external peace or to happiness, and is so far therefore *real* or *manifest* also; the *with Christ* denotes not merely the spiritual fellowship, but is 'at the same time, to a certain extent,' to be understood in a local sense (compare verse 1), and *in God* denotes the sphere of the Christian life, or 'its relation to the system of the universe, that it belongs to the invisible world, where God Himself lives.' Of all this there is *nothing* in the words, the *historical* sense of which neither requires nor bears such a spiritualistic idealisation with more senses than one, but, on the contrary, *excludes* it as caprice. The *our life* does not refer to the *ethical* life of Christians at all, neither alone nor along *with* eternal life."

The reader will observe Meyer's earnest italics, which express, as his manner is, the dogmatism that too often marks his commentary. Certainly we may admit that the "ethical" life of Christians is not contained in the passage; but then the word is here confounded with the "spiritual" life, which is a great mistake in exegesis. That Christ is so "in the bosom of the Father" as not to be the internal life of the souls of believers is a contradiction of the entire current of the New Testament. He who is in the bosom of the Father, as the Eternal Son, is as the Divine-human life manifested and "in the bosom" of His saints also. In fact, we may invert the terms of the passage: the life "hid with Christ in God" is Christ's own life "hid in us in God." Meyer omits the fellowship of the ascension, and cannot see that in the believer as well as in his Lord, the resurrection is consummated in the being taken up. De Wette's good interpretation still stands unassailable; so also does Olshausen's, which here as everywhere is faithful to the spiritual meaning of God's Word.

"Their real life is now hidden with Christ in God; all their aspirations, therefore, must be directed towards Divine things.

The life of believers is called hidden, inasmuch as it is inward, and the outward does not correspond with it. The believer bears a twofold life: outwardly poor, weak, and in shame; inwardly, filled with Divine life and heavenly peace; as St. Paul (2 Cor. vi. 8) beautifully describes it by a series of antitheses. In like manner the Redeemer, dying on the cross the most despised and unvalued of all men, was at the same time the Victor over all the foes of the spiritual world. (Col. ii. 15.) The 'hid with God' is not to be lowered by the translation 'is known to God alone.' God is rather conceived of here as the element into whose essence the faithful, like Christ Himself, are taken up, and in which they are concealed, so that no one can penetrate into this element of life, as God is called and is 'He that dwelleth in light unapproachable.' But, when Christ shall manifest His glory which He has of the Father, that is, on the day of His final appearance, then the faithful, too, will be made manifest with Him in their glory which Christ has given them (John xvii. 22). As One who has communicated His glory to us, which is His essence and life itself, Christ is called 'our life,' *Christ in us*. The expression, therefore, must not be resolved into the mere general idea 'Author of our life.' No; He is the element itself of the spiritual life. He lives in us and we in Him."

But now we will let our readers' minds expatiate with one or two of those mystics above referred to, whose exposition on all such subjects as these is of great price. It must be premised, however, that these extracts are not strictly exegetical, with the exception of the first. They are given simply as specimens of the way in which the exegesis we have given above is practically developed. The Berlenburg Bible of the last century thus expounds the passage. It will be observed that this Protestant and learned commentary goes to the opposite extreme from that of Meyer, and makes the death and life with Christ altogether spiritual and ethical.

"*Ye are dead*: to the perishable; which of itself passeth away, and only hinders the true life of the spirit. While the soul is occupied with heavenly things and seeks these things, it must die to the things of earth. *Hid with Christ*: like the Lord, through and after His ascension. It is gathered and separated unto Christ, without whom, as Mediator, it could not rise to God. It is a power of life which penetrates us, and which nowhere finds its rest and nourishment but *in God*. This life is sunk so deep in the Divine glory that your own understanding cannot conceive it. Neither it nor the power that sustains it is manifest to the world. How should blind and sensual men apprehend the beauty

of such a life as this! . . . Poverty, contempt, and suffering are veils which hide the life of believers from the world, which cannot know nor believe that the King's daughter is concealed in unspeakable interior glory within the veil. Yea, though this hidden glory bursts forth in manifold Divine virtues, which are its beams, yet this is a beauty in which the world can take no pleasure, but rather turns it to mockery. There are, moreover, many of the devout themselves who judge of their religion rather by sense than by the spirit, and act accordingly. Those who live in entire abstraction and detachment are the hidden in the land: their best is not seen; their life is a life in the Spirit. . . . The true ground of this spiritual concealment is to be sought, and is by St. Paul placed, in the dying to all things; that we at the outset should constantly learn to become dead to all otherwise pleasant things, honours, delights, vain glory, and imaginations; to give ourselves to them no more than a dead man takes to himself anything around him. The spiritual life that thus stirs and rules in us must then go back again to the Lord Jesus, as its true source, to be devoted to His good pleasure and to His glory. Thus, to be hidden in God is nothing but being, as it were, swallowed up in an eternal abyss of the love of God. That may in very deed be called being concealed in God. What self-propriety, what selfishness, can make anything its own which is so profoundly lost in God Himself, with Christ and in His life, who in His lowest humiliation gave up everything into His Father's hands? O blessed hiding which is thus found again in the Father's bosom! But the more truly Thou wilt thus to live in the depths of God, the more impatient wilt Thou be of all that the world has to give."

Let us now take a specimen of the way in which the better kind of contemplative mysticism has rejoiced over this text, which we will now suppose to be rescued from its merely "historical" interpretation, as Meyer calls it. Strictly speaking, the true interpretation is, however, historical; for the fellowship of the believer with Christ includes the historical ascension, as well as the historical resurrection. The following is from *Le Chrétien Intérieur* of M. de Bernières-Louvigny, a pious layman of the type of the Marquis de Renty: a work which no devout soul can read without profit. The extract is given as a specimen only of a larger class. Many of our readers will find in it only an echo, though rather extravagant, of the sentiments of some of the sublimest hymns in which they sing their experimental theology.

"The people of the world have their recreations and their

diversions, by which they enjoy their friendship with others; the friends of God have also their interior recreation, which they enjoy with their Wellbeloved. The soul finds its delight in certain little amenities which do not obscure the presence of God, and which prepare for severer duties when they are demanded. Not being a priest, I cannot serve at His altars; but I often take pleasure in presenting to Him my intellectual sacrifices.

"For example, I sacrifice all the human courses of my spirit to the Spirit of Jesus Christ, who guides His elect by His Divine ways, which are all ordered in grace. I sacrifice my human prudence and the discretion of my nature to the sacred folly of the Cross, that is to say, to the uncreated and incarnate wisdom which is Jesus Christ. I sacrifice my riches to the poverty of Jesus, my honour to His humiliations, all my pleasures, so far as I can, to His Divine justice. I sacrifice my life to His infinite and immovable being, accepting the moment of my death, which will infallibly come when it shall please Him, and in the way that He shall please. I sacrifice all my will, desires, and purposes to His Divine will, to that God who alone can be the consummation of all the volitions which I would fain annihilate, in order that He alone may reign supremely in my soul. Finally, I sacrifice to Him all my heart and all my affections, and renounce for ever any other than His. It is thus that I sometimes take my recreation, presenting Him my victims; and I am persuaded that He takes pleasure in my simplicity and in the sweet savour of my sacrifice.

"At other times, remembering what St. Paul said—*Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God*—I take pleasure in hiding myself wherever I can in Him, in order to steal myself from the sight of all creatures, and that no one may know where I am but Him alone. I hide myself in the sacred obscurities and abjections of His mortal life, in which, remaining forgotten and despised, He was not known by the world, although He was the brightness and the glory of His Father: God alone knew the beauty and the excellence of this life. It seems to me that I am happily where I would be, resting with Him alone in the midst of His profound shadows. I hide myself also in His contemplative life in which, beholding His soul so retired and so hidden that God alone knew it, without striving to understand what were His sublime and adorable outgoings towards His Father, I unite my will, my spirit, and all my soul to His that I may do in Him and with Him all that He does. I do not want to know where I am, nor what I do, remaining thus hidden from all creatures and from myself. It seems to me that this is what St. Paul would teach us, when he says that our life is hid with Christ in God; where I hide myself in the wounds of the dying Saviour which He keeps always open to receive me. When I am obliged to take journeys,

in which I seem to be concerned only with temporal things, I hide myself in the wounds of His feet, uniting all my steps with His, not willing to take one single footfall on the earth any more than He did save to seek the glory of our Heavenly Father and to do His Divine will; and no one sees me there. When I must serve my neighbour and apply myself to external good works, I hide myself in the wounds of His hands, that I may do nothing at all save in Him and for Him, desiring not to be regarded by anyone, that no one think of me, that no one give me approbation or praise; but that Jesus Christ alone be regarded, praised, and thanked for all. I would wish to be able to rid me from my very self and to regard only my Master in order that my whole life may be hid with Him in God. Oh, what happiness to make oneself thus invisible to all creatures, to be seen by Him alone, and Him alone only to see! But the secret place where I take most delight in going to hide myself is the wound of His side, where I find His adorable heart burning with Divine love towards God His Father and towards men. I take pleasure in seeing that I am loved in a way that I cannot doubt, because He ceases not to prove it to me by His secret Grace, and the part which He gives me in His ineffable communications. It seems to me that I would willingly pass all my life in this kind of recreation, one single moment of which is more dear to me than all the diversions of the world."

Dr. Lightfoot, in his commentary, brings out the truth with rare felicity.

"*'Is hidden, is buried out of sight, to the world.'* The Apostle's argument is this—'When you sank under the baptismal water, you disappeared for ever to the world. You rose again, it is true, but you rose only to God. The world henceforth knows nothing of your new life, and, as a consequence, your new life must know nothing of the world.' '*Neque Christum,*' says Bengel, '*neque Christianos novit mundus; ac ne Christiani quidem plane seipsos.*' Compare John xiv. 17—19, 'The Spirit of truth, Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him. . . . The world seeth Me no more; but ye see Me: *because I live, ye shall live also.*'"

This of itself would not be quite enough; it might seem that the fellowship of resurrection with Christ alone were referred to. But these words are preceded by others that indicate at least the fellowship of the ascension also:—

"If this be so; if ye were raised with Christ, if ye were translated into heaven, what follows? Why, you must realise the change. All your aims must centre in heaven, where reigns the

Christ who has thus exalted you, enthroned on God's right hand. All your thoughts must abide in heaven, not on earth. For, I say it once again, you have nothing to do with mundane things: you *died*, died once for all to the world; you are living another life. This life indeed is hidden now; it has no outward splendour as men count splendour; for it is a life with Christ, a life in God. But the veil will not always shroud it. Christ, our life, shall be manifested hereafter; then ye also shall be manifested with Him and the world shall see your glory."

Regarding it as established that the hidden life is the life which Christians possess in fellowship with the ascended Saviour, and that this rules the entire passage which we now study, let us view it now in relation to the other elements of union with Christ which have been made prominent; and first in its contest with the body of sin not yet destroyed. With regard to this, the Apostle combines two seemingly opposite ideas: according to the one, the new life is so separate from sin that the sinful nature is to be regarded as if it were abolished, and is to be reckoned as dead; according to the other, the whole process of the Christian life is the gradual realisation of that ideal.

It is usual with St. Paul to make the former very emphatic. Whatever term he may use to indicate the sinful element remaining in the regenerate personality, he declares that it must be considered to be abolished in the purpose of grace and in union with the crucified Redeemer. If it is sin generally, we are said to be dead, or "to have died to sin;" and the exhortation is, "reckon yourselves likewise to be dead indeed unto sin:" in the one case, the verb is used which points to one definite dying, in the other the adjective which describes the permanent state. But the force lies in the word "reckon," the use of which, as St. Paul's great theological term, is very striking. As in the Divine estimation and imputation we are as if we had paid our penalty to the law in Christ, we are to form the same estimate of ourselves: we must impute to ourselves what He imputes to our faith. But that imputation, both in Him and in us, has reference to more than the penalty of the law. It includes death to sin as a power and a ruling principle: in short, sin in its whole empire over the soul. If St. Paul speaks of it as the Flesh, opposed to the Spirit, then he says that "they which are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its corruptions and lusts," and, of himself,

"I was and am crucified with Christ." Now crucifixion, though not instantaneous and utter death, has death for its doom and result: it is to be reckoned as death. The sinful nature hangs still on Christ's vacant cross, or on the interior cross of the Calvary within the soul. If it is spoken of as the "body of sin," which is no other than "the old man," that also is on the cross: "knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin:" where not serving is the result of the incapacity to serve which results from the mortal weakness of a coming death. So, to bring all this back to our own passage, we read: "Lie not one to another, seeing that *ye have put off* the old man with his deeds," where the strong word "put off" is the counterpart in us of the same word as applied to Christ, who "put off" from Himself the principalities and powers of evil. For this reason we should prefer, notwithstanding Dr. Lightfoot's hesitation, to hold fast our English rendering. However viewed, the Christian estate is one in which sin is to be regarded as in the Divine estimation, and in human reckoning, as a thing renounced, abolished, and dead, and ended with for ever. "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

Yet not altogether ended with and abolished. What in the former sense is crucified by one act, is also to be mortified in acts of continual self-denial. The crucifixion of the whole man of sin is the mortification of every member of the body of sin in detail. Yet even here the Apostle is so faithful to his grand thought of the "once for all" renunciation of sin that he puts the word "mortify" in a tense that suggests the one act of mortification which allows no thought of the recovery of life. It amounts to this: "kill once for all that which in the purpose of redemption is once for all dead." But the process is viewed first as to the Flesh, and secondly as to the New Man: this will appear on a close examination of the context.

The more obviously carnal abominations are described as having their seat in a body of sin with its several members. But they shade gradually from the flesh to the spirit of the carnal mind which animates the flesh. "Fornication" is linked with the more general "uncleanness" of which it is one exhibition; the "inordinate affection" in any one direction of ungovernable passion is linked with the more

general "evil concupiscence," or natural desire, longing for things evil. This again passes into a sin which is, as it were, the copula between the flesh and the spirit. "Covetousness which is idolatry" is linked with the flesh: evil concupiscence, especially covetousness. It must have its more material object; for the lust of enjoyment and the lust of having are closely connected. But it is linked with the spirit, inasmuch as it is idolatry as well as evil desire. It stands alone as a direct insult to the Divine majesty. The idolatry which bows down before other gods is past; but it still remains in this more subtle form. Other sins poison and disgrace the soul, or trouble our fellow-men; this is a direct robbery from God. Hence it leads up to the central evil which is the Self, the false interior god in which sins of the flesh and sins of the spirit are one. That must be the aim of all mortification. Once more all this travels on to "the old man," which lived once in these things, and has been absolutely "put off." It was upon him that the wrath of God rested; and the mention of that man of sin suggests those more spiritual manifestations of evil, such as wrath, blasphemy, angry and lying speech, which were once for all put off. In these the regenerate no longer lives: they were renounced for ever, and "the new man"—here the Apostle changes the tense—is as a result "in process of renewal unto knowledge after the image of Him that created him." The issue of all is that the old man once renounced or "put off" is, in his individual members, whether of body or spirit, mortified continually in self-denial; and that the new man once adopted, or "put on," is gradually clothed upon unto all perfection. These two processes go on side by side; and depend strictly on each other. In proportion as the body of sin grows weaker and weaker—no provision being made for the flesh, an enemy that must not be fed—the hidden life grows stronger and stronger. As the old man languishes, the new man is vigorous. If the dying nature is encouraged, its desires being yielded to, in that proportion the offended new life declines. This is the mystery of the hidden life in its contest with internal death.

It is and must be hidden from the world. Within are these fightings. This war is a civil war within the man which is sacred: it is "the good or the noble fight." It is to a great extent shrouded in darkness, save to the combatant whose salvation is involved, and the Captain of his

salvation. It is "hidden with Christ;" for it is His conflict and victory renewed in His servant. He watches with perfect solicitude and sympathy. He gives the believer in Him all the benefit of His atoning victory without asking, without permitting the thought of any co-operation on his part. But the victory over sin we must achieve strictly in the fellowship of His sufferings. And He gives the faithful servant who is earnest in acquiring the sacred graces of the cross a constant revelation of his growing life and increasing victory. For the rest, it is and must be a hidden process. There is no encouragement in Scripture to the system which would introduce the fellow-man into all the secrets of this interior contest. Of course, it cannot be altogether reserved from observation, and ought not to be cut off from the sympathy, counsel, and help of others in whom "the same afflictions are accomplished." But no human confessor or director is suffered to assume the prerogative of the "Captain of the Lord's host." Whatever may be divulged, the inmost mystery of the contention must be hid from all human observation. The mystery, however, works onward in its development, until the reckoning dead and the reality of death shall be one. The crucifixion with Christ, and the self-mortification, shall blend into the utter destruction of the body of sin; and the conflict which has for its aim the rooting out of evil shall become at last a conflict only for the keeping out of that sin which "hath nothing in us." But this final triumph must be altogether the sovereign act of Divine grace, sealing the fidelity of human diligence.

Our passage, however, looks upward and heavenward as well as into the recesses of the interior war. In the fellowship of Christ's ascension the believer is under the mighty sway of an attraction from the other world, under the power of which he lives while he is already its registered and accepted inhabitant. The attraction heavenwards is to One Person; it is from the things of this world; and it will have its full consummation in eternal union with Him who is the strength of it when He shall appear.

Christ is "our life." He is such as we have seen in every meaning of the word. But, when the Apostle is speaking of our spiritual ascension with Him, he means that we must already regard Him, not only as the principle and spring of our new existence, but as its end also. The Christian life must aspire to Him because He is its origin.

God, who is the source of all life, is its end ; and apart from Him it finds no rest. What life generally is to the Giver of all life, the Christian life is to Christ, who is the Life within the life. He is *our* life pre-eminently ; and the things above are where He is ; they are, in fact, Himself. And there is no higher tribute to the Divine dignity of the Redeemer than the tranquil declaration that He is the life of the soul. The strength of the words as we find them here is this, that we are to reckon ourselves already united with Him where He now is, sitting at the right hand of God. It is not that we are bidden to regard Him as the pledge of our future life, and of our bodily resurrection to the full enjoyment of that life, but that we are already possessed of it in Him. Behind the "seeking," and as the presupposition of it, there is the having found it already. Precisely as the mortifying presupposes the reckoning dead, the aspiring towards Christ presupposes the possessing Him, virtually and by imputation already. Hence, the exhortation is not directly to seek Him, but the things where He is. The Spirit of the believer is one with Him, and must needs rejoice to fix its thought upon the place where He is : "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." Again, there is not a word about making the thoughts and affections ascend to heaven where the Redeemer is. There would be something unreal and transcendental in that. The spirit of the exhortation is that Christians should think of and pursue all those things that belong to the Divine and heavenly life. This will appear evident on a consideration of the words themselves.

There are two sentences, one of which contains the idea of thinking and the other that of seeking. It is not too much to say that every word here, and the order of every word, is significant. "The things above" are common to both branches of the sentence ; but as they are objects to be sought by the diligent effort of the life they are connected with Christ seated at the right hand of God, while as they are objects to engross the thought they are opposed to the things which are around upon the earth and naturally engage the mind. Hence the former expresses the attraction to heavenly things, the latter the attraction from the things of this world.

The attraction to heaven is not literally the strain and effort of the soul to realise the mysteries of the unseen state, and dwell among them. That is not a common

exhortation of the New Testament; nor would it be consistent with the characteristics of human probation. The things that are around the visible glorified Person of the Lord are such as have not entered the mind to conceive; and certainly are not such as we may seek. The theological descriptions of the Epistles, and the symbolical pictures of the Apocalypse, do not bring them within the scope of that pursuit which is meant in the word seek. They cannot be sought by man upon earth. But the "things above" are the things of the spiritual world which is neither above nor below, but around us and within us. The word "above" belongs to the whole domain of the higher and deeper and hidden life: the obvious proof of which is that the secret of the life itself is that it is the being born "from above." The very same word is in the objects to be pursued and in the nature of the life that pursues it. Hence in the constant endeavours of the soul to attain its highest privileges there is nothing but the going out into the spiritual world and gathering its produce. It is not in the literal heavens that they are sought, but in the heavenly places to which all Christians have access, and where they already dwell. In other words, there are two worlds around us: and those who are born from above, that is, from the upper world, must seek its blessings, its enjoyments, its ends. This aspiration does not go out towards any far distant local temple; it says not, "Who shall go up into heaven, that is to bring Christ down from above?" it seeks Christ at the right hand of the Father, everywhere, and especially in the exercises of devotion. Of course, there is a local heaven, and there are most glorious surroundings of His presence there, and there are present and future "things above," literally above and beyond, which may be thought of by meditation, and speculative desire, and hope busy with endless imaginings. But the Apostle does not exhort us to think on things above, but to seek them. When he uses the word "think," it is to enforce upon us the necessity of not thinking upon earthly things.

But the thinking is translated by "set your affection," which itself indicates that the thought referred to is the practical thought of study, care, anxiety and pursuit. Strictly speaking, the word contains neither the appetite we have for physical enjoyment, nor the desire we entertain for things, nor the affection we reserve for persons. It has no exact equivalent in English; and certainly none better

could be found than "set your affection;" which we feel to signify "make the supreme object of your thinking, meaning, and desire." Here again the things above must have the same meaning. To mean and intend the things at the right hand of God, as they are opposed to the things on earth, would be in this life utterly impossible. A few verses farther on the Apostle bids us mortify our members which are "on the earth:" not our members on earth in opposition to glorified members in heaven, but the members of the body of sin which still lives, and moves, and has its being in the lower sphere of the present evil world, as opposed to the members of the body actuated by the spirit of heaven and of holiness. To think the things above is to make the spiritual life, the life of heaven, the life of the higher supernatural order over which Christ is the Head, the one supreme object of thought and of care.

Here, then, we have two errors to guard against: or, rather, the Apostle's plain words, simply interpreted, present a view of the hidden life which is removed equally from the exaggeration of mysticism and that secularity of Christian ethics which is the exact opposite.

If we take the words very literally, they seem to sanction those most transcendental descriptions of the perfect life in which the writings of the contemplative mystics have in all Christian ages abounded. We do not refer to the semi-Pantheistic mysticism which made the perfection of the religious life "abstraction and pure nakedness" of the spirit from every creature, and every creaturely image. That had its own ground, and sought its justification, in the unity of God as the only Being. Nor do we refer to the doctrine of extreme Quietism, or Holy Indifference, which resolved that perfection into the absolute passivity of the soul in the hands of God. The tendency to which we refer makes Christ so strong an attraction that the impatient spirit forgets everything earthly in comparison of Him, renounces all communion with the things that perish, and literally leaves the dead world to bury its dead. But the Apostle's words do not bear that meaning. His notion of minding earthly things has in it the idea of an absorbing devotion to them; as, in the Philippian epistle, they who are guilty of this make of their appetites their god, and glory in their shame. Earthly relations, earthly occupations, earthly interests as opposed to the heavenly relations of spirits disembodied and in the local heaven,

are to him sacred: they are the very sphere in which heavenly things are to be sought. Hence there is no descent at all when the exhortation runs on to wives and husbands, and masters and servants, with the common injunction to do all things "heartily as to the Lord."

On the other hand, the theory of religion which carefully distinguishes between the "things of earth" and "the things above" as two spheres of two kinds of affection or thought, finds no encouragement here. It is not lawful in this to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things which be God's." If it comes to a division of the thought, there is no such division. There can be only one supreme object of life. Multiplicity must become unity; and the unity is the sovereign attraction of One Person, Christ; if He is the principle, and aim, and end of life, all things take their right place. The life does not go straight to Him by an irresistible gravitation that annihilates every other force; it rather revolves around Him as the resultant of two forces. The orbit is created by the attraction that draws His own to Himself in the invisible spiritual world, and the impulse which He communicates to live for Him for a season on earth. It is like the river which discharges a thousand functions for the land through which it rolls, but is eternally faithful to its end the sea.

The ascended Lord, with whom His people have ascended, is Himself hidden; the life of His saints will be hidden also until He is manifested. Of the various descriptions given of the Day of the Lord, none is more pervading than that which regards it as the period of His manifestation. It will be a coming, or a return, to the earth; but it will be a revelation in the world. He is at present the unrevealed Mystery of man's universe; and with His appearance, when He comes forth from the secret chambers of eternity, all other mysteries will be solved so far as they admit of solution.

Till then the life of believers is more or less hidden in the humiliation of death. The spiritual union with Christ does not itself dissolve the fetters that bound the soul to mortality. Though the spirit, which is "life because of righteousness," may be delivered from the body of sin and death which hindered its aspirations, and be "changed from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord," it yet remains linked with that other body of death which must

undergo its doom. The subjection of the spirit, however raised above spiritual death, to all the humiliation, pains, passions, and penalties which precede and accompany physical death, is a necessary law: a law which, until the generation that receives the Lord, will never be relaxed. The shadow of this death rests upon the whole earth, upon the Lord's hidden ones as well as upon others; it dims the glory of their spiritual life and keeps it, as it were, hidden.

Nor does the intermediate state into the keeping of which death introduces the spirit, fully unveil the life which it releases from earthly humiliation. The perfect life of man is not a life disembodied. The eyes that see the King in His beauty in that land see Him, as it were, afar off; nor will they behold Him in all His glory until those eyes that see corruption are restored. It is through the vision of a glorified body that the spirit will see God in Christ eternally. The vast receptacle of all the living is a place where the full life of the redeemed is still hidden. The very region bears that truth in its name. It is Hades, the place of the veiled or hidden ones; or it is Paradise, the garden inclosed and shut in both from earth and from heaven. The life that is there enjoyed is gloriously described; but no description raises it to the pitch of a glorified life. It is still hid with Christ in God. It is hidden from us on this side who speculate upon its mysteries, but cannot read the symbols of the Apocalypse into meaning. To our curiosity and desire it is the profoundest mystery with which we have to do in relation to our human destiny; that mystery remains unbroken until the last moment, nor do any who pass from us receive permission to come back again to unfold the secrets of their new estate. It is hidden, doubtless, from themselves. What remains within the innermost veil they know not much better than we know.

But "when He shall be revealed we also shall be revealed with Him in glory." Every word here bespeaks that the revelation will be of a life already possessed. Nothing is said of the Lord's coming: only of the unveiling of Himself from the unseen. His manifestation is not His own glorification, as if that would be superadded to His present dignity; it is only the making manifest of that which cannot be revealed in the present economy of His Kingdom. He brings no new glory, no new eternal life. And it is not said of His people that they will be

received into glory, or enter upon eternal life, or ascend with Him: however true all this may be. The two subjects, "Christ" and "ye," have the same verb; and each has the emphatic place in the sentence, as if to show that the manifestation of the saints will not so much be a result of Christ's coming as the unveiling of their life because His is unveiled to them. Moreover, no distinction is made between those who will come with Christ, reflecting His glory as they are revealed with Him, and those who will be transfigured or changed upon earth. The revelation in the case of those who shall be alive upon earth will be an instantaneous change taking place amidst these very scenes; and this makes it plain that the hidden life which is thus glorified into manifestation is the life in Christ which we now possess. But the Apostle inserts these wonderful words almost as a parenthesis. He does not dwell on the nature of the change which will make the hidden life public before the universe. Nor does he say a word of the revelations that will eternally follow. For these we must have recourse to other parts of his writings; though wherever we look we shall find that the revelation of the awful mystery of our life in Christ, which is reserved for His appearing, is not anticipated in his teaching. It must not, therefore, be anticipated by our feeble expositions.

ART. VI.—*Arctic Heroes, from Eirek, of Scandinavia, to Captain Nares.*

WE have to speak of a heroism peculiarly honourable, and peculiarly British. We do not mean, ungenerously as well as wrongfully, to infer that men of other nations have not engaged in the same long-suffering perilous enterprise we are about to narrate, and with equal heroism in many instances; but that some of the most prominent, most persevering, and most successful of those gallant navigators and explorers have been natives of Great Britain. Battles, sieges, deadly contests of man to man, by land and by sea, are largely and gloriously recorded in our histories,—but a patient and prolonged contest with one of the great elements of physical nature, and at unusual disadvantages, develops a totally different kind of human energy, self-reliance, and resolution. It is not the active valour of a few minutes, of an hour, of a day, or even of a month, that is now in question, but the unswerving will and passive fortitude of body and mind, which are among the rarest and grandest characteristics of any race of men.

In brief story, from earliest date, even before the discovery of the mariner's compass, we have to tell of the almost unaccountable attraction with which the frozen regions of the North Pole have possessed the imaginations of sailors. In few words we must narrate of ships locked up in the ice, sometimes of unknown seas, months after months surrounded by darkness, ice, and snows, and remaining in these regions for years; enduring not only the intense cold, but a monotony of scenery around and above, varied only by strange atmospheric phenomena; also the long period of unearthly silence, except in the intervals of bleak winds, the cracking of huge masses of ice, the stealthy creeping or the downward crash of glaciers, the distant growl of bears, or hollow scream of birds; add to these the failure of fuel, the failure of provisions, the failure of game, or the failure of ammunition for shooting—the failure of all things, even of the last hope; but the failure of human fortitude, and the sense of duty and

honour, never. In the imaginary contemplation of these scenes, and the desires and hopes—now quite vague, now clearly defined—which they bred, we read of the anxious thoughts of our King Alfred, of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; of Edward VI. and Edward VII.; of Francis I. of France; of the Danes, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Spaniards; of Peter the Great, and subsequently of the Empress Catherine of Russia; and in the reign of our George III., we read, not only of the mental impulse towards the frozen North, but of the personal efforts of the greatest of England's early navigators,—need we say? Captain Cook,—and of a "middy" and "cox'n," being then a lad, who was destined in after years to become the greatest of naval commanders,—need we say? Horatio Nelson. These men, and all similar men, faced death in any form the great ocean might present to them, feeling—to use the noble words which Sir William Gilbert addressed to his crew in a storm off Newfoundland—that they were "as near to Heaven by sea as by land!"

That the Scandinavians were the first navigators who penetrated into the Polar regions seems pretty clear, and not only their *sagas*, but various records, as well as substantial evidences, prove that they discovered Iceland (which they called *Snowland*) and Grœnland. With regard to the latter, the Norwegian chief Eirek, on seeing the two lofty mountains on the coast, now called Herjolf's Ness, named one of them *Huitserken* (or whiteshirt), and the other *Blaaserken* (or blueshirt), the former being covered with snow, and the latter with ice. And this was as far back as A.D. 982. Eirek then sailed on a voyage of discovery northward during three years. Of the nautical skill, instinct, and daring of the Scandinavian sea-kings, nearly a thousand years ago, we can believe almost anything; but to what extent Eirek and others penetrated into the Polar regions will never be known. If any records should ever be discovered, they will not be likely to have any better authenticity than belongs to ancient Icelandic and other poetical legends and ballads.

No adequate space can here be afforded even for the most concise account of all the authentic and well-recorded Arctic expeditions of modern times. And this will at once become apparent when we state that, dating from the first Polar voyages of John Cabot—with his sons Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanchias,—in 1496, down to the voyages of

M'Clintock and M'Clure, in our own day, no fewer than one hundred and thirty different expeditions have sailed from various countries, illustrated by 250 books, with prints, maps, plans, documents, &c. And of these full one-half may claim the honour of belonging to Great Britain. Some notice of the most prominent men, and most important facts, together with some remarks on the great value of these discoveries, must therefore be all that can be given in the present paper.

In 1380 a Venetian merchant (Nicolo Zeno), and in 1481 another Venetian (Pietro Quirino), undertook voyages of discovery in the northern seas; but both of them having been wrecked off the coasts of Flanders and of Norway, no further mention of their attempts need be made. But in 1496, John Cabot, a third Venetian, also a merchant, residing in Bristol, obtained an audience with the king (Henry VII.), before whom he submitted his charts, plans, and what he bravely and, as it turned out, wisely called his "demonstrations." Inspired by the voyages made by Columbus, the British people, as well as the king, were alive to all such expeditions, and his majesty at once granted John Cabot, and his three sons, a royal patent, authorising them "to sail under the flag of England, with five ships, of whatever burthen and strength in mariners they might choose to employ." What follows will strike the reader of the present day as both royally cool and amusing,—“To subdue, occupy, and possess, all such towns, cities, castles, and isles, as they might discover, as the lieutenants of the king.” This primitive method of “colonisation” was coupled with the somewhat unreasonable stipulation that the equipment of the whole undertaking should be “at their own proper cost and charges.” There were a few other equally stringent regulations, as may be seen in Rymer's *Fœdera Angliæ*, and also in Hakluyt's *Collection*, iii. 25, 26. Owing to the difficulty, in all probability, of raising the requisite funds from private resources, a twelvemonth elapsed before the expedition left England.

John Cabot sailed in the spring of 1497, and it really does appear that he discovered the northern part of America some months before Columbus discovered, as a positive certainty, the southern coast; in other words, that John Cabot was the first who discovered America. The account of the discovery was written in Latin on a

map drawn by Sebastian, of which the following is a translation:—"In the yeare of our Lord 1497, John Cabot, a Venetian, and his sonne Sebastian (with an English fleet set out from Bristol) discovered that land which no man before that time had attempted, on the 24th of June, about five of the clocke, early in the morning. That island *which lyeth out before the land [mainland]* he called the Island of St. John, upon this occasion, as I thinke because it was discovered upon the day of St. John the Baptist. The inhabitants of this island wore beasts' skinnes, and have them in as great estimation as we have our finest garments. In their warres they use bowes, arrowes, spears, darts, wooden clubs, and slings. The soil is barren in some places, and yeeldeth little fruit, but it is full of white bears, and stagges far greater than ours. It yeeldeth plenty of fish, and those very great, as seales, and those which we commonly call *salmons*; there are *soles* also, above a yard in length [!], but especially there is great abundance of that kind of fish which the savages call *baccalaos*. In the same island also, they breed hauks, but they are so black that they are very like to ravens, as also their partridges and eagles, which are in like sort blacke."

For the discovery of this hitherto unknown land, viz., a part of the North American continent, the king ordered a reward to be given to John Cabot on his return, which, even allowing for the difference of value in money, must appear to us anything but munificent. In the expenses of the royal privy purse of Henry VII. the following entry may be found:—

"10th August 1497.—To him that found the New Isle, £10."

The author of the *Memoir of Cabot* insists upon it, and in a great measure proves, that John and Sebastian Cabot discovered the American continent "*fourteen months before Columbus beheld it.*" In the records of the Rolls' Chapel, after lying in darkness amidst a heap of all sorts of papers, the author of the *Biographical Memoir of Cabot* raked out the following very interesting, and, to all appearance, confirmatory petition to King Henry VII. for permission to make a second voyage to the same land:—

"To the Kinge.

"Please it your Highnesse of your most noble and habundaunt grace to grant to John Kabotto, Venecian, your gracious Lettres Patent in due forme to be made according to the tenor hereafter ensuing, and he shall continually praye &c."

"H. R.

"Rex

"To all men to whom theis Presenteis shal come send Greeting: Knowe ye that We of our Grace especiall, and for dyvers causis us moving: We Have given and graunten, to our wellbeloved, John Kabotto, Venecian, sufficient auctorite and power, that he may take at his pleasure VI Englishe Shippes &c with their apparail requisite &c and then convey and lede to the Londe and isles of late founde by the seid John in oure name and by oure commaundemente, &c."

Whether from the sudden failure of health, or eyesight, or whatever cause which is never likely to be known, John Cabot did not sail with this expedition, but deputed his son Sebastian to take command of it. This great navigator appears to have been born in Bristol, and was then only three-and-twenty years of age. He sailed on this second expedition in the summer of 1498. He seems to have directed his course towards the North Pole. He believed, as he said, "that if he shoulde saile by way of the North West, he should by a shorter tract come into India." But after great perseverance in the Arctic regions, being unable to find the passage to India, and his provisions failing, he returned to England at the close of the year. The records of this voyage and his discoveries are few, and those few occasionally at some variance.

We will now take a succinet and cursory view of the more important Arctic expeditions from the time of John and Sebastian Cabot. Among the two or three hundred books that have been published on this subject, we do not

think we can do better than select for especial review or reference *A Narrative of Arctic Discovery*, by John J. Shillinglaw, F.R.G.S., published some years ago, concerning which Admiral Washington, Hydrographer to the Navy, spoke highly; and Admiral Sir Robert McClure—the discoverer of the north-west passage—wrote that it was “a valuable book, containing every requisite information on Arctic expeditions up to that time.” We will therefore make a running commentary on Mr. Shillinglaw’s *Narrative of Arctic Discovery* down to his details of the measures adopted by her Majesty’s Government for the relief of Sir John Franklin and his companions. After that we must avail ourselves of other sources of information, from those who so ably carried out the arduous undertaking.

A good many years elapsed after the voyages of John and Sebastian Cabot, and no further attempts were made in the northern regions till Portugal, which was at that time perhaps the greatest maritime power, turned her thoughts towards those frozen shores which have always had a strange attraction for the more daring navigators of the globe. Gaspar Cortereal now proposed an expedition to King Emanuel of Portugal, and having obtained the royal permission, he fitted out “two ships, at his own expense,” in the year 1500, and sailed from Lisbon, with the intention of completing, if possible, what had been done and attempted by Sebastian Cabot. He safely reached a part of Labrador, and explored the coast for more than six hundred miles.

“We derive,” says Mr. Shillinglaw, “a remarkably clear and minute account of this expedition from a letter, dated 19th October, 1501, written by Pietro Pasquilligi, the Venetian ambassador at the Court of Portugal, to his brothers in Italy, only eleven days after the return of Cortereal from his northern voyage, a translation of which is subjoined :—

“On the 8th of the present month, one of the two caravels which his most Serene Majesty despatched last year on a voyage of discovery to the north, under the command of Gaspar Cortereal, arrived here, and reports the finding of a country distant hence west and north-west two thousand miles, heretofore quite unknown. They proceeded along the coast between six and seven hundred miles without reaching its termination, from which circumstance they conclude it to be of the mainland connected with

another region which last year was discovered in the north, but which the caravel could not reach on account of the ice and the vast quantity of snow; and they are confirmed in this belief by the multitude of great rivers they found, which certainly could not proceed from an island. They say that this country is *very populous*, and the dwellings of the inhabitants are constructed with timber of great length and covered with the skins of fishes. They have brought hither of the inhabitants, seven in all, men, women, and children, and in the other caravel, which is looked for every hour, there are fifty more."

These fifty-seven—men, women, and children—were kidnapped for slaves, as will shortly be stated in direct terms:—

"They are of like colour, figure, stature, and aspect, and bear the greatest resemblance to the gipsies; are clothed with the skins of different animals, but principally the otter; in summer the hairy side is worn outwards, but in winter the reverse; and these skins are not in any way sewed together or fashioned to the body, but just as they come from the animal are wrapped about the shoulders and arms: the loins are generally enveloped in a covering made of the great sinews of fish. From this description they may appear mere savages, yet they are gentle and have a strong sense of shame, and are better made in the arms, legs, and shoulders, than it is possible to describe. They puncture the face, like the Indians, exhibiting six, eight, or even more marks. The language they speak is not understood by anyone, though every possible tongue has been tried with them. In this country there is no iron, but they make swords of a kind of stone, and point their arrows with the same material. There has been brought thence a piece of a broken sword, which is gilt, and certainly came from Italy. A boy had in his ears two silver plates, which beyond question, from their appearance, were made at Venice, and this induces me to believe that the country is a continent; for had it been an island, and visited by a vessel, we should have heard of it. They have great plenty of salmon, herring, cod, and similar fish; and an abundance of timber, especially the *pine*, well adapted for masts and yards, and hence his Serene Majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber of which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labour, and are the best slaves I have ever seen."*

* *Memoir*, pp. 239—241. This valuable document is preserved (lib. vi. cap. exxvi.) in the precious volume entitled "*Paesi novamente ritrovati et Novo Mondo da Alberico Vesputio Florentino intitulado*," published at Vicenza in 1507, and now a work of the greatest rarity. (The original and French translation are in the library of Harvard College.—*Bancroft's United States*, p. 4.)

The two silver plates which came from Venice, and the remains of the sword from Italy, very clearly show that Sebastian Cabot had landed there, and overthrow, even were there no other proofs, the attempt of Portugal to claim the earliest discovery of this northern part of the American continent. With regard to slaves, a project for making them, not so much from the northern as from the southern regions, a direct article of most lucrative commerce, was now projected, and more than countenanced by his "most Serene Majesty." In 1502 Cortereal sailed with two ships on a second voyage to the Arctic regions. He appears to have entered an unknown strait (probably the one subsequently found by Hudson), where he was separated from his other ship, and "never heard of more." It seems probable that he may have been wrecked on the coast, and if not lost among the breakers, he was pretty certain of being effectually stopped from all future slave-dealings by the relatives of those fifty-seven men, women, and children he had previously stolen. Directly the news of his loss reached Portugal, Michael Cortereal sailed to the same region, in search of his brother. But "somehow" the same fate, or one as good, awaited him; as he never returned, or was heard of again.

The King was so grieved at the loss of these brothers, that he sent out two "armed ships" to search for them; but they returned without any tidings. King Emanuel then abandoned his commercial designs upon the northern people as slaves; and the next voyages of discovery were taken up by Spain, into whose service Sebastian Cabot had entered, in 1512.

Cabot projected another voyage, in 1516, to discover the north-west passage. This was unfortunately stopped by the death of King Ferdinand; the courtiers became dangerously jealous of the high honours that had been conferred upon Sebastian Cabot; and he returned to England, where Henry VIII. fitted out a small squadron "to extend the discoveries of Cabot." But the chief command was given to somebody else—one Sir Thomas Pert. This was pretty certain not to end well. It seems that when they had reached the north latitude of $67^{\circ} 30'$, the courage of Sir Thomas failed him; a mutiny also broke out; and the expedition came at once to a close. Nevertheless, "it amounts almost to a certainty," says Mr. Shillinglaw, "that Cabot in this voyage entered what is at present

known as 'Hudson's Bay,' or, at any rate, the strait which bears the same name; and it seems also highly probable that Frobisher and Hudson, in later times, were guided by what was known and published of Cabot's attempts, before they undertook their several voyages." This is not to be regarded in any sense of detracting from the merit of what the latter thoroughly accomplished, nearly every triumph of scientific discovery being built upon previous steps, experiments, and substantiated facts.

Another Italian again led the way into northern seas, and on this occasion it was in the service of the French Government, who now for the first time turned its attention in that direction. In 1524 Francis I. fitted out four ships, and gave the command of them to a Florentine, named Giovanni Verazzano. He coasted North America, "embracing the whole of the present United States, and a large portion of British America." Eventually he came upon a cluster of islands, which were probably those now known as the Bay of Penobscot, when his provisions failing, he returned to France. He seems to have landed at Georgia, where he found the natives very friendly, but as he proceeded northward he describes them as fierce and hostile. The loss of the battle of Pavia prevented the King from sending out another expedition. In the same year Spain had sent out vessels to the north, but they returned without any special results, and two or three years after this, England again—in 1527, the nineteenth year of Henry VIII.,—sent out "two faire ships wel manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, set forth oute of the Thames to seek strange regions." How little or how much was accomplished by these vessels with their "cunning men" will never be known, "by reason"—as Hakluyt, iii. 120, laments—"of the great negligence of the writers of those times." One of the vessels is said to have been commanded by Verazzano, previously mentioned, about whom there are conflicting accounts: one, that he was "killed, roasted, and eaten" by savages in the sight of his own ship; and the other, that he was seen ashore in 1537, "and therefore," as one of the narrators gravely and logically remarks, he could not have been roasted and eaten in 1527.

The French, some eight years after the voyage last mentioned, fitted out two ships under the command of Jacques Cartier. They circumnavigated Newfoundland, and, accord-

ing to Mr. Shillinglaw, were the first Europeans who entered the Bay of St. Lawrence. Cartier returned safely to France; and in 1535, he was again despatched with three ships. He ascended the St. Lawrence as high up as the Indian town of Hochelaga, where he was received most kindly by the natives, and in particular by their old king, Agonhauna. To this town they gave the name of Mont Royale, which afterwards become the great city now known as Montreal. On their departure, we much regret to record, they treacherously carried off the hospitable old king, by whom they had all been so well treated. These were the sort of doings, which in those days—in *all* days—account in the most obvious manner for most of the hostilities of tribes called "savages," who might rather, in such cases, retort the epithet upon their "civilised" visitors.

Notwithstanding these discoveries, the French did not perceive the value of Canada till some years after the visit of Cartier; and the next expedition to northern seas proceeded from England in 1536. The most remarkable feature in this is the fact of its personal adventurers, as well as originators, being private gentlemen and lawyers—to wit "Master Hore, of London, a man of goodly stature, and of great courage, and given to the studie of cosmographie;" and among the company were many "gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and of Chancerie." They set sail with hilarity and hope; but they evidently had not been judicious in choosing navigators, as they were thrown out of their calculation by the unusual length of the voyage to Cape Breton, so that they had come to an end of all their provisions. They were reduced to so dreadful a condition of absolute famine, that some of them even resorted to cannibalism. At this juncture a vessel from France chanced to arrive, "well furnished with vittaille;" when the "gentlemen of the Inns of Court and Chancerie," forgetting all their reading, rushed upon the "vittaille," and seizing enough for their present need, hastened back to France. Heavy complaints were soon afterwards made to Henry VIII., who caused a strict inquiry to be made into all the particulars; when the king, finding how grievously his subjects had suffered, pardoned them for their "felonies," and paid the injured Frenchmen "oute of his own purse" for the food of which they had been plundered.

The French eventually awoke to the importance of

Canada, and the king fitted out two vessels, giving the chief command to the *Sieur de Robeval*, with a number of prodigious titles, such as "*Lieutenant-General and Viceroy in Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, the Great Bay, &c.,*" and a subordinate command to the original discoverer, *Jacques Cartier*. Of course there was an element of discord to begin with. The ships reached *Mont Real*, but all settlement there was resisted by the Indians. Can we at all wonder at this, after what had been done by *Cartier* on his first visit—not to speak of the fifty-seven men, women, and children, carried off some time before by the Portuguese? So there was no more friendly intercourse with the Indians, and the French navigators had even to build a fort for self-protection on a spot where the city of *Quebec* now stands. After this there occurred, as might have been expected, a jealousy between the leaders, and *Cartier* returned to France. The *Sieur de Robeval*, aided by his brother *Achille*, bravely persevered in an attempt to found a settlement; but they both "*disappeared*" for ever—nobody knew how, except the Indians.

Our *Edward VI.* now appears on the scene; he takes great interest in the views of the merchants who thought that after so many failures in a north-westerly direction, the efforts of navigators should now be turned towards the chance of effecting a passage to the Indies by the north-east. Again we hear of *Sebastian Cabot*. He had been in the service of Spain, and made several voyages, in one of which he sailed up the *Rio de la Plata* some three hundred and fifty leagues. He was now in England, and King *Edward* gave him a high office in the marine department, together with a munificent pension. A new expedition was fitted out, the full instructions for which were drawn up by *Cabot* in a masterly style; but being too far advanced in years to take the command in person, that post was assigned to *Sir Hugh Willoughby*, "*a most valiant gentleman.*" A second ship was placed under the direction of *Richard Chancellor*, "*of great estimation for many good parts of wit in him.*" The code of instructions drawn up by *Cabot* was as follows:—

"Ordinances, Instructions, and Advertisements of and for the intended voyage for Cathay, compiled, made, and delivered by the Right Worshipful *M. Sebastian Cabota, Esq.,* Governour of the *Mysterie and Companie of the Merchants Adventurers* for the discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknownen,

the 9th day of May, in the yeere of our Lord God, 1553, and in the 7th yeere of the reigne of our most dread Sovereigne, Lord Edward VI., by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England and Ireland, *in earth supreme head.*"* On the 20th May, 1553, the three ships dropped down to Greenwich, on which occasion we have the following spirited sketch. "The greater shippes are towed with boates and oares, and the mariners being all appparelled in watchet or skie-coloured cloth, rowed amaine and made way with diligence. And being come neere to Greenewich (where the Court then lay) presently upon the news thereof, the Courtiers came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thicke upon the shoare, the Privie Counsel they lookt out at the windowes of the Court, and the rest ranne up to the toppes of the towers; the shippes hereupon discharge their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the manner of warre and the sea, inso-much that the tops of the hilles sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort that the skie rang againe with the noyse thereof. One stood in the poope of the ship, and by his gestures bids farewell to his friendes in the best manner hee could. Another walkes upon the hatches, another climbs the shrouds, another stands upon the maine yard, and another in the [main] top of the shippe. To be short, it was a very triumph (after a sort) in all respects to the beholders. But (alas!) the good King Edward (in respect of whom principally all this was prepared) hee, only by reason of his sicknesse, was absent from this shewe, and not long after the departure of these shippes the lamentable and sorrowful accident of his death occurred."

On this occasion, for the first and, we believe, the only time on record with us, there were signs of sad presentiments and foreboding of evil. When the ships sailed, many of those on deck "looked oftentimes backe, and could not refraine from teares, considering into what hazards they were to fall, and what uncertainties of the sea they were to make triall of." Even one of the commanders (Chancellor) was visibly affected, "His natural and fatherly affection also somewhat troubled him, for he left behinde him two little sonnes, which were in the case of orphanes if he spedde not well." It does not appear that the chief commander, Sir Hugh Willoughby, or Richard Chancellor, though valiant gentlemen, had been bred to the sea, or could in any way be considered as great practical sailors.

They reached the islands which stud the coast of Norway.

* *Hakluyt*, Vol. I. p. 226.

Willoughby arranged, in the event of the vessels separating, that they should meet at Wardhuys, a seaport of Finmark. On the very same day this arrangement was made, a storm arose which drove them far apart, "never to meet again." Willoughby had tried in vain to obtain a pilot at Senjen. He eventually made Nova Zembla, and endeavoured most bravely to proceed in a northerly direction; but being driven back, he endeavoured to sail towards Wardhuys, and began "to grope his way along the naked and barren coast of Russian Lapland." At length they reached the mouth of the Arzina, near Kegor. Willoughby had the third ship still with him. Freezing, and probably starving, he sent out parties in boats, or over the ice, in different directions to obtain assistance; but no signs of people, or huts of any kind, could be discovered. Nothing was heard of ships or men in England, or elsewhere, during two years. Eventually some Russian fishermen wandering along the coast found the two frozen ships, with everybody on board frozen into images—to the number of seventy. The last words written in Sir Hugh Willoughby's journal, viz., that they could discover "no people, or any similitude of habitation," were found lying before "the stiff and frozen corpse of the noble commander."

The voyage of Chancellor was attended with great success in many respects, which is fully and carefully described in Mr. Shillinglaw's *Narrative*. After quelling a mutiny, Chancellor held on his course, as Hakluyt tells us, "towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so farre, that he came at last to the place *where he found no night at all*, but a continuall light and brightnesse of the sunne shining clearly upon the huge and mightie sea." He eventually discovered the White Sea, and next touched at Archangel, "in those days nothing but a castle." He also discovered Moscow, which he reached by a journey in sledges over the snow, a distance of six hundred miles from the coast. Chancellor says that "he took Moscow," at that time, "to be greater than London, with the suburbs," which we should take the liberty of very much doubting, unless "with the suburbs" means not those of London, but the vast straggling heaps of huts around Moscow. Chancellor returned safely to England. In 1555 he was again sent out by rich merchants with a new expedition. He was on his way homewards, with a cargo valued at £20,000, and accompanied by an ambassador from the

Emperor Ivan Vasilovitch, when his vessel was wrecked during a storm in Pitsligo Bay. In attempting to reach the shore in a boat, amidst the darkness and the breaking waves, and chiefly through his anxiety for the preservation of the ambassador, the heroic Richard Chancellor was lost, together with "seven Russes, and divers mariners of his ship;" but the ambassador was safely landed by the remaining seamen forming the boat's crew.

The ambassador proceeded to London, where he was received with all ceremonies by Philip and Mary, and entertained sumptuously during three months. On his departure he was accompanied to Gravesend by "divers aldermen and merchants," all interested in the new trade with Russia, and parting "with many embracements and divers farewells," and Hakluyt adds, "not without expressing of teares."

We are induced to linger a little over these early navigators, on account of the great and novel interest which belongs to them, the great commercial, as well as geographical value of their discoveries, and the circumstance that their eventful voyages are so much less generally known than those of the great navigators of our own times. They were the worthy and almost necessary forerunners of Davis and Hudson, of Baffin and Ross, and the rest of our Arctic heroes, and their fame should ever be held dear to us, their deeds ever cherished in our memories. The following extract from Mr. Shillinglaw's *Narrative* will now introduce two new and important names:—

"Meanwhile, during Chancelor's absence on that voyage in which he subsequently lost his life, the Muscovy Company had fitted out a small vessel, called the *Searchthrift*, which, on the 29th April, 1556, sailed from Gravesend, under the command of Stephen Burrough, the master of Chancelor's ship in his first voyage. Previous to their sailing, the 'Right Worshipful Sebastian Cabot,' and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, paid a visit to the vessel, and examined all the preparations with great interest, and afterwards the 'goode olde gentleman, Master Cabota,' gave a banquet, at which, 'for very joy that he had to see the towardness of their discovery, he entered into the dance himselfe amongst the rest of the young and lusty company.

"It was not until the middle of July that Burrough reached the Straits of Waigatz, where he was beset on all sides by 'monstrous heaps of ice,' and was constantly in danger of being annihilated by these enormous masses coming in collision with each

other. They were likewise nearly capsized by an immense whale, which, however, they managed to affright by shouting. Burrough penetrated about fifteen leagues beyond the mouth of the river Pechora, but all his efforts to proceed farther proved abortive, and he therefore returned, with the intention of again resuming the attempt.

"In order to preserve a strict chronological order, we have now to turn our faces to the north-west. The name of Martin Frobisher is one of which this country may well be proud; and yet his connection with the defeat of the 'Invincible Armada' is all that is remembered of him by many. Mr. Barrow truly says, in his *Naval Worthies of Elizabeth's Reign*—"He was one of those men who, by their zeal, energy, and talent, acquired and preserved for Queen Elizabeth the proud title of 'Sovereign of the Seas;' but few, however, know that he earned his early honours in a northern clime: few know, that for *fifteen long years* he was continually pressing upon the minds of his friends, and the merchants of the City of London, the desirableness of renewing the attempt to find a passage by the north-west; the former proved lukewarm, and the latter, he soon perceived, were not wont to regard 'venture without sure certaine and present gaines.' When, indeed, will the time come that a noble idea shall receive from the world the attention which is its due, uninfluenced by any sordid or narrow-minded motive?"

Our author's last question has been very handsomely answered on several occasions, since the publication of his book; and by none more completely than by the expedition of 1875—6. But to proceed.

"Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties, in the prosecution of any great and worthy undertaking, remember that *eighteen years* elapsed after the time that Columbus conceived his enterprise before he was enabled to carry it into effect,—that most of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle; and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about his fifty-sixth year. This example should encourage the enterprising never to despair."—Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus*, Vol. I. p. 174.

It is, nevertheless, the sort of "encouragement" that everybody could not outlive.

In the year 1576, Frobisher found means to fit out three very small vessels, the largest being only thirty-five tons, and fired salutes when off the royal palace at Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth waved her hand from the palace windows,

and sent a gentleman on board "to make known her good likings of their doings," and wishing them "happie succeſſe." Frobisher reached Greenland without any miſchance, but was unable to land, in conſequence of a great ſtorm. In this he loſt a boat, with her crew, and one of his veſſels then deſerted him. After this he eventually penetrated ſome ſixty leagues into a "ſtrait," which now bears his name.

"And landing here he met with a ſalvage people, like to Tartars, with longe blacke haire, broad faces, and flatte noſes, the women marked in the face with blewe ſtreekes downe the cheekes and round about the eyes, having bootes made of ſeales ſkinnes, in ſhape ſomewhat reſembling the ſhallops of Spain." Here Frobisher loſt a boat's crew of five men, and, notwithstanding he "ſhotte off falconets and ſounded trumpets," he never again heard of them. In revenge, he managed, by tinkling a bell, to entice one of the natives to the ſhip's ſide, and "plucked him, by main force, boat and all, into his barke, whereupon, when he found himſelf in captivity, for very choler and diſdaine, he bit his tongue in twaine within his mouth, notwithstanding he died not thereof, but lived untill he came to England, and then died of cold which he had taken at ſea." With this "ſtrange infidell on board, whoſe like was never ſeene, read, nor heard of before, and whoſe language was neither known nor underſtood of any, they returned to England."

Half of the ſtrange infidel's tongue having been bitten off, it is not very ſurprising, in any caſe, that his language was not underſtood. Frobisher, on his arrival in England, was received with acclamations; but that which moſt contributed to his popularity was ſomething of a perfectly new and unexpected kind. Among the odd heap of curioſities brought back by ſailors and others, were ſmall pieces of heavy, black-looking ſtones, one of which happening to fall into the fire, and afterwards to get broken, diſcovered a ſpot that "gliſtened with a bright marquesset of golde." It was inſtantly taken to the "goldfiners in London," who pronounced it to be pure gold. A freſh expedition was immediately projected, and urged forward with general excitement. This time, it was not at all for the diſcovery of a north-weſt or a north-eaſt paſſage, but "in the hope of more of the ſame golde ore." So Frobisher again ſet ſail from Blackwall in 1577, "with a merrie wind," and all on account of the precious metal he was to bring back. Queen Elizabeth ſhared the popular enthuſiaſm. But,

unfortunately, all this was founded on a delusion, the declaration of the London goldsmiths and adepts notwithstanding, as the heavy black stones in question contained no gold whatever. Howbeit, Frobisher returned with two hundred tons of the supposed ore. His arrival was attended with the greatest excitement, and her Majesty appointed special commissioners "to look thoroughly into the cause for the true triall and due examination thereof, and for the full handling of all matters thereunto appertaining."

Clearly her Majesty was to be highly commended; but how the special commissioners, who sent in a most favourable report upon the supposed ore, escaped with their heads in those days of rather summary decisions and punishments, surprises one, the more so when we find that another expedition for the same purpose, on a very much larger scale,—viz., of fifteen vessels,—sailed the next year, comprising mariners, miners, goldfiners, soldiers, gentlemen, carpenters, and the frame-work of a large wooden house, to be erected, we may suppose, for the chief commissioner of the gold-mines, his body-guard, and staff. This costly expedition was, of course, a total failure as to its chief object; but the perils and the sufferings they all went through in the Arctic seas,—now drifting about for twenty days together in dense mists and fogs; now with fastened and "moored anker" upon some great island of ice, submitting their ships to its guidance; now with pikes and pieces of timber standing day and night to "bear off the force" of the floating masses of ice that threatened to crush them; now kneeling round the mainmast, praying help from God,—must place this disastrous expedition among the most memorable. And this, in especial, from the great energy, skill, and fortitude of Frobisher, who was in no way responsible for the errors and stupidities of the goldfiners and commissioners. Frobisher, after his return to England, with his shattered vessels, declared that "had it not been for the charge and care he had of the fleets and freighted ships, he both would and could have gone through to the South Sea, called Mar de Sur, and dissolved the long doubt of the passage which we seek to finde to the rich country of Cataya."* Be this as it may, there seems every probability that the "strait" he had entered was that which now bears Hudson's name. So far from the ardour of Frobisher being destroyed by his failure, it

* *Hakluyt*, Vol. III., p. 80.

appears that he proposed a fourth voyage, in which he was supported by the great admiral, Sir Francis Drake. The Queen, however, "shook her head," and we may also imagine that she said something characteristic to the London goldfiners.

Nevertheless, in the short space of two years, another expedition sailed from England,—and on this occasion it was with a view to the discovery of a north-eastern passage. It was boldly attempted by Pet and Jackman; but they returned unsuccessful. Three years afterwards, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained from Queen Elizabeth the gift of all such "heathen and barbarous countries" as he might discover. But the haunting idea of gold still remaining, a fifth part of the gold and silver that might be found was to belong to the Crown. Gilbert made two voyages, in the second of which he was accompanied by Sir Walter Raleigh. They were unsuccessful; but Gilbert sailed a third time, "to take possession of Newfoundland." The coast was reached, but here they were overwhelmed by a tempest, in which the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with all on board his ship, was lost.

About two years after this, "Master John Davis, a man well grounded in the principles of the arts of navigation," is appointed to a command by "divers worshipful merchants of London," not for the sake of gold or silver, but for the advancement of "God's glory, and the discovery of a passage to India." The three important voyages of Davis are full of interest; as are also the three voyages of Barentsz, who was sent by the Dutch to "penetrate by the north to China and Japan." On one occasion the ice closed upon them, so that the ship of Barentsz was lifted quite out of the water, and remained fixed. They had to build a hut to live in. The cold was so intense that if they touched a piece of iron it brought away the skin with it, and their Dantzic spruce froze so hard that it burst the cask. The darkness once lasted eighty days; but they eventually escaped in two boats, leaving their ship high up amidst the ice, and reached the northern extremity of Nova Zembla. Barentsz now felt that he was dying. He desired the sailors to raise him up in the boat; and thus standing, and "gazing on the terrible scene of his shipwrecked hopes," the spirit of the heroic Dutchman passed away.

England again in 1602 sent out an expedition to the

north, under George Waymouth. Next, the King of Denmark despatched a vessel. Then we read of Bennet, and Cunningham, and Knight; and then we have the renowned Henry Hudson. He was fitted out by the London "Muscovy Company" in 1607, and he announced that he should "endeavour to find a passage, if possible, directly across the Pole itself." He did not succeed; and next year he made another voyage, with no better result. The year after, he again sailed forth, this time in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and discovered the bay and river "on the shores of which New York now stands." His further successes, and his cruel end, we shall give in the words of Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative."

"On the 17th April, 1610, Hudson sailed from the Thames, on that voyage from which it was his sad fate never to return. Sir John Wolstenholme, Sir Dudley Digges, and others who were persuaded of the existence of a *north-east* passage, fitted out a ship called the *Discovery*, of fifty-five tons, at their own expense, the command of which was given to Hudson. He touched at the islands of Orkney, Færoe, and Iceland, and, on the 15th June, 'raysed the Desolations,' where he found the sea full of whales, of whom they stood somewhat in fear. From this, he pursued a north-westerly course, and about the end of the month met with an island, which Davis had laid down on his chart, now known as Resolution Island. Hudson not being able to go to the north of it, therefore took a southerly course, and 'fell into a great rippling, or ouerfall of current, the which setteth to the west.' This was the entrance of the great Strait, now known by his name, into which he pushed his way, notwithstanding the icy obstacles which were continually placed in his course. But a far greater obstacle to his progress was the increasing dissatisfaction of his crew. In vain did he call them together, and show them his chart, representing that he had sailed more than a hundred leagues further than any other Englishman;—his consideration for their opinions had the usual effect in such cases;—'some were of one minde, and some of another; some wishing themselves at home, and some not caring wher, so they were out of the ice.' However, they were all forced by dire necessity to assist in freeing the ship from her perilous position; and, after several days of harassing weather, on the 11th July, in latitude 62° 9', he reached some islands, which he named the Isles of God's Mercy. A few leagues further, and Hudson beheld that vast sea open before him, which seemed to be the completion of his most sanguine wishes. He made no doubt but that it was a portion of the mighty Pacific;—what feelings of exultation must have filled

his breast at the thought of his having succeeded in accomplishing that which had baffled so many before him.

"They were now quite frozen in, and the provisions being nearly all gone, the crew had nothing but the prospect of starvation, through cold and hunger, during a long and dreary winter."

They, for a time, were able to obtain food by a great number of white partridges that came there, but these soon disappeared, and Hudson and his crew were reduced to starvation and misery. At length, the ice broke up, and the brave navigator got safely away. But the mutinous spirit of the crew again arose, and one morning, as Hudson came out of his cabin, he was seized from behind by the cowardly wretches, carried on deck, and cast into the sea. They then threw eight sick men in after him, and hoisted sail!

The reader will now have obtained a very clear knowledge of the extreme difficulties, perils, and prolonged sufferings which were certain to attend these Arctic voyages, and what sort of men the early discoverers were who so cheerfully undertook them. That it is impossible, within our space, to give any account of the whole of these, the very list of the names of those who followed Davis and Hudson will sufficiently attest. For after Hudson, we read of Button, Poole, Hall, Gibbons, and Bylot from the years 1610 to 1615; and then we have the famous Baffin, the accuracy of whose lunar observations was praised a century afterwards by Captain Parry. Next we come to Hawkrige, and then Jens Munk, sent out from Denmark. With Munk's expedition we must pause an instant to speak of the wonderful aerial phenomena they witnessed, viz., three distinct suns, and, on another occasion, two; also, an eclipse of the moon, which appeared to be "enviored by a transparent circle, within which was a cross, seemingly dividing the moon into four quarters." Jens Munk's crew were afflicted with scurvy to such a degree that they were too weak to shoot any of the numbers of wild fowl, though dying from cold and starvation. "Munk himself, after remaining four days in his hut without food," crawled forth, and found that "out of a crew of *sixty-four* souls, *two* only survived." As if inspired by despair, these three Danes dug into the frozen snow, tore up some roots and plants, which they devoured, got rid of the scurvy, and managed to fit up a small craft, and return to Denmark. After this, we have

Luke Fox (in 1631) and Captain James; in 1652 the Danes again made an attempt under the command of Captain Danell. After this we read of Gillam, and Wood, Knight, Barlow, and Vaughan in 1676 and 1719, with Captain Seroggs, Middleton, Moore, and Smith, in 1741 and 1746. We must here revert to the expedition sent out by Russia in 1725 under command of Captain Vitus Behring in accordance with a plan said to have been devised by Peter the Great, when on his death-bed. Behring made various discoveries on his second voyage, in 1741, during which he perished miserably from cold, starvation, and scurvy. Then we read of Tchitscagoff (another Russian) and Hearne, Phipps, Lutwidge (in the reign of George III.), Clarke, the great Captain Cook—killed at the Sandwich Islands, and Clarke “reduced to an absolute skeleton,” dying at Petropaulowski. One of the midshipmen who sailed with Phipps and Lutwidge, was *Horatio Nelson*. Meares, Pickersgill, Young, and Lowenhorn (sent out by the King of Denmark) bring us down to 1787. The prodigious profits derived by the Hudson’s Bay Company in their trade with the “simple-minded Indians” of North America now brought forward Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, resident officer of the rival “North-west Company.” For the arduous work he accomplished the reader is referred to the voyages and travels of his day, 1789. The honoured names of Vancouver and Kotzebue bring us down to 1815; and we then find ourselves ready (in imagination) to accompany Ross, and the yet more successful and admirable Parry, together with Back and Buchan, till we arrive at the heroic deeds and melancholy loss of Sir John Franklin. What all these men did and suffered, is of such great and varied interest, that we must not venture to ask space even to touch upon their several voyages; neither is this necessary, as their journals being of our present time, most people have read them, and those who have not can always find them in any good library. For the same reason we can only allude to the *fourteen* different expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, with the final discovery of the place where he died, by Captain (now Admiral) M’Clintock, and the discovery of the North-West Passage by Captain (now Admiral) M’Clure.

Among our regrets at necessary conciseness, we must prominently allude to the American expedition fitted out by the patriotic merchant, Mr. Grinnel, of New York; and

the extraordinary daring and success of Captain Hall, in a small, ill-adapted river-steamer, "The Polaris," in 1871.

Of the Expedition under the command of Captain Nares—accompanied by officers and seamen who would have done honour to the greatest days of Britannia's highest glory—their efforts and their endurances, in all the main features and graphic details of varied scenes of peril and unflagging perseverance, have been recently exhausted by the public press, so that description would now be superfluous. Their deeds are placed on record, and we are proud of our countrymen. That they have not accomplished all that was, both reasonably and unreasonably, expected by those "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," or even the great and especial object of the Expedition, does not militate against their courage, their skill, or their fortitude; and of course it does not deteriorate the value of what they really have discovered. But although they found it impossible to reach the Pole in the direction they so manfully attempted, we can but agree with several of our contemporaries that a nearer approach may at some future time be made from another quarter. As for new "appliances and means," we do not hazard a suggestion as to steam ice-ploughs; to boring and blasting on a large scale; or to some dozen of balloons, bearing men, food, warming and cooking apparatus, &c., because all novel ideas are, naturally enough, treated with ridicule; but we think that in the sure and steady progress of science there will certainly be found new and more successful methods of surmounting Arctic fortifications and barriers, gigantic and impregnable as the outworks have hitherto appeared. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*; and, according to the *Times*, there will most probably be another expedition fitted out by America, were it only to recover their "lost sea" and reclaim their "lost land," whose existence is denied by Captain Nares. That other Polar voyages of discovery will, sooner or later, be made, we do not at all doubt; and it is quite possible they may be rewarded by other valuable additions to our knowledge, besides what may be gathered by getting nearer to the frozen summit of our globe. These may comprise the nautical, the geographical, the geological, the meteorological, possibly the *ethnological*, and almost certainly the ornithological, as well as the fauna and flora of frozen regions. Dr. Hooker has pointed out that the botanical specimens display very interesting peculiarities; and that

"the existence of *ancient forests* in what are now Arctic regions" (proved by the recent discovery of great seams of coal), "and the migration of existing flora over land bound fast in perpetual ice, appear to call for vaster changes than can be brought about by a redistribution of the geographical limits of land and sea, and to afford evidence of changes in the direction of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit,—and perhaps of variation in the ellipticity of the orbit itself." As to the fish, of all degrees of magnitude, and of all degrees of the almost invisibly diminutive, there is a food as abundant for reflection as for nutriment.

But a far more interesting speculation presents itself. Tribes of unknown men have strayed, somehow—at some time or other—into these unknown solitudes. "Traces of them," writes Mr. Clement R. Markham,* "have been found everywhere along the verge. They may have perished, or they may survive in the far north; but there is no doubt of their having entered the unexplored region from more than one point." Mr. Markham then speculates on the possible condition and means of life of human beings without wood or metals, and dependent entirely on bone and stone for the construction of all implements and utensils, and suggests a comparison with "the condition of mankind in the Stone age of the world." But apart from these, and other great and recondite speculations, the practical benefits to be derived from Arctic exploration, in numerous respects, must be apparent from the additions to our knowledge brought home to the habitable regions of the earth by these heroic navigators and explorers of frozen solitudes.

* *Contemporary Review*, October, 1873.

ART. VII.—*The Anglo-American Churches of the United States.*

THREE months ago, in writing on *America in the Centennial Year*, we had occasion to emphasize the general truth, that the social, political, and ecclesiastical conditions of life in the United States are and have been, as to many fundamental points, not only not analogous, but in direct contrast to those which obtain in this country. The same truth will have to be borne in mind in dealing with the subject which is to occupy attention in the present article. To take one leading instance, which involves much that is collaterally and consequentially bound up with it—the matter of ecclesiastical disestablishment. Certain churches in America were “by law established” during, and long after, the Colonial period of American history; they were disestablished by degrees, the process not having been completed, in some instances, till fifty years ago. But as to provide with landed or tithe endowments constituted no part of the process of establishing these churches, so disendowment—except so far as local assessment and taxation had served as endowment—formed no part of the process or idea of disestablishment. The churches were all, more or less, endowed with landed property; some of them had endowments of great value, but not one of them suffered in respect of such property any sort or degree of disendowment. Again, let it be observed that the enactments which virtually “established” the different American churches within their several States were such as either never were enacted at all in England, or were only enacted centuries after the Church had already taken possession of the whole land, occupying everywhere a position of sole and undisputed authority, such enactments in the case of the English Church being, indeed, not steps of advance, but rather precautions against decline, or penalties against desertion or neglect. In the Colonies the laws to which we have referred were the means whereby the Church built up its supremacy, the outworks by which it held aloof its adversaries; in England similar enactments were props against decay, or buttresses against the advancing tide of innova-

tion or dissent. The work in America was one of constitution, of "establishment;" in England the process marked the beginning of that revolt against the previously unchallenged supremacy of the one and sole Church, which has been proceeding ever since, and which, proving too strong, by infinite odds, for the legislative restraints by which attempts were thus made to suppress it, has led to a series of enfranchising or disenthraling enactments by which the process of disestablishment, according to the American idea, has already, even in this country, come to be considerably advanced, although the work of disendowment has not yet begun.

The distinction which we have thus indicated lies at the root of all true thinking as to the comparative ecclesiastical conditions of America and England; it affects the whole development of the subject. We shall, therefore, illustrate what we have stated in the foregoing paragraph, first, by a quotation from the highest authority, living or dead, on questions affecting the inner truth and the philosophy of English history, and then, by a reference to the case of New England, as regards the matter of Church-establishment.

"We have first of all," says Mr. Freeman, "to get rid of the notion that there was some time or other when the Church was 'established' by a deliberate and formal act. There have been times and places when and where a Church really has been established by an act of this kind. The re-establishment of Christianity in France is a case in point. There the civil power did deliberately establish a form of worship; and the establishment took the form of an agreement, a *concordat*, between the supreme power of the French nation and the head of that religious body of which a branch was to be re-established in France. Here there was something which may not unfairly be called a bargain between Church and State. But nothing of this kind ever took place in England. There was no moment when the nation or its rulers made up their minds that it would be a good thing to set up an Established Church any more than there was a moment when they had made up their minds that it would be a good thing to set up a Government by King, Lords, and Commons. There are only two dates in our history when anything of the kind can be conceived to have happened. It must have happened either at the first preaching of Christianity or else at the Reformation. . . . The popular notion is that the Church was 'established' at the Reformation. People seem to think that Henry the Eighth, or Edward the Sixth, or Elizabeth, having perhaps 'disestablished'

an older Church, went on next of set purpose to 'establish' a new one. They chose, it seems to be commonly thought, that form of religion which they thought best; they established it, endowed it, clothed it with certain privileges, and, by way of balance, subjected it to a strict control on the part of the State.

"But, as a matter of history and a matter of law, nothing of the kind ever happened. As a matter of law and of history, however it may be as a matter of theology, the Church of England after the Reformation is the same body as the Church of England before the Reformation. . . . No English ruler, no English Parliament, thought of setting up a new Church, but simply of reforming the existing English Church. Nothing was further from the mind of either Henry the Eighth or of Elizabeth than the thought that either of them was doing anything new. Neither of them ever thought for a moment of establishing a new Church, or of establishing anything at all. In their own eyes they were not establishing but reforming; they were neither pulling down nor setting up, but simply putting to rights. They were getting rid of innovations and corruptions; they were casting off an usurped foreign jurisdiction, and restoring to the crown its ancient authority over the State ecclesiastical. . . . There was no one act called the 'Reformation;' the Reformation was the gradual result of a long series of acts. There was no one moment, no one Act of Parliament, when and by which a Church was 'established;' still less was there any Act by which one Church was 'disestablished' and another Church 'established' in its place. . . . In all that they did Henry and Elizabeth had no more thought of establishing a new Church than they had of founding a new nation; for in their eyes the Church and the nation were the same thing."*

Such being the facts as regards the "establishment" of the Church of England, the truth as to the question of endowment is in strict correspondence with these facts.

"If we wish," says the same authority, "to argue this question on its true ground," let us say,—if we wish to understand this question and all questions related to it directly or collaterally—"we must put out of sight the popular notion that at some time or other the State determined to make a general national endowment of religion. And we must also put out of sight the other popular notion that, at some time or other, the State took certain funds from one religious body and gave them to another. Neither of these things ever happened. If there ever was a time when the State determined on a general national establishment of religion, it must have been at the time of the conversion of the

* *Disestablishment and Disendowment.* By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., pp. 32—40.

English nation to Christianity. But the conversion of England took place gradually, when there was no such thing as an English nation capable of a national act. The land was still cut up into small kingdoms, and Kent had been Christian for some generations, at a time when Sussex still remained heathen. If any Act which could be called a systematic establishment and endowment of the Church ever took place anywhere, it certainly took place in each particular kingdom for itself, not in England as a whole. The churches of Canterbury and Rochester undoubtedly held lands while men in Sussex still worshipped Woden. But it would be an abuse of language to apply such words as systematic establishment and endowment to the irregular process by which the ecclesiastical corporations received their possessions. The process began in the earliest times, and it has gone on ever since. And nothing was done systematically at any time. This king or that earl founded or enriched this or that church in which he felt a special interest; and from this it naturally followed that one church was much more richly endowed than another. The nearest approach to a regular general endowment is the tithe, and this is not a very near approach. The tithe can hardly be said to have been granted by the State. The state of the case rather is that the Church preached the payment of tithe as a duty, and that the State gradually came to enforce the duty by legal sanctions.* . . . It should also be remembered that, though the duty of paying tithe was taught very early, yet for a long time the tithe-payer had a good deal of choice as to the particular ecclesiastical body to which he would pay his tithe. Nothing was more common than an arbitrary grant of tithe to this or that religious house. In short, the ecclesiastical endowments of England have grown up, like everything else in England, bit by bit. A number of ecclesiastical corporations have been endowed at all manner of times and in all manner of ways; but there was no one particular moment when the State of England determined to endow one general religious body called the Church of England.†

The original endowments of the Church of England, indeed, whether in lands or in tithe, were as really voluntary gifts and offerings as those donations of land and those yearly offerings in kind which are made by recently converted tribes at the present day in Polynesia, in Africa, or elsewhere, to their missionary preachers or pastors, or to the Churches which have ordained and sent forth these preachers and pastors. In a recent report of the London

* This legal enforcement did not begin till tithe had become property by what must be regarded as a sort of common law—till all the land had long been bought, sold, or inherited, subject to the charge and payment of tithe.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 14—17.

School Board on Educational Endowments there occurs a passage which we are tempted to quote in this connection. "Your Committee," says the Report, "recognises that there is a limited analogy between the operation of endowment and the operation of voluntary agency. Endowment is a voluntary agency of the past,—or [of the] present extending to the future." The endowments of the Church of England unquestionably represent, with few exceptions, the voluntary contributions of the past. In this respect they differ essentially from Church revenues derived from public taxation. In the American Colonies the Established Churches derived their revenues to some extent from endowment, but to a much larger extent from public taxation. Disestablishment did away with the latter source of revenue, but left untouched the former.

Let us now turn, as we proposed to do, to consider the matter of Church-establishment in New England, and to notice the disparity between the case of the Colonies and of the mother-country. Our leading instances shall be the Plymouth Colony and Massachusetts.

The men of Plymouth were the true fathers of religious liberty on the American continent. Arminianism and religious liberality, Calvinism and intolerance, were almost inseparably united, alike in England and on the Continent of Europe, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The men of Plymouth, between leaving England and settling in America, had been long enough in contact with the Arminianism of Holland, if not to unlearn their Calvinism, yet to learn to modify it, and to acquire the principles of tolerance and a sense of the rights of conscience.

It is true that, like the other Colonies of New England, they regarded themselves as being a religious congregation not less than a civil commonwealth. This assumption, which, or its equivalent, had up to that time pervaded the whole national life and framework of Europe, making Church and State everywhere to be one, was not likely soon to give way, did not, in fact, soon or easily give way, anywhere, and was likely to be adhered to with intense tenacity, in such colonies as those of New England, in such a company of colonists as that of New Plymouth. But though the colony was ruled by the Church-meeting, it was not greatly governed, nor were public forms of religion to any considerable extent enforced, at least at first, by legal enactments or by pains and penalties. Plymouth Colony

tried to go back to first principles; the Colony was little else than the congregation, was a mere voluntary association, without any code of laws, but settling all questions as they rose by the vote of the majority. In this congregational colony Church and State were thus one, each being but a special aspect of the same community. If under such circumstances, the wants of the ministers of the congregation and the ecclesiastical needs of the community had been provided for permanently and adequately by common lands devoted to sacred purposes, or by a common custom of tithe, universally agreed and acted upon, until it had grown to have the force and equity of common law, the analogy between the case of this Colony and of the early State Churches or Church States of the seventh and eighth centuries would have been complete. Such, however, was not the case. It was assumed that due provision would be voluntarily made for the maintenance of the pastorate and of religious services; and, for many years, the matter was left unregulated by any public law or general custom. No agreement of the community set apart, in permanence, a proportionate and adequate endowment; no uniform and universal self-imposed tribute of support in kind became naturally, and by an authority of common consent more efficacious and authoritative than any parchmented statute, the common law of the settlement. The whole matter was left to the operation of "the voluntary principle," to use the modern phrase. This principle, no doubt, produced considerable results; though no law or binding custom of tithe was acknowledged, many of the citizens actually gave tithe to the Church. The community, also, gave sites for meeting-houses, and more or less, in many cases, glebes or lands towards the support of the ministry. Nevertheless, the results were, after a generation had passed away, found to be altogether insufficient.

It became necessary, accordingly, to have direct legislation on the subject. By this time, indeed, the Colony had been forced to depart from its original simplicity of conception and government, and the civil commonwealth, with its apparatus of laws and exclusively civil functionaries, had come out into distinct form. In 1655 (thirty-five years after the landing of the "fathers"), in consequence of complaints from some ministers on the subject of maintenance, the General Court of the Colony determined that no pastor should leave his congregation for this cause

without informing the magistrates, and that the magistrate, in any case of real deficiency of maintenance, should take measures, after using persuasion, to compel, if necessary, the "hearers" to contribute properly to the support of the ministry. Two years later, the due maintenance of the ministers was made a distinct matter of town (or township) responsibility, and it was ordered that four officers in each township should be chosen to assess a rate upon the inhabitants for the support of the ministry and public worship of the Church; or, if such officers could not be chosen, or, for whatever reason, were not chosen by the public assembly, giving authority to the magistrates to appoint three such. The rate of payment to the minister was to be determined by the Church, with the concurrence either of the inhabitants duly assembled, or, failing this, of the magistrates. Other regulations on the same subject followed in subsequent years, and power of distress against recusants was given to the officers appointed to collect the minister's dues.

About the same period the Plymouth Colony made it obligatory upon every new settlement to build its meeting-house, to procure a settled minister,—“an able godly man for the dispensing of God's Word,”—and to levy a rate on all lands included within the township, for the discharge of the expenses connected with the establishment and maintenance of the ministry.

It seems evident that the middle of the seventeenth century was too early a date for the maintenance of religion in the Plymouth Colony on the voluntary principle. That principle was fairly tried, and was found wanting. Nevertheless, it must not be lost sight of that, even in legal interferences and enactments, the “voluntary principle”—in a free democracy like that of the Plymouth Colony—was at the bottom of the law, and lent force and efficacy to the enactments. Nor can we, for our part, doubt that what was done needed to be done, and was justly done, and that that part of New England is vastly better and happier to-day, and, under its “voluntary” régime, finds its Christian ordinances more easily sustained and provided for, because of the godly enactments of the seventeenth century. The voluntary principle of to-day could hardly have been applied with ease or efficiency in such a state of society as that of New England in 1650. Nine hundred years before, in the Saxon times of our own

country, it could not, in our modern sense and fashion, have been applied at all. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils Himself in many ways." It is natural to bring modern ideas to our study of past ages; but if we do not get rid of them as we proceed with the study, we shall never come to any but absurd conclusions as to those ages.

In a few other respects the legislation of Plymouth Colony, although milder than that of its sister commonwealths in New England, made some efforts towards the legal enforcement upon the citizens of outward conformity and respect to the Church. In 1650 it was forbidden to "set up any churches or public meetings diverse from those already set up and approved, without the consent and approbation of the Government." In the following year a penalty of ten shillings was attached to the neglect of public worship "in any lazy, slothful, or profane way," which regulation, however, was repealed in this tolerant State eight years afterwards. No man was allowed to be a freeman of their commonwealth,—to have any franchise or official responsibility,—who was not of generally orthodox opinions, or, at least, who professed any contrary opinions. Legal disability, for ecclesiastical reasons, was never carried farther than this in Plymouth Colony.

In Massachusetts, founded a few years later than Plymouth Colony (1627), a very different spirit prevailed. The most rigid and despotic State Churchism reigned in this Colony, and in the Colonies which sprang from it, or were closely associated with it, as Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. In few parts of the Protestant world were proscription and persecution kept up at once so long and so relentlessly as in these New England Colonies. As State Church prescription ruled with more continuous and unsleeping rigidity, so it was maintained to a much later period, and in more annoying forms, in these Colonies than in the mother-country. During the latter part of the last century, it was still in strong force, and in the early years of the present it was still operative in hampering the Gospel efforts, and degrading the position and character of Methodist pioneer preachers.

Much of the annoyance caused by New England State-Churchism, especially in later times, arose from the fact that the established clergy—who were Congregationalists—

were paid by local assessed rates or taxes, and not out of ancient endowments or property. The original law of rating was adopted so early as 1644, in which year the Confederate Commissioners of the United Colonies, one Plymouth Commissioner dissenting, recommended to the General Courts of all the Colonies whom they represented that those in the several plantations who "were taught in the Word" should be called together, and should put down what they were willing to contribute towards the maintenance of the ministry; and that if any man refused "to pay a meet portion," he should be "rated by authority in some just and equal way," such rates being recoverable by civil process. This recommendation seems to have been at once adopted in all the "plantations," except Plymouth, which, as we have seen, came into this method some ten years later. It was also enacted that every town (township or parish) should provide for itself meeting-house, parsonage, and minister, and that, voluntarily or otherwise, all the inhabitants should contribute a due proportion towards the expense. Down to 1800 the exact penalties which defaulting towns must pay stood unrepealed on the statute-book. Only seven years after the foundation of the State (in 1634) a law had been passed, imposing a penalty of five shillings for absence from meeting on Lord's Day, fast, or thanksgiving. Even so late as 1791 legislation on this subject was neither obsolete nor exhausted. In that year the law was modified, and able-bodied men, absent from meeting for three months, were allowed to compound for their neglect by a fine of ten shillings. Nor was this law repealed in Massachusetts until 1835. Connecticut and Newhaven Colonies walked with Massachusetts step by step in their legislation on these subjects during the greater part of the seventeenth century. To quote a writer, to whom we are much indebted in this article—"All were by law obliged to attend upon Congregational worship"—the established religion—"and support the same by rates, laid and collected like those for other civil charges. No church could be established without leave of the court."*

Even after the Colonies had become States—"sovereign States"—the same principles were upheld. In the Massachusetts Bill of Rights of 1780, the third article made it a duty of the Legislature to "authorise and require the several

* See *British Quarterly Review*, January and April of last year.

towns, parishes, and precincts to make suitable provision at their own expense" for public worship and the "maintenance of public Protestant teachers." Further, in 1786 an Act was passed giving power and authority to every annual town-meeting to "grant and vote such sums as they shall judge necessary for the settlement, maintenance, and support of the ministry, meeting-houses, &c., *to be assessed upon the polls and property within the same.*" Thus was established throughout the State, town by town, parish by parish, precinct by precinct, the religion of the majority in each place. In New England, we need scarcely add, the religion of the majority was almost universally Congregationalist, although New England Congregationalism was often modified by Presbyterian ideas, such as the distinction between teaching and ruling elders and the institution of the Church Session. Thus all Dissenters were taxed directly and in the most vexatious and offensive manner—by a poll tax and by a property tax—for the support of a form of religion of which they disapproved. If there had been any such form of Church-establishment in England it must have been swept away long since. The Church-rate grievance was utterly trivial in comparison. In the United States the all but universal impression is that Church-establishment in this country involves direct and weighty rating or taxation in support of the Church of England. We have scarcely found one American, however generally well informed, who was not under this impression. It is the natural inference from their own history and experience.

Of the penal enactments and proceedings against Dissenters and heretics, and in particular against Anabaptists and Quakers, which were kept up for very many years, and carried out with an unrelenting severity—even, in the case of some Quakers, to the extremity of hanging—not exceeded in the worst times of Stuart intolerance in the old country, we have no space to speak. At a period even later than the middle of the last century, when in one town, Norwich, in the State of Connecticut, the revivalist or Methodist Congregationalists, called at that time the "Separates," had, despite official discouragement and pecuniary mulcts, become so numerous as to form the majority in the town-meeting, and had therefore disallowed, and claimed the legal right to disallow, the payment of rates to the Established Church, the State Assembly interfered, and taxed

them by special Act for the support of the worship from which they conscientiously abstained and dissented. On their refusal to pay this tax, as many as forty persons, men and women, were imprisoned in a single year.

At the opening of the present century some advance had been made towards a better state of things. Indeed it would have been impossible to keep up the commerce of the world between these Colonies and other lands, or the commerce of life and thought within the Colonies themselves, if some modifications of existing laws had not been admitted. As now in Germany or in France, so in New England in the year 1800, a dissenting or independent congregation could, on certain conditions, obtain recognition as legal, and the members could claim that their taxes paid for the maintenance of religion should be transferred towards the support of their own minister and worship. But they were bound to prove their membership and, by petition or suit, formally to establish their claim to have the transfer made. The presence within the States of foreign and foreign-speaking settlements, coming from various countries of Continental Europe, would alone have made this modification necessary. Nevertheless, so jealously was this liberty watched and guarded, that in 1804 it was judicially decided in Massachusetts that an itinerant Methodist minister could not be regarded as the "settled" minister of his people, and could not recover from the town treasurer the taxes paid by his flock. Every citizen was bound to belong to some Church; and was finable for non-attendance at public worship. In Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont matters were substantially on the same footing.

In the small Colony of Rhode Island alone had the principle of absolute voluntaryism been adopted. Here, about the middle of the sixteenth century, Roger Williams, escaping from the penal laws of Massachusetts, found and founded a refuge, originally for Baptists, but also for all who were content to live without an established religion. Rhode Island refused to persecute even Quakers, provoking sectaries as these usually were at this time—sometimes, indeed, public nuisances—and at length made bold (in 1716) to declare it unlawful for any rate or tax anywhere to be laid or levied on behalf of any minister or ministers.

It is proper, however, in judicially studying this whole question to give due weight to what the no less candid than

well-informed writer in the *British Quarterly* says respecting this special case of Rhode Island: "In fairness it should be borne in mind that her central position, surrounded by the other Colonies, made it possibly a little easier for her to have her own way; while the extreme smallness of her population reduced the importance of her action in all respects. Seventy-two years after the founding of the Colony, when (December, 1708) her first general census was taken, there were only 7,181 inhabitants. Nor did the other Colonies believe that the Rhode Island way worked well for herself, in a moral and religious point of view. Cotton Mather, who had great powers of statement, expressed a feeling largely existent when he said of it:— 'I believe there never was held such a variety of religions together on so small a spot of ground as have been in that Colony. It has been a *colluvies* of Antinomians, Familists, Anabaptists, Anti-Sabbatarians, Arminians, Socinians, Quakers, Ranters, everything in the world but Roman Catholics and real Christians—though of the latter I hope there have been more than of the former among them; so that if a man had lost his religion, he might find it at this general muster of opinionists.'" "Everything but Roman Catholics and real Christians." It seems Rhode Island imposed disabilities upon Roman Catholics in 1663, which were not removed till the period of the Revolution, in 1783.

Elsewhere among all the American Colonies we find no such exception as Rhode Island. The case of Pennsylvania, if closely examined, would, we believe, not prove to be really an exception; and, taking into account its Quaker, its Huguenot, and its large German settlements, forming, in the earlier years of its history, the predominant elements in its population, it seems evident that while it could not be organised on any other than Liberal principles, could not possibly have been settled and governed on New England principles, so neither could it have been colonised and governed on the principles which prevailed in Rhode Island. It is an important point, however, besides, that it was founded half a century later than the New England Colonies, when the political and ecclesiastical temper in England was very different from what it had been fifty years before. We apprehend that whilst in Pennsylvania there was universal toleration, and, moreover, many congregations and even settlements—signally those of the

Quakers and Baptists—relied solely on voluntary liberality for the support of the ministry and of public worship, nevertheless the public assembly of citizens in each locality claimed and exercised the power, if they thought fit, to impose a common rate or tax for the support of the religion of the majority.

In Virginia the established religion was Episcopalian and Anglican, and was maintained, as elsewhere, by public tax or rate. But discipline and penalties were not enforced, as in New England, by the stern and direct authority and action of the civil power. The discipline was that of the Church of England, but enforced there more laxly than in the mother-country; it was not identified with recent law and living and growing organisation, and was suffered to fall into decay at an earlier period than in England.

Maryland, as all know, was a tolerant colony. There also Anglican Episcopacy was established; but some of the best and oldest families of the Colony, including that of Lord Baltimore, in whose family the government was vested, were Roman Catholic.

In New York State the Reformed Dutch Church was the original established Church, with all the rights of the Mother-Church in Holland. It still retains a powerful hold on the State—numbering some 70,000 members, and being in possession of large endowments, especially in New York City. The Reformed Dutch is indeed the wealthiest Church to-day in New York, and is distinguished both by the splendour of its sacred buildings and the high ability and character of its ministers. Throughout this State, however, as elsewhere wherever there was the need—and throughout the country districts the need was universal—the minister of the majority in each place was maintained by public taxation. The people, however, were not sufficiently theological to emulate the “dour” earnestness in Church matters of doctrinal and persecuting New England. Congregationalism, though it naturally passed over from New England into Long Island, and so planted itself strongly by the side of the City of New York, seems never to have obtained a wide or powerful hold of the State, or even of the city. Presbyterianism, in its different varieties, Dutch, German, and English, has had and has a much stronger hold.

The small State of Delaware was originally Swedish, having been settled as early as 1627. After being in the

hands of the Dutch for a few years, it was ceded to the English in 1664. High Lutheranism was originally its established religion, but after its cession to the English, Anglo-Episcopacy—between which and High Lutheranism there are strong analogies and affinities—being the prevalent religion of Maryland, with which Delaware was closely associated, naturally found a congenial lodgment in Delaware.

North Carolina followed the laws and customs of Virginia, from which it was an offshoot. South Carolina and Georgia were settled at a considerably later period. Throughout all these Colonies, Anglican Episcopacy was the established religion, but public opinion was opposed to over-zeal or systematic legal persecution in religious matters. Scotch Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Moravians were intermingled with the Anglo-Colonial population. South of the Hudson, Congregational Puritanism did not find a congenial soil.

Everywhere alike, however, the idea of established religion in the American Colonies was identified with the thought of direct taxation for the support of that religion, taxation in a specially offensive and odiously direct form. And in the leading Colonies—afterwards States—it was associated also with the recent memory of legal penalties and oppressions of the most irritating nature. In the United States disestablishment meant—and was welcomed as meaning—deliverance from such odious and oppressive imposts, tyrannies, and penalties as we have described. The wonder is not that, in this sense, disestablishment at length forced its way into act and effect some fifty years ago, but rather that in such a country of liberty, of individuality, of democratic progress, as America, it endured so long. We cannot say when the last rag of establishmentarian law was done away in the States. In Massachusetts it seems to have been in 1835. Possibly some remnants of it may yet linger in the Southern States, but we have been able to gain no information on the subject.

If we survey the period between the first settlement of the Eastern States and the War of Independence, we may distinguish in general the following tides or currents of emigration to the Colonies. We name first the Congregational, which set in with steady force and continuity till the star of Cromwell's ascendancy had risen in England, and which renewed its flow after 1662 had more than brought back to English Nonconformists the days of suffer-

ing and proscription. This current set steadily over to New England, carrying thither, unhappily, a force of bigotry not inferior to that from which the emigrants had fled to the American shores. Intermediate between the former and the latter set of this current was the flow of Cavalier emigration—Anglicans chiefly, but intermingled also with Roman Catholics—which set towards Virginia and Maryland. Some years later the penal driving and harrying, the repressions and oppressions, of the Scottish Presbyterians during the reigns of the last two Stuarts, sent crowds of Scottish settlers to all the States south of the Hudson. In Maryland some Presbyterians had settled as early as the time of James I., and the States of New York and Maryland first, and, after its settlement, that of Pennsylvania, received, from this cause, a large infusion of Scottish settlers who were careful to take their Presbyterianism with them. The downfall of the Stuarts and the Scotch risings in 1715 and 1745 were the cause, at a later period, of extensive Scotch emigration from the Highlands. The States to the farther South, the Carolinas and Georgia, received their full share of Scottish settlers. North Carolina, in particular, was long a favourite field for Highland emigration.*

Accordingly, New England was, a hundred years ago, intolerantly, and by a large predominance, Congregational. New York and Pennsylvania knew little of Congregationalism, but not a little of Presbyterianism, in different forms, in addition to a share of Anglo-Episcopalianism and many foreign admixtures, while the States south and west of the Delaware were predominantly Anglo-Episcopalian, but held also a considerable intermingling of Presbyterianism, except Virginia, where there was little else than Anglicanism. Methodism, at this period, had only been heard of here and there; it was scarcely known in the land. It had, however, made a small beginning in Maryland and Virginia, and also in the City of New York. Its character, thus far, was that of an irregular offshoot of the Church of England, and it found its natural shelter and home under the shadow of Anglo-Episcopacy. The points we have now noted are important in their relation to the future development of the various religious bodies within the States and to the geographical situations which they were destined to occupy.

* See in Macrae's *Americans at Home*, Vol. I., the interesting chapter entitled "Highlanders in North Carolina."

Dr. Warren, of the University of Boston, in a paper which he read before the Evangelical Alliance, in New York, three years ago,* has given a vivid picture, first, of the wonderful variety of heterogeneous and more or less conflicting elements which made up the religious aggregate of the United States in the former part of the eighteenth century; and, next, of the electrical influence by means of which, for the first time, some sense and premonition of unity was transfused through the entire area of the Colonies.

"Shut in," he says, "between the territories of France upon the north and west, and Spanish Florida on the south, bisected near the middle by large Dutch and Swedish populations in New York and Delaware, overdotted with settlements of every European nationality; the little British Colonies of two hundred years ago presented in most respects the least hopeful aspect of all the European dependencies in the New World. No two existed under a common charter; scarce two had a like religion. Here a Romanist colony was nearest neighbour to settlements of fugitive Huguenots; there the plain and quietistic Quaker was separated only by a boundary line from the formal and rite-loving Anglican. Noblemen and peasants, Papists and Protestants, Roundheads and Cavaliers, Royalists and haters of royalty, believers and unbelievers, all found themselves standing on a common platform—all faithful to their Old World affinities. Out of elements so utterly heterogeneous, whence could unity and order come? . . . Toward the middle of the last century came the fulness of God's time for generating a new Christian nationality. First a soul was needed to organise the rich though motley elements into one living national body. That soul was communicated, as by a Divine afflatus, in the great Whitefieldian Revival. In its mighty heat the old intellectual and spiritual partition walls, by which the Colonies had been so long isolated, fused and let one tide of gracious influence roll through the whole domain. For the first time in their history, the British Colonies were agitated by one thought, swayed by one mind, moved by one impulse. Again and again through all these Colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, this most famous evangelist of history moved in triumph. Puritan New Englanders forgot that he was a gowned priest of the very Church from whose oppressions they had fled to the wilds of a new world. Dutch New York and German Pennsylvania almost unlearned their degenerating vernaculars as they listened to his celestial eloquence. The Quaker was delighted with his Gospel simplicity, the Covenanter and Huguenot with his 'doctrines of grace.' The Episcopalians

* Entitled "American Infidelity; its Factors and Phases."

were his by rightful Church-fellowship, and thus it came to pass that when, after crossing the ocean eighteen times in his flying ministry, he lay down in death at Newburyport, he was unconsciously, but in reality, the spiritual father of a great Christian nation. The fact has never been duly acknowledged by the historian, but a fact it is."

From an interesting and valuable paper by Dr. Hurst, of Drew Seminary, published recently in the *New York Christian Advocate* (August 24, 1876), we are enabled to state, at least approximately, what were the numbers of the ministers and the congregations belonging to the different Christian professions in the Colonies of a hundred years ago. They were estimated as follows:—

	Ministers.	Churches.
Congregationalists	575	700
Baptists	350	380
Episcopalians	250	300
Presbyterians	140	300
Lutherans	25	60
German Reformed	25	60
Reformed Dutch	25	60
Associate	13	20
Moravians	12	8
Roman Catholic	26	52
Methodists	20	11
Total	1,461	1,951

At that time the total population is estimated as having amounted to 3,000,000, of which 500,000 were slaves. The proportion of ministers and of churches to-day is, in comparison of the population, much more than twice as large, although the population has multiplied by thirteen.

It is remarkable how the Baptists had increased and multiplied, notwithstanding the unrelenting persecutions which followed them in New England for several generations, and the general antipathy against them also in the Anglo-Episcopal States. It must, indeed, be borne in mind that their congregations were often small, and that a large proportion of their "ministers" were virtually laymen, following secular occupations six days and having never received formal ordination. Still the list we have given already shows what has been abundantly established since, that there is a powerful congeniality between that sect,

which places itself at the opposite extreme to everything that savours of ritualism or ministerial authority, and the spirit and predilections of a large proportion of the free and democratic—the sometimes wild and eccentric—settlers of the American continent, especially among the less cultivated classes and in the more sparsely settled districts. There are, as we know, Baptists and Baptists; the majority of American Baptists were in 1776, and are still, of a very different type from those of whom Englishmen think in association with the names of Robert Hall, J. H. Hinton, and Dr. Steane; although there are in the United States many Baptist ministers and Baptist congregations, that need not fear a comparison with the best and foremost that are or have been in this country.

"The order of growth of the denominations," says Dr. Hurst, "was not anticipated by any of the seers, of whom the number was large at the beginning of our national history." No one could have foreseen that, if the first was not to become last, the last was to become first, and the first considerably to descend in the scale. Dr. Styles, President of Yale College,* uttered his prophecy in 1783: "When we look forward," he says, "and see this country increased to forty or fifty millions, we shall doubtless find the united body of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches making an equal figure with any two of them." The period looked forward to by Dr. Styles has all but arrived, but the results are very different from his expectations. The Presbyterians, indeed, organised more thoroughly and vigorously on a broad connexional basis, and gathering independence, energy, and facility of development from their entire liberation from the trammels of local settlements and establishment, have wonderfully grown during the present century; but the Congregationalists have in proportion considerably declined. In the meantime an obscure and subaltern sect, unrecognised by statisticians, and scarcely referred to by name, and then only to be noted as utterly feeble and insignificant, by the ecclesiastical reviewers and prognosticators of ninety years ago, has grown to be by far the largest and most popular Church in the States, whilst next to this communion comes up the somewhat heterogeneous aggregate of Baptist Churches.

In 1874, there was published in the official report and record of the New York meeting of the Evangelical Alliance,

* Newhaven, Connecticut.

as an appendix, a *Statistical Exhibit of Evangelical Christianity in the United States*. Dr. Schaff and Dr. Primo were the editors of the volume generally, and this particular table was prepared by the Rev. Daniel Dorchester, of Lowell. It is exceedingly elaborate, and was brought down to the latest dates. According to this document the Methodist family of Churches numbered upwards of 3,000,000 communicants, the Baptist family more than 2,000,000, the Presbyterians of all shades very nearly a million; the Lutherans, of all sorts, nearly half a million; Congregationalists 319,000; Episcopalians 240,000; and other bodies, including Friends, Evangelical Adventists, and a number of still smaller sects, about 145,000 more.* In a note to this table Dr. Schaff, himself a member of the German Reformed Presbyterian Church, says in regard to the Episcopal Church, "The religious and social influence of this body is much greater than its numerical strength, especially in the large cities,—New York, Philadelphia, and Boston." It will be observed that in this statistical table of Evangelical Christianity the Roman Catholic Churches are naturally omitted.

According to the census returns for 1870, the denominational preferences of the population were assigned as follows:—Methodists, 6,528,000; Baptists, 4,360,000; Presbyterians of various classes, including the German and Dutch Reformed, 3,300,000; Roman Catholics, 1,990,000; Congregational, 1,177,212; Episcopalian, 991,051; Lutheran, 977,332; Christians, 865,602; Friends, 224,664; Universalists, 210,884; Unitarians, 155,471; besides minor sects.

What surprises one in this list is the large number of persons whose "preference" is assigned for the Society of Friends. It seems to show that the number of nominal "Friends" is very large indeed in proportion to the number of *bonâ fide* worshippers. The number of Roman Catholics, on the other hand, is less than might have been expected. The Roman Catholic authorities themselves claim 3,000,000 adherents; but this is, no doubt, an exaggeration. All American statistics, however, returned by paid officials of their public service, are notoriously untrustworthy. They can only be taken as a very rude approximation to the truth.

* In the case of the Friends, the number (57,405) must be taken as professed members, not communicants.

There is a denomination enumerated in this return under the name of Christians, which is altogether omitted and ignored in the tables contained in the volume of the Evangelical Alliance. It is, however, recognised in another official census table for 1870, where it is set down as having 2,822 church-buildings, 865,000 sittings, and over 6,000,000 dollars of property, or less than one-tenth of the property of the Methodist bodies. We presume that this sect answers to that commonly designated in this country as "The Brethren," and we are confirmed in this view by the fact that it does not appear to have organised any missions, either for home or foreign evangelisation, or indeed any other denominational enterprises or outgrowths, so that it is not only altogether unnoticed in the table we have quoted from Dr. Schaff's volume, but in the *Methodist Almanac* it is not mentioned in the "Comparative Statistical Summaries of Denominations," although it appears, in the way we have noted, in the two census tables to which we have referred, and which are given in the *Almanac*.

The Churches which have mainly done the work of evangelisation among the coloured men are the Methodists and the Baptists. This fact must be borne in mind in connection with the great numerical superiority of these two bodies. The Methodists, however, with the exception of New England, New York City, St. Louis, perhaps also Chicago, and some few localities besides, are, throughout the Union, the leading denomination in respect of numbers. The Methodist is, *par excellence*, the American Church. It has been wholly developed within the Union, has been altogether independent, since its first real organisation, and from the early times of its feeble obscurity, of the Mother-Church in England, and has, in some important respects, been moulded on a different model—a model more suited to a vast territory and a new country; it has from the beginning been racy of the soil, and has shaped and adapted itself, every way and at every turn, to the conditions of American society. Its itinerant basis—itinerant alike for bishop, presiding elder, and circuit or station minister, its unrivalled plasticity, its free and various use of lay influence, its variety of organisation, from the simple village meeting, independent of a settled pastor, to the ornate service of the wealthy and cultivated city congregation, its equally ready use of all gifts and attainments, of the learned and the

unlearned, its uneducated rusticity here, its educated refinement there, and, though last not least, its experimental preaching, its fellowship meetings, its generous theology, have all combined to make Methodism the popular Church of America. It is often excelled both in culture and in power of a certain kind by some of the other Churches; excelled sometimes by Congregationalism, sometimes by Presbyterianism, and again sometimes by Anglo-American Episcopacy; it is, on the whole, in proportion to its numbers and its popular hold, excelled in high social and even political influence by all the denominations we have named. But it is absolutely more powerful as a Church, it possesses more ecclesiastical wealth and property, and it has more diffused influence in the community than any of them.

We have already remarked that at the period when the United States achieved their independence, Congregationalism occupied New England, Anglo-Episcopacy prevailed in the South, and Presbyterianism held an influential position in the intermediate States, and that this condition of things had an important bearing on the later development of Methodism. Let us add here that the situation of so great a city and centre as Philadelphia, on the very edge of the Southern region, after a while gave Episcopacy in that city a relative position and proportionate development not greatly inferior to that which it held in Baltimore, whilst, again, the extraordinary tolerance and the mutual friendliness between varying sects, which were scarcely less characteristic of Baltimore than of Philadelphia, and which had characterised Baltimore for more than a generation before Philadelphia was founded, had given to Presbyterianism in Baltimore an early position of respect and influence next to that enjoyed, of Protestant sects, by the Church of England. The range of Presbyterianism, accordingly, extended from New York to Baltimore, while, on the other hand, the range of Episcopalian influence extended from the South as far north as New York. In such a port and garrison as New York, the Church of the English Sovereign and Parliament, of the English gentry, and of English official life, could not but hold a position of dignity and influence, however little it might be known inland or throughout the State generally. Indeed, even in Boston, Anglo-Episcopacy, though the number of its followers was small, held a distinguished position at the time of the Revolution; it

was a sort of foreign Church, but its dignity was undeniable, and its social position was high. Elsewhere, however, throughout New England, the traces of it were few and far between. Congregationalism was the Church of New England, the established religion, Anglo-Episcopacy was "the English Church."

Now, leaving out of account, as we must do in the present article, all foreign continental strains of emigration and of public faith and worship, the new element which, after the Revolution, was to enter, with predominant power and amazing force and swiftness of development, into the religious life and growth of America, and which was to confound all the predictions of the politico-ecclesiastical seers, was Methodism. Nevertheless, even the power and spread of Methodism were, more or less, limited and conditioned by the lines of denominational position and influence which were already occupied by the Churches we have named.

Congregationalism reigned without a rival in New England in 1776, and it is still by far the predominant denomination in the New England States. It holds much more than the citadel still. It is still the denomination which—sometimes, indeed, under the Unitarian form, though not so largely as thirty years ago—possesses not only an unrivalled ascendancy, in respect of culture, wealth, and social position, over all others,—with the doubtful-exception in Boston, and here and there besides, of the Episcopalian Church,—but possesses also a decided superiority of numbers. Methodism, although dominant, at least in numbers and popular influence, throughout every other section of the States, has never attained to more than a subordinate position in the original New England territory. It holds, in this part of the country, much the same position, relatively, which it occupies in most parts of England. Rank, fashion, intellectualism, as yet, in Boston and New England, hold themselves aloof from the Methodist Church. Of the descendants of the early settlers—the aristocracy, these of New England—not a few of the most distinguished have left Congregationalism for liturgical Episcopacy.* But we never heard of any

* For example, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, the esteemed representative of the family of the famous original Governor Winthrop, who was formerly American Minister in this country, and long one of the leaders of the Whig-Republican party in the States, is now a member of the Episcopal Church.

family in such a position of society identifying itself with Methodism.

On the other hand, Methodism, having been, in a sense, identified with the Church of England, some of whose most devoted clergy in Maryland had worked with the itinerant evangelists of Methodism, in a spirit similar to that which inspired such clergymen as Grimshaw and Fletcher in England, unfolded and advanced with great power from Baltimore as a centre. In and around that city the devoted Asbury—afterwards Bishop Asbury—made his home more often and more happily than elsewhere. In that city the early Conferences of Methodism in America were held for many years, in almost unbroken succession. Dr. Coke found a loving welcome there in his visits to America. But, further, as a consequence of the revolutionary war, very many of the settled Episcopalian clergy throughout these southerly regions, being passionate loyalists, left America as the war proceeded, as disaffection grew and deepened, and victory, at length, began to declare itself on the side of the colonists. Into the gap thus made in the religious organisations of the Colonies—the States, as they soon came to be—Methodism stepped. Its ministrations were ready to hand, and were of an eminently popular character. They were not offensive to the doctrinal or, for the most part, the ecclesiastical prejudices or predilections of the people. Calvinistic Puritanism—settled and fortified Congregationalism—were not found in the regions of which we speak. There was Presbyterianism, it is true, but Presbyterianism in 1775—1784 was as characteristically “the Scotch Church,” supported exclusively by people of the Scottish race, as Episcopalianism had been the “English Church,” the Church of English loyalists. Methodism gathered converts chiefly among the people of English race. Nor was it either, on the one hand, identified with political revolutionary propagandism, or, on the other, with strong or settled loyalism. Its elder teachers had been loyalists, but of these several had returned home. Asbury, though an Englishman and of Church of England predilections, had embraced the cause of the Revolution—moderately, but decisively. On one or two occasions, indeed, an attempt was made to create a prejudice against Methodism, as identified with English Toryism. Wesley’s public course in England in the later stages of the revolutionary contest

—for, privately, he had, in 1775, remonstrated strongly with the Ministry of the day as to the impolicy and injustice of their conduct towards the Colonies—was likely to raise a suspicion against Methodism in the minds of strong revolutionists. But the Methodists, when the suspicion assumed anything like form or found any expression, so earnestly and decisively affirmed and established their own true-heartedness as American citizens that this cause of prejudice was soon and effectually dispelled.

Methodism accordingly obtained, at the early time of which we speak, a strong lodgment and wide acceptance within the provinces of Maryland (including Delaware) and Virginia, and also obtained some hold in the Quaker city. A certain affinity between Quakers and Methodists has often been found; but, besides, in Philadelphia as in Baltimore, Methodism took up, in part, the ground vacated by English Episcopacy. In New York, although, partly in connection with the military and partly through Hibernian emigration, Methodism had obtained some position there since 1766, yet its hold was small and slight. Nor, indeed, has Methodism, down to the present day, ever attained a development and representation in New York at all proportionate to its position and influence in the country at large. At Baltimore, on the contrary, it has from the first maintained its influence. Indeed, Methodism has long been by far the most powerful organisation in that pleasant and warm-hearted city. At the present time there are, we believe, no fewer than eighty Methodist churches in Baltimore. Presbyterianism, we believe, holds the second position in the city in point of numbers; in character, social position, and general influence Presbyterianism is not inferior to any denomination in Baltimore. Protestant Episcopacy, also, holds a distinguished and influential position in Baltimore; and, as might be expected, from the earliest history of Maryland, Roman Catholicism has in Baltimore one of its chief American strongholds. In Philadelphia, Methodism has stood well almost from the beginning. It has now a larger absolute number of adherents in Philadelphia than in any city in the land; it has, indeed, a larger following in this city than any other Protestant Church has in any city in the States. But Methodism is stronger, comparatively, in Baltimore than anywhere else, and its absolute numbers, we believe, fall but little short of the Methodism of Philadelphia.

Presbyterianism, also, is exceedingly strong in Philadelphia, stronger, we believe, than in any city in the States.

New Jersey, lying between New York State and Pennsylvania, was up to 1736 a part of the State of New York. In this fertile and favoured little State, with so many of the attributes of a "south land," Methodism found early and kindly rooting. Dr. Stevens, in his spirited and excellent *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, gives the following picture of the territorial position and development of Methodism at the close of the War of Independence. The view extends from New York and New Jersey towards the north down to North Carolina in the south.

"During most of the war Methodism had its chief successes in its Southern fields. Abbott and his fellow-labourers kept it alive and moving in New Jersey, and at the peace that State reported more than one thousand members; but, out of the nearly fourteen thousand returned in 1783, more than twelve thousand were in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. There were more within the small limits of Delaware than in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or New York. New York had but about sixty, Philadelphia but a hundred and nineteen, Baltimore more than nine hundred. Nearly all the preachers who entered the itinerant ranks during these years were raised up south of Pennsylvania. It was, in fine, during these stormy times that Methodism took that thorough possession of the central Colonies which it has ever since maintained, and began to send forth those itinerant expeditions, which have borne its ensign over the South, over the West, and even to the North-east as far as Maine; for we shall hereafter see that not only Lee, but many of his assistant founders of Methodism in New England, were from these middle provinces. While the war lasted they pushed their way southward and westward, but as soon as the struggle closed they broke energetically into the North. Methodism thus took much of its primitive tone from the characteristic temperament of the Colonies of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia,—a fact which had no slight influence on its history for more than half a century. The subtler intelligence and severer temper of the North, and especially of the North-east, were to intervene at the opportune moment, to develop its literary, theological, and educational interests, and to embody it in effective and enduring institutions and forms of policy; but it needed yet the animation, the energetic temperament, the social aptness and vivacity, the devotional enthusiasm, of the more Southern countries. At the end of the revolu-

tionary war there was, probably, not a Methodist in the Eastern States; for the society formed by Boardman, in Boston, had become extinct. It was to achieve its chief triumphs, for some time yet, southward and westward, and to encounter in those directions adventures and hardships for which the ardent and generous spirit of its present people and ministry peculiarly fitted it. It went forward, not only preaching and praying, but also 'shouting,' infecting the enterprising, adventurous, and scattered populations of the wilderness and frontiers with its evangelical enthusiasm, and gathering them by thousands into its communion. It pressed northward, at first, with the same zealous ardour, but became there gradually attempered with a more deliberate, a more practical, yet a hardly less energetic spirit. The characteristics of both sections blended, securing to it at once unity, enthusiasm, and practical wisdom, especially in its great fields in the West, where, for the last half century, and probably for all future time, it was destined to have its most important sway."*

The struggle of Methodism to establish itself in the North-Eastern provinces has been strenuous and obstinate; more difficult and protracted than in any other section of the country; but the contest has been for a great prize—to obtain an effectual lodgment among the most intellectually energetic and the most cultivated population of the Union—to establish evangelical Arminianism in regions where orthodoxy meant strict Calvinism—and if the success gained is not yet complete or wholly satisfactory, it has nevertheless been great and important.

The first Methodist preacher who was able to make any real beginning in New England was Jesse Lee, whose preaching under the elm on Boston Common is one of the waymarks of American Methodist history. This was in 1790. At this time Methodism "had spread into all the Atlantic States out of New England; it had penetrated into the primeval wildernesses of the West, and its itinerant heralds were marching in the van of that vast emigration which has since covered the immense regions of the Ohio and Mississippi with magnificent States. It had even entered Canada, and passing along the waters of New England had established itself in Nova Scotia." And yet from New England itself it had turned aside. Other fields were spiritually neglected; this was already covered with organised Churches. In other fields the land was as open to the itinerant labourer as the wants of the scattered and untended settlers were pressing.

* Dr. Stevens's *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, Vol. I. chap. v.

Here the ancient Churches were entrenched fortresses which frowned against the stranger, and "orthodoxy" denounced the heretical Arminian intruder. Dr. Stevens gives a chapter to the subject of the mission of Methodism to New England, and recurs to the subject again and again. He shows that its efforts in that field are justified alike by the special reasons assignable for making them and by the proved results, but, he adds, "its progress there has, from the beginning, cost untold exertions on the part of its ministry and people."^{*}

The difficulty and importance of the work in New England continually attracted Asbury to this field, although it was always a sore trial to him to visit it. In 1794 he was itinerating from State to State in these eastern regions and came into Connecticut. In this State there was an association formed against Methodism. "Ah!" he exclaims, "here are the iron walls of prejudice; but God can break them down. Out of fifteen United States thirteen are free; but two† are fettered with ecclesiastical chains, taxed to support ministers who are chosen by a small committee and settled for life. My simple prophecy is that this must come to an end with the present century." The good bishop was too sanguine. A generation was to pass before his anticipation was realised.‡

"Asbury," says Dr. Stevens, "traversed New England each of these years down to the last before his death. He always approached it with peculiar feelings; with mingled repugnance and hopefulness. He seemed there as in a foreign land, while all the rest of the nation was his familiar domain. Everywhere else he was welcomed by enthusiastic throngs; there he was repelled, and pursued his solitary journeys comparatively a stranger, finding refuge in families which were proscribed as heretical by public opinion, and in 'meetings' which were impeached as fanatical conventicles. Yet he believed that Methodism would 'radiate' over these elder communities. 'I feel,' he writes [this seems to have been about the year 1804], 'as if God will work in these States and give us a great harvest. Surely we shall rise in New England in the next generation.'"§

The labours of Asbury, of Lee, of Hedding, and many

^{*} *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, Vol. II. chap. v.

† Massachusetts and Connecticut. Massachusetts had long before absorbed Plymouth, and Maine had not yet been erected into a separate State.

‡ Stevens's *History*, Vol. III. chap. viii.

§ *Ibid.* Vol. IV. chap. vii.

another able and devoted man, their coadjutors and successors, in the States of New England, were not in vain. The Bishop's longings have been fulfilled, if not fully up to the measure of his conception, yet in good degree. All things considered, the successes of Methodism in New England have scarcely been inferior to the most brilliant and striking of its triumphs elsewhere. The work was difficult and slow; the struggle was protracted and very arduous. But powers of thought, of administration, of statesmanship, have been developed in the course of the long struggle, not yet fully over, the benefit of which to American Methodism has been very great. Other regions may have been fitter training grounds for popular and passionate eloquence, and for wide and adventurous enterprise; but in New England the keenest intelligence of Methodism has been elicited, tested and matured. And the manifest results of the labour bestowed have been very striking and encouraging. Its indirect influence has, perhaps, been as valuable as the direct. Both Unitarianism and strict Calvinism have lost power; orthodoxy has revived and become evangelical. But its direct results have been great. Even in Boston, although the inner circles and higher holds of culture and social rank have not been penetrated, the lower declivities of business life have been largely won, and Methodism makes more progress than any other Protestant denomination. In Massachusetts, generally, Methodism holds the third place among the denominations; being, strangely enough, higher there than in Baptist, in latitudinarian, in miscellaneous Rhode Island, where it is fourth. In New Hampshire and Connecticut it holds the second place. The spread of manufactures within these States and Massachusetts, also, during the last forty years, has, no doubt, greatly helped Methodism, as, unfortunately, it has also contributed to the spread of Popery. Methodism has spread among the English-speaking Protestant and commercial population. Roman Catholicism has spread through the influx of Irish. In Maine, Methodism has had to fight some of its hardest battles, but now stands numerically first on the list of denominations. One reason of that, doubtless, is that Maine has been largely settled, opened up, developed, since the century began. In America, as in England, Methodism adapts itself with pre-eminent facility to new incoming populations; it also goes onward with the advancing tide

as no other denomination can. In Vermont, as in its neighbouring State, New Hampshire, Methodism stands second on the list. But Vermont is hardly New England; it lies on the New York side, and was formerly a part of New York State.*

We have heard Americans express their wonder that Methodism in England has not overspread the land, and risen up with an irresistible tide above the highest watermark, as in America. But the history of Methodism in New England may suffice to explain the reason. With few exceptions Methodism throughout this country has been confronted by much greater difficulties, more formidable opponents, social influences far more powerful, more deeply rooted, more widely spread. New England was but a small corner of America, nor can its culture, its Church-prestige, its influences of rank and wealth, be compared with those in England arrayed on behalf of all that is traditional against all innovation. In America the prestige, the forces, the resources, the courage and confidence gained in other regions of the Union, all came to reinforce the Methodist enterprise in New England. The assailing, the invading Church, has now for many years been the greatest Church in the land. No such advantages have belonged to Methodism in any part of this country. But where, as in middle-class commercial towns and seaports, in new manufacturing populations, or in mining regions suddenly opened, Methodism in England has found an open field, amid conditions somewhat resembling those ordinarily attaching to its operations in the United States, English Methodism has proved itself no less able than Transatlantic to obtain a paramount hold upon the populations, and to advance upon the crest of the flowing tide. Nowhere, however,—absolutely nowhere,—throughout England have conditions been found

* Congregationalism in New England has been strong in the Universities of Harvard, near Boston, and Yale, at Newhaven, both for many generations strictly Congregational, and still virtually and by all old traditions and associations identified to a predominant extent with Congregationalism; in the case of Yale, in its orthodox character, in the case of Harvard, under latitudinarian forms, which, however, seem at present to be undergoing to some extent a process of retransformation through the spread of Evangelical and Tripartite sentiments or sympathies. These universities have been to New England and Congregationalism what Oxford and Cambridge have been to England and the Church of England. The new university of Boston—a Methodist foundation, of which Dr. Warren is chancellor—will doubtless greatly help Methodism in New England.

for the spread and triumphs of Methodist evangelisation equally favourable with those found over the greatest part of the States. Our national establishment is deep-rooted everywhere. Not seldom, also, the influences of a Calvinistic puritanism not less prejudiced, not less hard and impenetrable, than any which could be found in New England add another element of difficulty. The whole soil is pre-occupied—sometimes it is preoccupied with a tangle of mixed and ancient roots and growths—and it has often been hard, indeed, for Methodism to gain a rooting.

Nevertheless it has found a rooting often even under such conditions, and it is evident that in this respect the future of English Methodism is to be better and more prosperous than the past. Methodism in England is at the present time organising itself for home missionary toil and successes with a wisdom, a skill, a resolution, never before equalled.

Next to Methodism, among connexional or collective Churches, Presbyterianism has spread itself widely and successfully through the States. This has been very much, no doubt, owing to the original tenacity and fidelity of the Presbyterian settlers and pioneers, who took their Presbyterian principles with them wherever they went. Sometimes they had at first to put up with Methodism—in default of anything more like their own denomination—and afterwards became attached to it; but if possible, and as far as possible, they, as a rule, adhered to their Presbyterianism. Hence Churches were founded in the wilderness, and woven into networks of synodical connexion round about influential centres. Thus Presbyterianism has spread inland and far away westward from the central seaboard States, and is found very powerfully developed through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and still farther south, and all through the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. In some centres—as in St. Louis—Presbyterianism is more than a rival to Methodism.

New England, on the other hand, beginning to colonise and push westward at a later date, has largely leavened the States lying westerly along its own parallel, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, and the northern parts of Illinois, and in particular the great centre-city Chicago. Congregationalism, however, has not the same connexional instincts as Methodism or Presbyterianism.

The Baptists have everywhere spread over the land.

Like Methodism, they have had the advantage of using to the uttermost lay gifts and services. No scruple about college learning or ministerial training has stood in the way of their advances. A separate Baptist Church can spring up anywhere and find a pastor in some speaking lay brother. Such a rough and ready system is well adapted to a large proportion of the American people, especially to strong-opinioned and unlettered farmers, who love a cheap religion and detest anything that savours of form or dainty culture. Baptists accordingly—a pre-eminently democratic sect, and a very cheap sect—have found great acceptance in the States. Above all others, except, perhaps, the Methodists, they have made converts among the coloured people. Their monadic simplicity, their pure democracy, the *Sovereign Stateship* of each separate church, stamp the Baptist churches as eminently adapted to the conditions of American homely and country-fashion life. There is, nevertheless, much Biblical culture and much activity of mind among the better class of Baptist churches. The Baptists have a larger number of theological seminaries than any denomination in the States.

Of the Protestant Episcopal Church we have not space to say what we should have wished. After the Revolution (in 1784) this Church was reorganised. For many years it was very feeble, but during the last thirty years it has rapidly developed in organisation and numbers, and still more in influence. It is very powerful in the great eastern seaboard cities, and has also taken a strong hold of the more recently developed north-western and far-western States, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas. The sagacity of its leaders, the great liberality of its wealthy churches in the east, the self-devotion and enterprise of its western clergy, the local dignity and the influence within their provinces of its diocesan bishops, and the unity and spirit of its organisation, all co-operate to promote its development in newly-opened fields. In the intermediate distances it entered too late into the race to cope with such rivals as the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Baptists; but unquestionably it has a great future before it. Unfortunately developed Ritualism is its curse, especially in the fashionable churches of the east, and its discipline enforces a law of exclusiveness as regards other Churches not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in this country, coupled, at the same

time, with a power and reach of synodal inquiry and control of which nothing as yet is known in our own Established Church ;—enforces it, too, equally on the ministers and in the churches of America and the foreign mission-field—in New York or Wis-Chang, in Milwaukee or Jeddo.

Such is a slight and rapid general view of ecclesiastical antecedents and development among the Anglo-American Protestant Churches in the United States. Slight as it is, it seemed worth while to present it, because it includes some important points, and especially some illustrations of principles in their working under novel circumstances and in free fields, which are scarcely known at all to the English public.

ART. VIII.—1. *Scenes of Clerical Life*.

2. *Adam Bede*.
3. *The Mill on the Floss*.
4. *Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloc*.
5. *Romola*.
6. *Felix Holt, the Radical*.
7. *Middlemarch*.
8. *Daniel Deronda*.
9. *The Spanish Gipsy*.
10. *The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems*.

SAINTE-BEUVE, the subtle critic, who had once been a medical student, and carried, so it was perhaps rather fancifully held, the methods and practice of the dissecting-room into his critic's study—Sainte-Beuve has given us, on one or two occasions, some account of his mode of treating the literary "subject." When seeking to account for the why and the wherefore of an author and his books, he was, so he tells us, in the habit of propounding to himself a certain number of questions, and, until he had answered these to his own satisfaction, he did not feel that he could be at all sure of the accuracy of the final result. "What, for instance," he would inquire, "were the religious views of mine author? How did nature affect him? What was his conduct and habit of feeling with regard to women?—to money? Was he rich, was he poor? What was his regimen, what his daily manner of life, &c.? And finally," and the question and manner of it are so characteristic as to raise a smile,—“finally, to what vice was he addicted, or to what weakness subject?—for no one is entirely free from such.”* Then, when he had cleared up such points as these, and, as a matter of course, added a study of the times in which the writer under review exercised his craft, and the special influences by which he was surrounded, then the great critic felt that he was using his dissecting knife not in vain.

But, alas, this method, calculated no doubt to yield excellent results when practised with due delicacy and gentle skilfulness of hand, is scarcely applicable to any but the dead subject. The living seldom offer themselves for

* Vol. III. of the *Nouveaux Lundis*. Article on Chateaubriand.

vivisection so unreservedly. With all the exceptional means of information at his command, Sainte-Beuve must constantly have been baffled by the not unnatural objection which many persons entertain to yield up the inmost secrets of their nature, even in the interests of science. Few relish the idea of a *post mortem*; and a *post mortem* before death—if we may be allowed the Hibernicism—generally offers very scant attractions. We must therefore at once confess that in studying the works of George Eliot we possess absolutely none of the information which the French critic deemed essential. The works alone are before us. And if he, in such a case, thought the task of criticism a hard one, much more may we. In endeavouring to trace the main influences that have gone to the production of such books as *Daniel Deronda*, *Middlemarch*, *Romola*, the *Spanish Gipsy*, in attempting to establish their connection with some contemporary movements, in endeavouring to determine the author's standpoint with regard to two or three great problems of our time—in trying to do this without biographical data of any kind, and by such light alone as glows in the pages of the works themselves, it is scarce possible but that we should lose more or less of our labour. Personal prepossessions, the desire of fitting the facts to meet those prepossessions when once formed, or rather perhaps an unconscious bias in favour of the facts that make for the prepossessions—these are no more than a few of the sources of error. Read in the light of some future critical biography of George Eliot, the following pages would possibly seem curiously erratic. Meanwhile one must do what one can, and be as good a critic as one is able with such data as one can command.

Now, if we look into what is going on around us, it is impossible not to perceive that a great movement of denial is in progress. "We have no knowledge of anything but phenomena, and our knowledge of phenomena is relative, not absolute. We know not the essence, nor the real mode of production, of any fact, but only its relations to other facts in the way of succession or of similitude. These relations are constant; that is, always the same in the same circumstances. The constant resemblances which link phenomena together, and the constant sequences which unite them as antecedent and consequent, are termed their laws. The laws of phenomena are all we know respecting them. Their essential nature, and their ulti-

mate causes, either efficient or final, are unknown and inscrutable to us." Such are declared to be the bounds of human knowledge. So does John Stuart Mill summarise the philosophy of Comte. All beyond is a blank. The great questions of religion or metaphysics are for ever insoluble. The truths of Revelation are denied, as not only unproved, but unprovable. The existence of a God, whether in the personal character which Christianity attributes to Him, or simply as the Great First Cause, is but a hypothesis, mischievous or not according to circumstance, and unsupported by evidence. The immortality of the soul is a proposition which no wise man would take it upon himself to affirm.

In this uprooting of the old beliefs by which so many generations of men have lived a higher life than that of the brutes that perish, there survives, among the better minds in the new school, some kind of awe, some yearning for the old fruits, some desire that humanity should not sink to a lower level than that it has so toilsomely gained. It is the capacity of these feelings that marks a strong distinction between various classes of men whose hopes of life are limited to this world. Broadly speaking, the educated "Agnostic" of the eighteenth century—to quote his latest title—stands on one side of the line, and the educated Agnostic of the nineteenth on the other. The difference is that between Hume, or the Encyclopædists with their *écrasons l'Infâme*, and Renan or Herbert Spencer; between James Mill and John Stuart Mill. This last is an instance almost startling. Considering the influences by which the son's youth had been surrounded, the hardness and narrowness of his education, the wonder perhaps is, not that he believed so little, but that he believed so much. Ever and anon, or so it seems to us, there appears to spring up in his mind some tender flower of faith—a doubt, a hope, a lingering regret. One vaguely hears, or fancies that one hears, an "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Or, to take another instance of the difference we are endeavouring to illustrate, an instance in which the comparison shall be between contemporaries—there is a passage in Sainte-Beuve expressing surprise, and a gentle irony, at the poetry of Alfred de Musset being so well known, and that of Théophile Gautier so comparatively neglected, and he finds some explanation of this, the art, as he appears to hold, being not unequal, in Musset's

Byronic love adventures and fashionable dissipation.* The explanation appears to us to lie quite elsewhere. The men are different in one essential respect of passing interest. Gautier was the artist-voluptuary. He was no more. Musset was the artist-voluptuary also; but he was something besides. Moments came to him when the calm blue sky above was visible through rents in the storm-cloud, when moral beauty appeared, august and saintly, by the side of physical beauty, when the virtues that had sprung from the old beliefs were dearer in that the new soil and the new atmosphere produced them no longer. Then, in such moments, he wrote lines like the unnamed sonnet beginning, "*Se voir le plus possible et s'aimer seulement*," or like "*Une bonne Fortune*," or certain passages in *Rolla*. And the capability of feeling all this lifts his art into an immeasurably higher region than that of Théophile Gautier, and imparts to it a wide and enduring human interest. The preference of France for the one poet is more than justified.

Comte had more than such transitory yearnings. The real originality of his philosophy, or "religion," as he preferred to call it, was its audacious attempt, on the utter ruins of the old fanes, to build a new temple which should gather within its walls worshippers as ardent, as unselfish, as devoted to all noble causes, as ready to recognise the highest standards of morality as those who had knelt in prayer before the God of the Christians. What though there were no God, no revelation of that God in Christ: he would substitute another object of worship—a glorified humanity, the *Grand Etre*, man in his past, and present, and future. All those feelings of love and gratitude which had hitherto collected round the idea of the Almighty Creator and Sustainer of the world, he would enlist in favour of his idol—he himself would at last, perhaps, have scarcely hesitated to regard it as a *fetish*. To bygone generations we owe every advance in civilisation that separates our condition from the brute. To our contemporaries we should repay these benefits in an absolute, unselfish devotion. The only immortality to which we ought to look forward lies in the loving memory of posterity. Probably no one ever more thoroughly, almost naïvely, reflected the influences by which he had been surrounded. Born in a time of unbelief, he was an unbeliever. Born in a country that had

* Art. on Théophile Gautier. *Nouveaux Lundis*. Vol. VI.

through long centuries been Roman Catholic, a large measure of the spirit of Roman Catholicism seemed bred in him, and he reproduced in his system what we cannot but call a caricature of its polity—its pope, its priesthood, its theories of government and education, its methods of exciting devotion, its veneration of special saints—which is almost ghastly. Living in a time of anarchy and political revolution, he hated all liberalism. Sprung from a race whose weakness and strength is system, he was a systematiser gone mad.

But whatever ridicule may attach to some parts of his teaching—and they *are* ridiculous—there can be no doubt of his influence over some of the best contemporary minds which have rejected Christianity. In his substitution of an unselfish ideal for that selfish ideal which alone seemed to remain to unbelief, he has touched a responsive chord in their hearts. But is that ideal sufficient? What light does it shed upon the dark paths of life? What is its power of guidance and restraint in the headstrong and passionate season of youth—its strength to sustain amid the disillusionments of middle age, its gift of cheering and hope in the decay of old age? When the arrows of death go hurtling among those we love, what comfort can it offer—when evil seems to brood on all things like a blight, what outlook of hope? Shall the soul find here sufficient anchorage in a world where all things, and we ourselves, are but the sum and product of a long series of antecedent laws of which we know neither the why nor the wherefore? That chance—for it so remains even when dignified by the name of law—that chance that we happen to love our brethren, who are often so unlovable, shall it alone retain permanent vitality amid so many other chances that are ephemeral? In order to remain efficacious, to withstand for more than one generation the assaults of the world, the flesh, and the devil, a system of morality must have more than sentiment to recommend it, more than the mere prescription of habit. Even those who now reject Christ's teaching are living, be it remembered, on what may be called the accumulated capital of Christian feeling and tradition. Will aught remain for their successors? What has the new school got to offer them in exchange? These and cognate questions may perhaps be not disadvantageously studied in the works of the great novelist whose name stands at the head of this article. In her the teaching

of Comte in its general spirit, and indeed on many individual points, finds, so it seems to us, a supremely high artistic expression. This is in one sense fortunate. It is well that a theory largely affecting human life should be placed before us in a concrete form—well, if we are to judge it fairly, that it should be placed before us with even some of the exceptional glamour of genius. Wonderful powers of analysis, almost equal powers of literary creation, a large sympathy for what is noblest in human nature, a ready intelligence of what is meanest and most commonplace; much acquired knowledge, and a culture so thorough as nearly to exclude all temptation to sectarian narrowness and bitterness; humour, pathos; habits of composition full of the most delicate care, and recoiling from no amount of labour. All these she has brought to the task. What is the result? Let us look for a moment at the possibilities of that world to which her nearly unrivalled powers introduce us.

And first let us endeavour to establish our position on what may be called its negative side. Whence do we derive the impression that George Eliot's world is the Comtist's world—the mere outcome of a series of antecedent laws of which the causes are inscrutable to us—and that man's whence and whither are unknowable? This is, of course, from the necessities of the case, very much a matter of inference. The philosopher boldly sets forth his propositions with such skill and clearness as are in him. There they are, plain in all men's sight, with their why and their wherefore, to be accepted or rejected as we may think fit. If we misunderstand him the fault may be ours or his; but that we should understand is his first object. All his illustration is by the way. But the artist proceeds quite otherwise. His illustration is an end in itself. Or, rather, he creates for us characters and incidents which consciously or unconsciously may bear some relation to his own theories of life, but have an independent existence and value quite apart from those theories. We may analyse the work for the sake of getting back to the theories if we will—in fact, we are clumsily trying to do so now—but as this was not the first object with which the work was given to us, we have to trust to inference rather than positive statement. George Eliot uses her English novelist's privilege of moralising to the full. But she is too true an artist to make her novels merely the vehicle for inculcating a system

of philosophy. She teaches, no doubt, as we shall have further occasion to show. But her teaching has to be deduced. It is meant to be an influence, not a formulated creed.

Whence, then, do we draw our inferences? Not, of course, from individual characters. That were a hasty and altogether shallow method of judgment. Such creations as Tartufe or Stiggins do not prove Molière or Dickens to have been irreligious men, any more than Chaucer's satire of the clergy of his time. Mr. Bulstrode, the evangelical banker of Middlemarch, with his foul deeds and juggling casuistry for the quieting of his evil conscience, is a possible personage—there will be different opinions as to his probability—who in this connection proves nothing. Even his juxtaposition with Caleb Garth, the entirely upright and honest man whose religion consists wholly in "business," may be merely fortuitous. No, we do not argue from such points as this. Our impression—and, as we have already said, this is a matter of impression rather than formal proof—our impression is the result of several converging lines of evidence. But it is founded mainly on the almost entire absence of religious motive, using the word in its ordinary Christian sense, in all her later books, and comparative absence in the earlier ones. In the later books the men and women, the clergy and laity together, act consistently throughout as if they were utterly uninfluenced by the belief in an All-wise and beneficent Father from Whom all that is good in them springs, in Whom they live, and move, and have their being,—uninfluenced by the belief in a world beyond the grave. Such good things as they do, such noble thoughts as they utter, spring from motives having no connection with this faith. Such temptations as they resist are beaten down with other swords than those taken from the armoury of God.

Does this seem doubtful? Let us examine the works seriatim—the last first, for in the last, as we have said, the characteristic we are insisting upon is most conspicuous, becoming less and less so the farther we go back, till, in the earliest of all, the *Scenes from Clerical Life* (especially *Janet's Repentance*), we seem almost again to touch the *terra firma* of our faith.

In *Daniel Deronda*, if we except the fact that one of the personages is an anything but particularly spiritually-minded clergyman, we might as well be living in heathenness. Not one of the characters seems ever to have

heard of Christianity—we doubt if the clergyman had, except in very general terms. Gwendolen Grandcourt, the heroine, after a painful experience of married life with a husband whose manners distantly remind one of Dickens's delineations of the aristocracy, murders that husband, or, perhaps, rather suffers him to die when she might have prevented it. Deronda, whose deep and ready sympathy for all suffering is beautifully described, and who has acted throughout as a kind of lay "director" to the beautiful selfish creature, shrives her of this sin in a manner, and by his helpful counsel effects her moral regeneration. He himself had received the ordinary education of an English gentleman, had been to Cambridge, and so presumably he must have known something about Christianity, but yet he experiences no difficulty in making himself the apostle of Jewish ideas, and as we gather, though this is not expressly stated, joining the Jewish persuasion. It may, therefore, be conjectured that the ethical comfort which he administers is quite untheological in tone and character. The mere notion of anyone turning from Judaism to Christianity is effectually scouted by being entrusted for utterance to one of the author's most imbecile of female characters.

Take *Middlemarch* next. Here the atmosphere is as little coloured by the "hues of heaven" as in *Daniel Deronda*, and there is, besides, a prevailing greyness, a leaden weight of commonness, crushing all noble effort and high ambitions, that have always, to our minds, given this book a place in the "literature of despair." The religious life is represented by Mr. Bulstrode, of whom we have already spoken. For the rest it is quite absent. And there is one character especially in whom this absence appears to us to constitute a serious artistic flaw—"it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder." That Dorothea, with her passionate enthusiasms, her noble, unselfish nature—Dorothea, not illustrating a Positivist thesis in 1876, but living her life more than a generation ago, in 1830—that she should not distinctly love Christ, and, in the sorrows and disenchantment of her sad wifehood and widowhood, cast her cares on Him, is an anachronism. It is like Mr. Matthew Arnold making of St. Paul a neo-Christian of to-day. The laws of probability, of artistic keeping, are not observed. The real Dorothea—and George Eliot's characters, like those of all the great creators in fiction, are

living entities, so that we almost feel a right to question her report of their thoughts and actions—the real Dorothea, who had been educated at Lausanne, where, if we remember right, a religious revival was then in progress, who had fed her young mind on such books of devotion as the *Imitation* and the *Christian Year*, who is likened for us to St. Theresa, would not have held the following to be a complete account of her spiritual state, its trusts and consolations:—

“I have no longings . . . I mean for myself; except that I should not like to have so much more than my share without doing anything for others. But I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me.’ ‘What is that?’ said Will . . . ‘That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don’t quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.’ ‘That is a beautiful mysticism—it is a —’ ‘Please not to call it by any name,’ said Dorothea, putting out her hands entreatingly. ‘You will say it’s Persian or something else geographical. It is my life. I have found it out, and cannot part with it. I have always been finding out my religion since I was a little girl. I used to pray so much. Now I hardly ever pray. I try not to have desires merely for myself, because they may not be good for others, and I have too much already.’”

This is well said and beautiful. It is the nearest approach we remember to a religious utterance in the book; and the word *Divine* may, perhaps, be accepted as a concession to dramatic propriety. But Dorothea’s faith would have included such feelings as these, and gone beyond them. They would have been but as drops in the ocean of her love for God.

Passing by *Felix Holt*, with the simple remark that though what we have said of *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch* is nearly equally true with regard to it, yet that, in the little Dissenting minister, Mr. Lyon, we begin to break the chain of influences that has bound us hitherto, we next come to *Romola*. *Romola* is a woman unmistakably of the same type as Dorothea Brooke. Finer intellectually; for Dorothea’s greatness, her genius, is of the character rather than of the intellect—there is genius as rare and beautiful of the soul as of the mind—while *Romola*, with equal nobility of feeling, possesses a far larger culture. To both the winds of life come laden with sadness. To Dorothea, in her English middle-class home, that sadness

is as of a low trailing cloud, with scarce a rift—a dull, aching disenchantment. To Romola, in her Florence of the Renaissance, it comes with shattering and storm. The gradual unfolding of what is base in her husband till blank horror takes the place of love, the accumulated calamities of the time, the public degradation and ignominious, horrible death of that great Reformer, fallen, alas! upon unripe and evil times, whose voice had been to her as the voice of the messenger of God,—truly of her it may be said, that all God's storms have passed over her. And she, in her sorrows, had once turned to the great Comforter. Unlike Dorothea, who, in her girlhood, had "prayed so much," this noble creature had been brought up in a Paganism more complete, if not as sensual and superstitious, than that of Mr. Browning's Bishop of St. Praxed. And yet the teaching of Savonarola had found an entrance into her heart. But now, now in the calm of comparative age, when the storms have passed into the region of memory, let us listen to her dropping the distilled experience of her life into the ear of little Lillo:—

"We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world, as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood. And there was Fra Girolamo—you know why I keep to-morrow sacred: he had the greatness that belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong, and in trying to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say, "It would have been better for me if I had never been born."

Fine, fine again. The moral that clings to the whole story, like the perfect drapery of an antique statue, is admirable. "Wide thoughts," "much feeling for the rest of the world," carelessness of personal happiness when principle is involved—the servants of the King of kings include all this in their service, with a reason for the faith that is in them, and a knowledge of the means whereby they can raise themselves to the necessary levels of thought and conduct that find no utterance here.

Silas Marner is a beautiful story—indeed, as we pass from one of these books to the other, looking at them almost exclusively in one aspect, we are sorely tempted every now and again to follow one of the many vistas of beauty that open to us, to linger, almost forgetful of our task, in contemplation of the innumerable points of interest that crowd the landscape. And here, with regard to *Silas Marner*, this feeling so far prevails that we shall not stop to consider to what extent it illustrates our view of George Eliot's teaching. The story of this poor, miserly, dazed creature, whom a great wrong has alienated from God and from his fellow-men, is so pitiful; his restoration to the common life of human tenderness and sympathy by the healing hand of a little child—the tiny fingers, as it were, stirring the dying embers of his heart till again there is warmth and light—this is told with so true a pathos, a tolerance so large and touching, that we shrink from colder analysis. And thus, saying only that, philosophy for philosophy, we prefer that of Dolly Winthrop to that of Daniel Deronda, we pass on.

Pass on to the *Mill on the Floss*. And here it seems to us that the Positivism, comparatively latent in *Silas Marner*, and, as we go farther back, almost undiscernible in *Adam Bede* and the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, becomes altogether active in the treatment of the heroine. Maggie Tulliver in the troubles of her childhood had turned to God as her stay and comfort. In her early womanhood a terrible temptation comes to her. We confess to having always thought it extremely improbable that with her character she should fall in love with the prosperous and commonplace Stephen Guest rather than with Philip Wakem. George Eliot does not consider that the long acquaintance of childhood makes later love improbable—as she eloquently explains in the case of Fred Vinoy and Mary Garth—and though she takes some trouble to keep us in mind that no

touch of warmer feeling than friendship for her sickly-bodied lover had ever come to Maggie, yet we repeat that her preference struck us as unlikely when we read the book on its first appearing, and that neither time nor reperusal has altered that impression. However, to let that pass, Maggie suffers the influence of the "golden youth" of St. Ogg's, Stephen Guest, to assume a paramount place in her heart. That he is engaged to her cousin, to whom she is bound by every tie of affection and kindly gratefulness—that she herself is more or less engaged to Philip, avail something, but not enough. "We can set a watch over our affections and our constancy as we can over other treasures," says George Eliot elsewhere. Maggie does not do this, or does not do it efficiently. The accident, or half-accident, that sets her and her lover afloat together in a boat on the outflowing Floss finds an accomplice in her own feeling. And though she refuses, on reaching land, to carry out the proposed flight to Gretna Green, and insists on going back to St. Ogg's, yet this return to what is right comes, of course, too late to avert the evil consequences of her misplaced love, the crushing of the hearts of Philip Wakem and Lucy Deane.

But what we are chiefly concerned with here is, not her acts, but the motives for them, and the thoughts to which she turns for strength in the hour of temptation. It was by no means wrong in itself for her to love Stephen Guest, not a *malum in se*, as the casuists would say. It was merely wrong from surrounding circumstances. And therefore that she should dwell upon those circumstances, both as a reason for resisting, first, the impulse to this love; and then the passionate urging of her lover and of her own heart to the irrevocable step of marriage, is natural enough. But duty is more than a series of antecedents. It is not the mere creation of our past and our surroundings. The "stern daughter of the voice of God" has an existence independent and apart. A thing may be wrong accidentally, like the indulgence of Maggie's love for her cousin's lover; and yet the resistance to that wrong, or so we hold, may have motives stronger and higher than the consequences of the wrong act. George Eliot, with her nearest approach to a sneer—that slight touch of irony which is among the most effective of controversial weapons—excuses Fred Vincy's feeling about one of his misdeeds on the ground that "we are most of us brought up in the

notion that the highest motive for not doing a wrong is something irrespective of the beings who would suffer the wrong." The charge is one that we are "not careful to answer." The Great Teacher unmistakably gave the second and not the first place to the commandment that we should love our neighbour as ourself. Whether the religion which declares this commandment to be like unto the first in importance, and inscribes it as it were on the very title-page of God's law-code for mankind, can justly be charged with neglecting to give due prominence to the unselfish aspect of duty—may perhaps be questioned. What we wish to urge here is, that if Maggie Tulliver had had something of the Christian element in her literary composition she would have felt beyond that code of morality which is based exclusively on the love of others—she would, in the storm by which she was being hurried away, have held out a hand towards the Eternal Source of right, a hand of acknowledgment and appeal. "She had," we are told, "rent the ties that had given meaning to duty, and had made herself an outlawed soul, with no guide but the wayward choice of her own passion." True, no doubt, she had partly done this, and would, in the event of her compliance, have done it altogether. But such ties are so easily resolvable into prejudice, give at best a meaning that is doubtful and uncertain. "If the past is not to bind us," she asks of her lover, "where can duty lie? We should have no law but the inclination of the moment." He gives the obvious answer that the present has its claims as well as the past. Throughout the whole scene her declaration, "I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God," is the one distinctly religious utterance. Of recognition of a Divine eternal righteousness against which all wrong is an offence—of prayer for strength in this sore need, there is none. And here we say again, as we said in the case of Dorothea Brooke, the want appears to us to be an artistic blemish.

We shall have occasion again to speak of George Eliot's insistence on the ethical value of antecedent circumstance, as exemplified in the *Spanish Gipsy* and *Daniel Deronda*. And now we shall only stay a moment to compare this scene with a somewhat similar scene of temptation and resistance. In *Jane Eyre*, too, there is a moment when the heroine has to choose between right and wrong—the

wrong urged upon her by the passionate yearning of her own most passionate heart, by the passionate pleading of her lover. What are the thoughts that come to her? Whither does she turn for strength? When the thunder-bolt first strikes her, when it is flashed upon her on her wedding morning, that Mr. Rochester has a wife living, "she lies faint, longing to be dead." "One idea only still throbbled life-like within me," she tells us, "a remembrance of God: it begot an unuttered prayer; these words went wandering up and down in my rayless mind, as something that should be whispered, but no energy was found to express: 'Be not far from me, for trouble is near: there is none to help.'" Then, when he puts forth all his strength, a strength almost physically coercive in its intensity, to break her purpose, then "she does what human beings do instinctively when they are driven to utter extremity—looks for aid to one higher than man: the words, 'God help me!' burst involuntarily from her lips." Then, again, when, in the urgency of his passion, he cries: "Give one glance to my horrible life when you are gone. All happiness will be torn away with you. What, then, is left? For a wife I have but the maniac upstairs: as well might you refer me to some corpse in yonder churchyard. What shall I do, Jane? Where turn for a companion and for some hope?" "Do as I do, trust in God and yourself," is the reply. "Believe in heaven. Hope to meet again there." And to his representation that no one would be injured by her compliance—that his wife is a horrible maniac, that she herself has neither kith, kin, nor acquaintance to suffer shame or sorrow for any act of hers, comes the "indomitable reply" of her conscience, "I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God, sanctioned by man." And so she leaves him, saying, "God bless you, my dear master! God keep you from harm and wrong—direct you, solace you, reward you well for your past kindness to me."

Surely in these two scenes, in one of which the woman resists temptation in the name of a law of right founded on antecedent ties and unselfishness, while in the other she resists in the name of a law of right founded on God's existence as a righteous ruler of the world,—surely there is a marked difference of tone. And is it quite fanciful to

hint that in this passage of the *Mill on the Floss*, George Eliot's Positivist methods of thought, and the habits of workmanship resulting therefrom, have not stood her in good stead? If we look upon mankind as the result of a series of laws, complicated indeed, but capable of solution,—upon the men around us as so many phenomena indissolubly linked to other antecedent phenomena by constant sequences, it seems highly probable that the passionate, impulsive individual elements in human nature will be those on which we shall bestow least favour. George Eliot—and the commonplace must be forgiven to us—is an admirable analyst of character. She is not, perhaps, more subtle than Balzac within his own range, but then his range was indisputably lower; he habitually disregarded the nobler elements. In this respect, though it pains us to say so, she certainly excels Thackeray. May it not, however, be objected that she over-analyses? We do not, of course, mean that her personages are devoid of life. They have a true and intense vitality. The analysis, except perhaps in the case of the rather over-described Daniel Deronda, does not prove mortal. But have we not constantly the feeling of knowing too much about them? There is in all men who are not what Mr. Carlyle describes as *clothes-horses* and *patent digesters*, a spark of soul, of individuality, of the unforeseen, that eludes all our research. It is inscrutable, like the mysterious something that makes the difference between an organic substance and the mass of its constituent elements. Do we not feel the want of a recognition of this in all the admirably defined personages who fill George Eliot's stage? They are not machines most certainly. We could almost take them to pieces as if they were. And so, when she comes to describe that scene in the *Mill on the Floss*, the habit of analysis clings to her; and beside Jane Eyre's hot lava stream of passionate feeling, that by its very fury shows the force of her resistance, the current of the love of Maggie Tulliver shows comparatively tame and smooth.

And as we have digressed so far, we will give utterance to another fancy, and ask whether the Positivist habits of thought may not have something to do with a peculiarity of George Eliot's style. Mr. Pater sees in the face of the *Joconde* of Leonardo da Vinci, with its weird complexity of expression, a strange record of the experiences of untold generations. "Hers is the head," he says, "upon which

all 'the ends of the world are come,' and the eyelids are a little weary." Is there not some such weariness in George Eliot's prose and in her verse? Among those who may justly be regarded as her peers, we scarce know one whose writing gives such a sense of effort. As we turn from *Romola*, or *Middlemarch*, or *Daniel Deronda* to *Esmond*, let us say, or to a page of George Sand, the difference in ease is wonderful. There is felicity in all; but in the one case it has been earned by obvious toil, in the others it seems like the sparkles on a fresh-running brook. And if it be objected that a heavy weight of philosophic meaning cannot be lightly carried, we answer that the task certainly seems difficult, and yet that it has been sometimes performed. Shakespeare, whose complex and subtle methods of thought George Eliot most consciously imitates in her verse, certainly made his poetry the vehicle for a full-charged burden of golden meaning,—but how lightly it passes along! What spontaneity of movement! We do not here at all refer to the difference in poetic verbal harmony, but only to the difference in ease of expression. And our solution—or call it fancy if you will—is that the past "hungry generations tread" George Eliot "down." The power is enormous. The shoulders are Atlantean. But the accumulated thoughts of so many ages, the sense of that great complex chain of law in which each is but a link, weigh upon them too heavily.* And now, having thus digressed, let us turn to *Adam Bede* and the *Scenes of Clerical Life*.

* Imagine Thackeray writing the following sentence:—"At least we are safely rid of certain horrors; but if the multitude—that 'farraginous concurrence of all conditions, tempers, sexes, and ages'—do not roll back even to a superstition that carries cruelty in its train, it is not because they possess a cultivated reason, but because they are pressed upon and held up by what we may call an external reason—the sum of conditions resulting from the laws of material growth, from changes produced by great historical collisions shattering the structure of ages and making new highways for events and ideas; and from the activities of higher minds no longer existing merely as opinions and teaching, but as institutions and organisations with which the interests, the affections, and the habits of the multitude are inextricably interwoven." This is from an article on Mr. Lecky's "Influence of Rationalism" in the first number of the *Fortnightly Review*—an article that very curiously illustrates George Eliot's double habit of mind—her love of analysis, and artist's tendency to clothe her ideas in some concrete form. The last sentence so amusingly expresses what we imagine she would think of this present article, if it ever came under her eye, that we cannot forbear quoting it—"It would be gratifying to see some future proof that Mr. Lecky . . . has freed himself from all temptation to that mingled laxity of statement and ill-pitched elevation of tone which are painfully present," &c.

The characters in these books that come within our present scope are Dinah Morris, Mr. Tryan, and Janet Dempster—all three admirable creations. In the first two we are brought distinctly face to face with a woman and a man living a high religious life, trusting in a Saviour for the forgiveness of their sins, looking to God for strength, and having a firm faith in the revelation of a hereafter. The portraits are drawn with a master's hand, of course. But they are drawn, moreover, with a hand so delicately sympathetic, so full of lingering tenderness, that one is half-tempted to conclude that the artist, at that time at least, shared their belief and hope. And yet, sorry as we are to say it, would not the conclusion be one of those in which the wish exercised too strong an influence? In his fine distinction between Bentham and Coleridge, John Stuart Mill says that "the one took his stand *outside* the received opinion, and surveyed it as an entire stranger to it; the other looked at it from within . . . with the eyes of a believer in it." The kindly feeling, the almost enthusiasm of George Eliot for Mr. Tryan and Dinah, may seem, for a moment, to make it doubtful whether she is not looking at their creed from within. But, as we look again, we see, or think we see, that this is an optical delusion. It is not—and this is specially the case with regard to Mr. Tryan—not through what is peculiarly religious in them that their influence exerts itself most strongly. The evangelical clergyman's human, deep, brotherly sympathies, rather than his beliefs, rescue Janet Dempster from moral ruin and despair. And here, again, George Eliot seems to us to be looking at Christianity from without. She has not "given herself," as the French would say.

Shall it be said that we are subjecting these works to a kind of scrutiny which it is unusual and foolish to apply to fiction? Who asks what is the religious teaching of Scott's novels? Are the opinions of Thackeray material to us? Is it necessary to guarantee the perfect orthodoxy of Dickens? In *The Way We Live Now*, Mr. Trollope introduces us to a world as fatally divorced from the influences of religion as it is possible to conceive. The book might be casually used as an illustration of the effects of godlessness; but would anyone endeavour to deduce therefrom the system of belief and of ethics which Mr. Trollope was desirous of inculcating on mankind?—The answer to this is obvious. Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens

accepted the received religious opinions. Mr. Trollope, whether he accepts them or not,—a point on which we are ignorant—makes no effort to alter them. These novelists, chosen almost at hazard, the first three for their greatness, the last for his nearness and sufficient greatness, do not, from the manner in which they present the problems of life, assume the position, either consciously or unconsciously, of teachers on religious matters. Now, if our view be correct, George Eliot does. Her works, as we have already said, may be regarded purely as pieces of art. But assuming always that we are right, they are so framed as to show that she sets aside Christianity. This is their negative aspect which we have been examining. And they also show how, in her opinion, the higher life of mankind is to be maintained and increased without Christianity. Let us proceed to consider this body of Positive doctrine.

And here the study unquestionably increases in interest. Almost all creeds have what may be called, to borrow an image from the French Assembly, a *left side*. To the left of the orthodox Christian stands the Neologian, to the left again the Deist, the Positivist, the cultured Epicurean, the Epicurean devoid of culture, and so on, through an ever-descending scale, till we come at last to the blank ruffian who, as he possesses no elementary notion of good, enjoys the questionable honour of being quite secure from attack on the ground of superstition. And it is in its dealings with its *left* that each creed is perhaps most interesting. All can pick holes readily enough in the opinions of those who believe more than they do. The task is easy and comparatively fruitless. It is when men turn towards those who believe less, and strive to help them to higher things by an exposition of some beliefs of their own, that our attention is more peculiarly aroused. And George Eliot, who is so pre-eminently fitted to understand and appreciate what is highest and best in human nature, so opposed to moral anarchy, so naturally religious, if we may so speak,—what are the opinions, the feelings, the hopes, to which she trusts for the reclaiming and regeneration of man, for sustaining him in the love of what is noble and right? What does she offer in exchange to that world that shall believe in no God, and have rejected all faith in a hereafter?

For the regeneration of man she trusts much in the

helpfulness of those who are good, in the trust which the fallen have in that goodness and helpfulness. Man's faith in man, that is her great panacea. We have already spoken of Mr. Tryan's influence over Janet Dempster, an influence as we interpret it, though here we acknowledge that we speak doubtfully, based rather on strong personal human trust, than on a reception of his beliefs. Similarly when Romola discovers what a withered core was hidden by the fair outward seeming show of her husband's graces—it is her belief in Savonarola's moral genius that makes her feet firm in the path of duty. True that faith seems to fail her in an hour of anguish—there were flaws in that great image which yet was worthy of all men's honour—but his influence had once been priceless to her, and remained with her in serener days to the last. Zarca, the gipsy, acknowledging the past nothingness of his tribe, declares :

" I will so live it will remember me,
For deeds of such Divine beneficence
As rivers have, that teach men what is good
By blessing them."

By his might he shall raise them to the dignity of a nation. His memory shall live in them for ever, binding them into one people, inciting them to noble deeds. This shall be their creed. It shall suffice to sanctify their instinctive tribal fidelity—Esther Lyon is lifted into regions higher than those of aimless elegances and frivolities by the strong secular hand of Felix Holt. Gwendolen Harleth, the all but murderess—if one may apply so ugly an epithet to a creature so unattractively beautiful—finds in Daniel Deronda her hope of a better life, her capacity for understanding that there are other objects than those of selfishness

Of George Eliot's attacks on selfishness, on egotism in all its forms, from that of Tito Melema to that of Arthur Donnithorne or Fred Vinoy, we need not perhaps speak at length. Nor need we stay to consider her belief in the regenerating influence of labour for the good of others. This, to its honour be it said, is Comtist doctrine, no doubt. But it is not so exclusively Comtist that we should stop to distinguish very nicely how far it differs from the Christian doctrine on the same subject. Let us pass on to discuss that peculiar view of duty as springing from surrounding circumstances, as fathered upon us by the past, which assumes so great an

importance in these works as nearly to take the place indeed of that "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."*

To one aspect of this question we have already referred in speaking of Maggie Tulliver. We have yet to consider George Eliot's view of race as a moral factor.

Comte, in his dread of what Dr. Newman has called the "wild living intellect of man," which might some day, as even his sublime self-confidence foresaw, begin to demolish his sacred edifice—Comte cast about for means to prevent that disastrous consummation. And among the many fetters which he forged for the human mind was his favourite aphorism† "that the living are more and more governed by the dead," his theory "that we should submit ourselves more and more implicitly to the authority of previous generations, and suffer ourselves less and less to doubt their judgment, or test by our own reason the grounds of their opinions." And this is logical enough. If human nature is but the result of antecedent law it is only right that it should venerate that law. The superstructure can but follow the general plan of the foundation. The form which such doctrine assumes in George Eliot is an almost blind belief in our duty to race. It would seem as if she, too, like Comte, were sometimes filled with horror at the prospect of what would befall emancipated humanity, foreseeing that the emancipated intellect alone might not of itself turn very naturally to what is good, and high, and noble—indeed might turn to quite other things—and so groped anxiously for any prop or stay, for any directing sign.

Let us examine this idea as it is developed in two capital works, the *Spanish Gipsy* and *Daniel Deronda*. We dismiss the question how far it is in accordance with dramatic probability that Sephardo the Jew, and Zarca the Gipsy, both inhabitants of the Spain of the Middle Ages, should utter the "advanced" thoughts of France, and England, and Germany in this later nineteenth century; for after all the poet may, if he so chooses, place his characters in what world he will. But what is the spirit of their teach-

* Is this an exaggeration? Read the following: "Tradition is really the basis of our best life. Our sentiments may be called organised traditions; and a large part of our actions gather all their justifications, all their attraction and aroma, from the memory of the life lived, of the actions done, before we were born."

† We are quoting from Mr. Mill.

ing? Fedalma, the daughter of a gipsy chief, has been taken away from her tribe, when yet an infant, and brought up among all the surroundings of a high-born Christian maiden. Duke Silva, in whose palace she has been reared, loves her, and she loves him. His uncle, a dark inquisitor, intends to prevent the marriage, rather on the ground of incongruity of blood and consequent incompatibility of creed, than of incongruity of social position. While these adverse schemes are being laid, Zarca, the gipsy chief, chanced to come across his daughter, discovers himself, unfolds to her his self-imposed mission for the regeneration of his race, and claims her allegiance and co-operation. Her duty as the natural inheritor of such great thoughts, as the child of the gipsy, is to cast off her love for one who does not belong to her tribe, to break with all the *conscious* associations of her life, to abandon whatever opinions she may have deliberately formed, to throw in her lot with her brethren. And she does it. The sacrifice of her love is terrible; but she performed it. Nor does she act in blindness. The grandeur of her father's character, and of his appeal to her own power of self-devotion, touch her strongly. But her faith in the ultimate success of his efforts is mere faith in him; and at last, when he is gone, it ebbs entirely away, though still, with this more than doubt in her heart, she determines to persevere in carrying out his schemes. And if Fedalma may be taken as illustrating the positive side of George Eliot's theory of duty to race, Duke Silva may be regarded as illustrating the converse. She teaches by example. He by warning. For on the impulse of his love he abandons his creed—which to do him justice had always sat very lightly upon him—forsakes his post as a knight and leader against the Moors, swears the gipsy oaths, and places himself, tied hand and soul, in the power of Zarca, indirectly betrays his friends to death, and then, filled with horror at his own deeds, proves a traitor to both sides, kills Zarca, and is altogether a very unedifying spectacle.

Now we are prepared to admit, *ex animo*, that neither to Moor, Gipsy, nor Jew did the Christianity of the Inquisition in the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella present itself in very attractive colours. And even a philosophical duke and knight may fairly be excused for not loving it very cordially. But this thoroughly Protestant lesson was scarcely, we imagine, the one which George Eliot wished

us to carry away from the perusal of the *Spanish Gipsy*; and, as if to make this quite clear, we have the same series of ideas developed in *Daniel Deronda*. For the modern Jew can hardly be said to suffer persecution at the hands of his Christian brethren. He flourishes according to the sap, mostly very energetic, that is in him; and Daniel Deronda, in devoting his energies to his cause, cannot have flattered himself that he was deliberately abandoning a dominant and cruel form of faith for the purpose of helping the oppressed.

Here is the story so far as it affects our purpose: Daniel Deronda is a young man of fine intellectual gifts—indeed, the intellectual level of the society in the book is noticeably higher than in *Middlemarch*—and of a capacity for human sympathy both singular and beautiful. He has been educated by Sir Hugo Mallinger in ignorance of his parentage, has passed through Eton (if we remember right) and Cambridge, and now, in his early manhood, is—at sea. The usual objects of an English gentleman's ambition, whether professional or political, appear worthless to him. Life's success, looked at from below, seems but a bare drag not worth the climbing. Whence shall peal the trumpet call to higher duty, the summons to action in the battle of great deeds? The motive comes from a variety of ingeniously arranged circumstances all converging to one point, and that point the claims of race. He rescues a beautiful maiden from suicide in the river, and falls in love with her, and that maiden is a Jewess. He meets with a sick handicraftsman, consumed by his enthusiasm, who has been looking forward through long years for some kindred soul in which to pour the oil from his own dying lamp, and that artisan is a Jew fulfilled with mystical ideas for the regeneration of Judaism, and the brother of the maiden. The painful mystery of his birth is cleared up; and his mother, who, through lack of mother-love, had determined that he should be brought up away from her, and, in artist-revolt against the narrowness of her sectarian surroundings, had determined that he should be brought up under other influences, declares herself to be a Jewess—for in the decay of her strength the living past, which she had discarded in her health, constrains her to this utterance. And so Daniel Deronda marries Myra according to the Jewish rite, and starts for the East to propagate the ideas of Mordecai—ideas which we confess to

have found neither very distinctly intelligible, nor, which is a worse fault in a novel, at all interesting.* Here, again, a man's conscious past, the opinions, beliefs, surroundings, habits of thought of the first five-and-twenty years of life, the whole of life's spring and early summer, go for almost nothing.

There is yet another idea on which Comte dwelt for the purpose of nerving men to higher efforts, the idea of "living" after death, not consciously, of course, but in the memory of those who shall inhabit the earth when we are gone. And this idea finds eloquent expression in much of George Eliot's writing, and especially in the lines that bring to a conclusion her second volume of poetry. Here we have her teaching concentrated and at its highest:—

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. So to live is heaven." . . .

"So to live"—"I marvel to find thee tripping on a mere word," says Cleon, in Mr. Browning's verse, discussing this very matter.

And now, looking back at what we have written, we confess to a feeling of something akin to wonder at our own presumption in daring thus freely to handle the works of one who is unmistakably among the master-writers of this our England. And yet that feeling is after all false. The critic may be arrogant from his manner or matter. But in his being a critic, and applying his criticism to even the highest things, there is nothing really of arrogance. There is not a reader of however small pretensions who does not say "this likes me, or this likes me not," after going through a book. And when he does this he is a critic. And so we venture to say further, in all humility, and yet without fear, that in her efforts, noble after their kind, to minister to man's higher ethics, what is true is but as "broken lights" from the Gospel, and what she has added thereto is false. Are we told of the power of

* Novels are a decidedly bad vehicle for pure philosophical disquisition. George Sand made the same mistake in *Consuelo* and the *Comtesse de Rudolstadt*.

human sympathy and trust for the raising of those who are fallen, the stablishing of those who stand? Who doubts it? But what if the reed—and the best after all are but as reeds—fails us? What if the capacity of appreciation be not there? Janet Dempster is helped in her hour of need; but then she was a noble woman, and the materials on which to work were available in almost superabundance. We confess to a doubt of Gwendolen Harleth's future excellence while Daniel Deronda was away regenerating his race in the East. And as to Zarcia's gipsies—alas, our faith in his efforts for their ragamuffin perfectibility is small indeed. Moses, to whom he compares himself, gave the Jews something more than a belief in his own greatness to be their guide through the ages. And is it possible not to see how in the Gospel of Christ this faith in man finds its perfect expression? "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," sorrowing, pitying, sympathising—no faulty creature—but the revelation of God Himself to mankind, and yet a very man with a man's heart and a man's personality. Here is One to point to Who will never fail us, "mighty to save."

And take again our duty of doing good to our fellow-man—is it possible not to see how infinitely the doctrine gains by becoming part of the general law of right which has its source in the will of God. Why should we act unselfishly? Because we are men, answers Mr. Ruskin, and it is our nature to do well. Alas, that scarcely seems a truth founded on universal experience. Because we owe so much to former generations, answers Comte. Is that so self-evident? The gift for which we are most obviously indebted to our forefathers, is that of our existence. With no outlook in any direction but that of ignorance, with no God and no hereafter, and right but a matter, so far as our knowledge is concerned, of accident for which he can assign no real cause—is life a legacy for which thanks are undeniably due? "I praised the dead which are already dead," says the Preacher, "more than the living which are yet alive; yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun." Shall these words find no echo in men's hearts, think you, if the hopes of Christianity are quenched? Remember that it is not as if these hopes had never been. To George Eliot's "left" stands Schopenhauer.

And yet again, as regards the immortality promised to

those who "join the choir invisible." In the form in which George Eliot puts it, that of course is a promise of exceedingly limited application. It were idle to suppose that many men, by any amount of effort, could secure for themselves, or for their work, a place in the memory of those who had not personally known them. But we are quite willing to concede to the idea its legitimate extension. All of us, small as well as great, may leave behind a loving remembrance in some hearts, a remembrance that shall strengthen and sustain. There are few so poor that they do not bear in their own bosoms some such memories—not always of Positivists. But that hope does not exclude the Christian's hope. And in the stress laid upon it by Comte and his school we cannot but see an unconscious tribute to that yearning desire for immortality, which, as we believe, God has implanted in our nature. They discard the life of our creed, but eagerly follow its phantom.

Thus far we have considered incentives to right, which, though imperfect, appear to us to be worthy of admiration. One word more regarding the view of right as founded on antecedent, and we have done. There is a striking poem which gives its name to Alfred de Vigny's posthumous volume of verse, *Les Destinées*, in which the Fates are figured to us as dark and terrible women pressing down the life of man from the beginning with their heavy hands. Suddenly a great cry is heard, "Behold the Saviour cometh! There is blood on His brow, and a wound in His side; but the Fates lie dead at His feet, and the Cross is uplifted and covers us." In some of George Eliot's writings it would seem as if the Fates had reassumed their sway. Our line of duty is traced for us at our birth by inexorable law. We are delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the past. Is the promise that the Gospel shall make us free then "vapoured to nought?" Has the individual conscience no rights, no independent life? Comte very characteristically entertained scant veneration for the Reformers. They found no place in his Positivist calendar of saints who had helped mankind. And this is natural; for they had broken with their immediate past, had left the broad highway of customary duty, in which it was comparatively easy for men to walk, and sought the difficult and narrow pathway up the heights, where, indeed, their Master's feet had gone before, but where the footprints had grown faint and moss-hidden with the lapse of centuries. There is a higher

right than that which is made for us by our age, our surroundings, and our race, though the sanction of these is never to be lightly discarded. By the side of *Daniel Deronda*, and as a complement to it, read the Epistle to the Galatians. Read it consecutively—for of all the books in the Bible it gains most perhaps by being read unbroken by division of chapter—to its superb climax. Mark the freer atmosphere; the appeal to Christ's redeemed "to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, to be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage;" the call to an ingathering of the fruits of the Spirit which shall be for all peoples and tongues. And to the narrow Israel of race, the Israel of the Circumcision, as St. Paul called it, oppose, as he opposed, the "Israel of God."

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

THE FERNLEY LECTURE OF 1876.

The Priesthood of Christ. A Discourse, delivered in Tennyson Street Chapel, Nottingham, on July 25th, 1876. By the Rev. H. W. Williams, D.D.

IT is matter of much satisfaction to all lovers of sound theology, and of Methodist theology in particular, that the Fernley Lectureship is so well sustained, as it respects both the character of the lectures themselves and the deep interest which they annually excite. It was an admirable idea which gave birth to this institution: that of occupying the minds of the ministry and laity of the Connexion on the eve of each Conference with some fundamental topic of the Faith, and thus giving an opportunity for a public vindication of all its leading doctrines successively. The Divine sanction has been given to the project hitherto, and there is every ground of assurance that it will still be given.

The present lecture comes in after a sad interruption, to which it impressively alludes at the outset. The heart of the late Mr. Wiseman—of blessed memory—was set during his last year of earthly service upon the exhibition of the New Testament doctrine of Life in Christ with all its issues and sanctions; and those who knew, as we knew, the soundness of his theological views, his habit of patiently pursuing a subject through the Scriptures, and his singularly clear, graphic, and luminous way of presenting and defending truth, are confident that he would have done justice, so far as that may be said of any mortal, to his subject. Some of his surviving brethren remember well how his theme was wrought into his very soul during the last months of his life, and with what a combination of awe, and self-restraint, and confidence in the Spirit's teaching and help, he was gathering his materials. But he was suddenly called away from discussion and controversy to the nearer realisation of the truth itself; leaving the great subject—there can be none more important at the present time—to other hands. We can only express our submission to the inscrutable Will, and our hope that the question of Life as it is in Jesus will very soon have its place in the Fernley Lectureship.

Dr. Williams was well advised in adopting the subject of his

discourse, for which, as for all his contributions to theology, we heartily thank him on behalf of very many. He has been for many years a laborious, true-hearted, and, in every sense of the term, faithful expositor of the great doctrines of the mediatorial economy. As those doctrines are set forth in Wesleyan-Methodism, they have no representative more trustworthy. He is, in our judgment, a teacher who may be entirely trusted in the statement of all those things which are most surely believed among the people called Methodists. For the discussion of the "Priesthood of Christ," he has fitted himself by long and loyal and thorough investigations of the subject. His early works, and his abundant serial essays, and notably his recent excellent commentaries on the two great mediatorial Epistles, have led naturally to the subject of this year's lecture. Indeed, one might have divined, without much chance of mistake, that precisely this would be his theme.

How he has handled it the Lecture must show for itself. We advise all ministers of the Gospel, especially all young members and probationers, to master it thoroughly. They will find the whole question most clearly exhibited; and in particular the relations of the One High Priest to the greatest of the types, Melchizedek; to the ancient high priest in His great day, the day of atonement; and to the literal soleness of His priestly character, with the grounds and application of it, to the present times, more clearly submitted than anywhere else in the same compass. It is needless to give examples in support of this: the Lecture is supposed by this time to be in all hands. We are quite sure that no one who takes our advice, and makes its contents his own, will hesitate to confirm what we have said.

Dr. Williams must be good enough, in another edition, to add to the valuable notes which are appended a few more; for instance, on the bearing of Christ's sinlessness on His priesthood, on the question of His offering of His sacrifice in heaven, and on the relation of His priestly benediction to all the blessings of the covenant of grace. Meanwhile, we heartily welcome this last contribution of a writer whom we have always deeply respected as a true theologian—one who "naturally cares" for these things.

BAUR'S PAUL THE APOSTLE OF JESUS CHRIST.

Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ, his Life and Works, his Epistles and Teachings. A Contribution to a Critical History of Primitive Christianity. By Dr. F. C. Baur. Two Vols. Williams and Norgate. 1873.

WE take this as a specimen of the German destructive criticism which the works translated in this series are intended to naturalise

among us. Dr. F. C. Baur is the patriarch of the school, and his work on St. Paul is put forth as one of his best. The sources are of course two, the Acts and Pauline Epistles. Let us see how the critic deals with these. Even if all he did was to make the Acts secondary to the Epistles as an authority, we should think him mistaken, because the purpose of the Epistles is not at all historical. It is only incidentally that references to the writer's own life and work come in. We venture to think that very few beside Dr. Baur would in the first place go anywhere than to the Acts for light upon the Apostle's life. But this is not all. The Acts are set down as utterly untrustworthy. Just so much is accepted as suits some criterion which Dr. Baur has adopted, some hypothesis he has formed of what the Apostle must have been, though the data are not given us. That we may not seem to exaggerate, we must quote a little. "Any writer who is purposely silent upon so many points, and thereby places the facts of his narrative in a different light, cannot certainly be considered as just and conscientious." "The foregoing inquiry shows what a false picture of the individual character of the Apostle Paul we should obtain, if we had no other source than the Acts of the Apostles from which to derive our knowledge of it." Now on what ground does such a summary verdict rest? On the ground that the book of the Acts is a sort of apology for Paul and his universal Gospel to the Judaising party which stood opposed to him, and has for its main object to show that on this subject Peter and Paul were agreed. The fact of the agreement we know full well, and have always known; but that the Acts were written with this sole view is a mere assumption, and an assumption not borne out by the phenomena of the book. No one without a theory to support ever discovered that the Acts are an apology for St. Paul. There are whole pages and sections which no ingenuity can torture into any such meaning. The author tries to parry this fact (p. 8), but denial is all he gives us. If ever a book bore on its face the character of a consecutive history, the book of the Acts does. Of course the mere fact of a history being written with a special purpose does not destroy its authenticity. What history is not so written? With far more reason might it be said that Thucydides and Tacitus wrote their histories in order to illustrate certain great principles and maxims, and therefore that their histories are mere ideal pictures. Yet this "apologetic interest" is the only reason assigned for stigmatising the Acts as fiction. No doubt there is a purpose in the Acts, but that purpose may be more probably taken to be to give a description of the founding and growth of Christ's kingdom on earth. With such a purpose all the facts agree. The following is a fair specimen of the purely subjective and arbitrary criticism the author applies throughout. It refers to Acts iii. and iv. "The description of this first per-

secution of the Apostles is characterised by the same idealising tendency which is especially seen in the delineation of the primitive Church. In the statement as a whole, as well as in its individual features, a design is evident which it is impossible to consider as the natural historical result of the facts. In short, the Apostles must appear in their full glory. From the beginning this glorification is the aim of the narration of the chief occurrences, as well as that of the individual minor circumstances attending them."

Though the Acts are swept away, at least the Epistles are left. So Dr. Baur's words at first lead us to hope. "The more we study the Epistles, the more we perceive that a rich and peculiar life is summed up in them, as the most direct testimony to it." But we are soon undeceived. We have offered to us not the Catholic canon, but the canon of the heretic Marcion with its threefold division—Homologoumena, Antilegomena, and Spurious—and are told that "in the Homologoumena there can only be reckoned the four Epistles, which must on all accounts be considered the chief Epistles of the Apostles, the Galatians, Corinthians I. and II., and Romans." This implicit acceptance of Marcion's authority is instructive every way. No other name is referred to. We thought the boast of the rationalist criticism was its impartiality, its admission of all accessible light. But here the *ipse dixit* of a single writer, a heretic, if ever there was one, decides. The reason is not far to seek. Marcion's method is Baur's, purely subjective. It is well known that Marcion laid down a certain theory of Christian doctrine, and then carved Scripture to suit it. His theory was precisely the Tübingen one, the irreconcilability of Petrine and Pauline doctrine. He rejected all the Gospels except Luke; he rejected also the Acts, Pastoral Epistles, and Hebrews, because they contained un-Pauline, i.e. Jewish elements. His rejection was based on no historical evidence.* Thus Baur's theories are not original, but taken from Marcion. It is an extraordinary freak that one who was universally regarded in his own day as one-sided and prejudiced, should be adopted in our days as the representative of the Church which rejected him, and the witness to its faith. Yet perversity can go even farther than this. Baur is more wholesale in destruction than Marcion. In ancient times the meaning of Antilegomena, as applied to certain New Testament books, meant not that they were unauthentic, but simply that they were not as universally received as the first class. But though Baur places five Epistles under the second head, it is evident that he regards them as spurious, and it would have been more honest to say so. Of the Epistle to the Ephesians he says, "With the exception of the Pastorals, there is none of the shorter Pauline Epistles the

* See Westcott's *History of the Canon*, p. 275.

genuineness of which is more questionable," and the whole chapter is an argument against the genuineness of this Epistle and that to the Colossians. So in the Philippians he marks as "suspicious:" "1. The appearance of Gnostic ideas, ii. 6—9; 2. The want of anything distinctively Pauline; 3. The questionableness of some of the historical data." "No other Epistle contains so many passages which, from one cause or another, require to be explained, so many sentences wanting in clearness, loosely connected, and made up of nothing but repetitions and commonplaces." Of the Epistle to Philemon he writes in the same strain. "The difference between Pauline and non-Pauline Epistles cannot surely be so small that this one, if not Pauline, should bear no mark whatever of its different origin." He then goes on to indicate these marks. Of the Epistles to the Thessalonians he sums up his disparagement in the sentence, "Both the Epistles are entirely destitute of marks of original Pauline authorship." Thus after the Acts are condemned as untrustworthy, and nine of the Epistles are rejected, four Epistles are left from which to construct a picture of the Apostle's life and character. What that life is in Dr. Baur's hands we do not care and we do not need to indicate. We are happy to think that such passages as we have quoted, and these are not the worst, are intolerably offensive to English Christians, and will always remain so. We are not anxious to dwell on this feature. Our only object has been to show the utterly arbitrary, unhistorical character of the method adopted. No reason whatever is given for setting aside facts, except that so it seems good to the writer. The Paul described is not the Paul of history, but of Dr. Baur's imagination. Our author undertakes to write history without facts, or authority, or evidence. We need scarcely say that the fiction is not that of Scripture, but of Dr. Baur's. The history of Christianity is no more to be explained by fictions than the history of Greece or Rome. English people are too alive to the necessity for evidence, too distrustful of the vagaries of *à priori* speculation in the field of history, for such methods as these to take root among us. They can only be acceptable to minds which are carried away by love of eccentricity, or which have been perverted by early training or ungenial conditions in life.

MARTINEAU'S HOURS OF THOUGHT.

Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. A Volume of Sermons. By James Martineau, LL.D., D.D., Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and Principal of Manchester New College, London. London: Longmans and Co. 1876.

WE cannot but express our pleasure in the fact that Dr. Martineau should have been induced to rescue from the flames a few frag-

ments from his pulpit preparations. All who have derived spiritual instruction from the *Endeavours after a Religious Life*, will welcome another volume from the same pen, and the more, perhaps, as more than thirty years have elapsed since that first work appeared. It is the product of riper wisdom, and of maturer thought. The Christian Church has passed through very important and profoundly interesting phases of spiritual conflict during these years; and no thoughtful man can have failed to expand his vision of spiritual verities in such momentous times. There are not many direct references to the great war-cries which we have heard in recent times, yet it is possible here and there to trace the effects of the strife. Dr. Martineau has not been exposed to the severities of the struggle. The battle has not raged around his standards. He retains the same view of life, the same conception of the order of the world, and the same interpretation of the Christian mind; these remaining to him "unaffected by the real discoveries, and prejudiced only by the philosophical fictions of the last twenty-five years." He has sat calmly watching the progress of human research and the boldness of human assertion, and still to him "every larger comprehension of the universe only invests the principles of the Christian religion with sublimer truth; and every added refinement of conscience the more attests their spiritual worth."

If we are obliged to dissent from the professed creed of Dr. Martineau, this does not prevent us from appreciating the very thoughtful volume now given to the world. We have read through considerable portions of the book already without encountering anything to shock our keenest theological sensibility. We certainly at times miss a reference to truths which, to us, seem needful, and we find spiritual phenomena accounted for, and spiritual parables explained, by a reference to principles which are widely remote from those we should have expected. But the tone of a pure and earnest spirit is heard throughout; and it is full of stirring and striking thoughts. It is a very free and bold excursion into wide, unfrequented realms, and gladdens by its freshness as truly as it instructs by its revelations. Here are not sentiments beaten out into a thin gilding of mere rules for living; but wholesome nutrition which by processes of careful assimilation will give strength and healthful vigour to an inward spiritual life. There are, as we think, occasional slips in the interpretation; and we will not speak of such things as being of little moment; but these are only occasional, and are hidden in a richness of spiritual teaching. It is at once the product and the seed of "hours of thought;" for though the style is rich in poetic imagery and graceful metaphor, tempting by its beauty the swift foot of haste, yet there is a depth of spiritual significance, and a subtle, recondite teaching on momentous spiritual truths which will plentifully repay patient attentive pondering.

If the rules which regulate the structure of the sermon are departed from, they are not wholly disregarded, but the form is hidden. Generally they incline to the speculativeness and tentative character of the essay, rather than to the rigid, definite, rounded teaching of the sermon. They are natural and unfettered if they are not artistic. All fault of this kind is atoned for in their richness, beauty, and serviceableness. And the beauty is not confined to the language, is not a mere drapery, but is of the form of the truth itself, whose proportions are not lost beneath the graceful folds of the dress.

We had marked several passages for quotation. We will take the first:—

“So completely is it the providential plan to secure to us the discipline of change, that, when we fall asleep on the crust of usage, a fire is immediately kindled beneath us, and we sleep on a volcano. Our very inertia operates as an instrument to prepare for us new crises that shall force us to spring to our feet once more. Whatever be our appointed work, the first moment of its neglect is the first moment of its decay; and where we cease to grow our corn, the poison plants will cover all the ground. God has made nothing in this world *to keep*—nothing, at least, that has a beauty and that bears fruit; death only and negation, deformity and barrenness will flourish when let alone. The individual mind, abandoned to negligence, watched by no eye of conscience, bathed in no presence of God, exercised in no athletics of duty, loosens all its healthy structure, and sinks into moral decline; little, perhaps, suspecting its own degeneracy, till surprised into some awful degradation, and wakening into shame. No institution, no state, no church, will go on of itself, and hold its footing in the nature of things while its guardians and trustees are dozing on their watch. There is ever a little speck of disease, a canker of evil and falsehood, secreted in the substance of terrestrial things, which is sure to spread if you omit to wipe the dust from their surface, and wash them with the waters of purification. If you persist awhile in your unfaithfulness, you will be startled at length by the spasm of a sudden agony; and it will be well if by repentant efforts at renewal and the use of painful remedies, a disastrous dissolution is staved off. In nations, as in persons, too great a calm, too mild an indifference, too peaceful an apathy, is ever a dark and boding sign, the lull that comes before the storm, the dead silence ere the thunder breaks. If we stir the atmosphere and fling it upwards from no soil burning with noble passions; if every zone of our world reduces itself to temperate and timid heats; if no circulating breath of pure enthusiasm passes from land to land, bearing on it the cry of sympathy with the down-trodden, and of defiance to the oppressor; God will clear the air for us from above, and fling across our fields

and cities the whirlwind of resolution. Thus it is that 'He who abideth for ever will afflict us,' if, 'because we have no changes,' we cease to stand in awe of Him. There is no peace but in waking to all His seasons, and moving freely with the windings of His Will; quick to seize each fresh surprise of duty; alert before daybreak to strike our tent of ease; patient to endure the crown of thorns which must press upon the brow of every son of God."

We recommend the book to thoughtful readers, who will find much in it to stimulate and refresh their minds.

DR. ALLON'S SERMONS.

The Vision of God, and Other Sermons. Preached on Special Occasions by Henry Allon, D.D., Minister of Union Chapel, Islington. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1876.

THERE is something wonderfully captivating about these sermons. Their charm lies deeper than mere style, although in that respect they might well serve for a model, being as free from the laboured pomp of some discourses that have won the popular ear as from the seemingly intentional coarseness of others which also sell by the thousand. The style is transparent because the writer's mind is imbued with truths felt to be too precious and too solemn to be interfered with in their presentation by any byplay of fancy. A rich imagination is therefore held under strong restraint, and made to pour forth a subdued and gracious star-lustre rather than a dazzling meteor-blaze. This transparency of speech is, however, only the fit incarnation, so to speak, of that which we may truly call the soul of these discourses. There is in them a deep appreciation of the reality and power of those gentle but potent influences which surround every human heart, appealing powerfully even where they fail to sway, and giving humanity its highest development where they are welcomed and obeyed. No one could have written the two sermons on the Vision of God who had not himself diligently sought the secret that was unfolded to Moses in the cleft of the rock and to Philip in the communings of the Supper-room. The spiritual world once revealed, its operations are easily recognised, and their true grandeur understood. Doctrinal disputation, philosophical speculation, critical research—what are these compared with the powers of the world to come? Ministerial they may be to the mental apprehension of spiritual verities, but their use is wholly subsidiary and instrumental, and when their work is done—like the scaffolding that hides the edifice it has helped to rear—they should be withdrawn. So it is in the volume before us. A master speaks to us, but in spirit

he has become one of the little children who enter into the kingdom of heaven. Hence he recognises true spiritual life wherever he meets it, and under whatever disadvantages it may be placed. How noble a vindication of the value, even as evidence, of the facts of moral and spiritual life is the following paragraph from the third sermon, on "The Christ of Experience."

After stating that "testimonies to Christ's peerless moral perfection have been won from the noblest intellects and the greatest natures," and even "from almost every prophet of infidelity," Dr. Allon says: "The conclusive appeal, however, is to the conscious experience of our own religious souls: 'If so be we have tasted that the Lord is gracious.' It is not in external proofs and demonstrations of worthiness so much as in personal Christian experiences, that we find our chief grounds for a high estimate of Christ. This is the ground upon which myriads of religious men, ignorant men, feeble men, men whose knowledge is limited, whose theology is confused, whose reason is easily baffled, who are able neither to defend their Christianity nor theoretically to understand it, justly trust in Him. They have personally come to Christ; they have rested upon Him the hope, and joy, and life, of their souls; they have realised the forgiveness of His love, the tenderness of His sympathy, the boundlessness of His grace; He has consciously quickened the life and the love of their souls; they 'know that they have passed from death unto life,' that 'whereas once they were blind, now they see;' they cannot mistake the new life that has been wrought within them, nor the practical power upon it of the thoughts, the life, and the love of the Christ. His Divine presence witnesses in their souls. In some mystic way He is their daily Saviour, and Sanctifier, and Comforter. Other teachers they may have—Paul or John—to whom they listen, and whom they reverence; but Jesus they commune with and worship. He is their personal, ever-present Friend; they listen to His gracious voice, feel His healing touch, commune with Him at His table, stay themselves upon Him in sorrow, and commit their souls to Him in death: and He is precious to them—ay, precious as life itself. Question them, reason with them, array proof against them, nothing is more easy than to baffle them; but you cannot shake their trust, or make them ashamed of it. They 'know in Whom they have believed.' They can give you no answer, but sooner than forsake their precious Christ they would die."

No one will suspect the writer of these words of any disposition to depreciate either the credentials of Christianity or the culture necessary to a due comprehension of them. But the spiritual knowledge of Christ is itself a phenomenon whose evidential value has not been rightly estimated. The pride of intellect has not stooped to the investigation of it: the mysterious hold of

Christ on the heart that submits to Him has been too easily spurned as sentimentality, or, where facts were too stubborn for this hypothesis, paralleled with fanaticism and branded as mania. The peculiarities of nationality have been called in to account for it, or the domination of a priesthood, or cyclical changes in the current of opinion, or, finally, that most perverse principle, the unaccountable religiosity of the race. But there is an element that every analysis save one has left unexplained, viz., the moral uplifting which is the invariable accompaniment of a sincere adherence to Christ. The examples of this afforded by rude and unlettered men are more convincing than those in which culture has co-operated with Christianity. For in the latter it is difficult to assign to each element, the natural and the spiritual, its share in the total effect, whereas in the former the moral development is plainly due to religious impulses alone. The class of men of whom we speak are wrong if they ever decry as unnecessary and baneful the philosophy that would examine the foundations of faith: on the other hand, the philosophical class act unphilosophically if they omit to gauge the facts of religious life. Some of them lack spiritual life, and cannot pretend to understand the forces they see at work; but none of them lack a moral nature, and none of them therefore can complain of inability to test the moral results.

In the sermon on the Service of Love we have well illustrated the unworldly grace of charity, which is so much in danger of being lost to view amid the crowd of simulated virtues that compete for approbation. It is well with the Church that is privileged to contemplate moral delineatures so ably and fearlessly drawn as those we have under our eye. Nothing will more effectually purge the public conscience of those callosities which render tolerant of doubtful commercial morality provided only it be successful, and that dispose it to accept a show of generosity, or even, strange to say, a profusion of hospitality, as an atonement for laxity of principle, than sermons like this, in which the baseness of Judas is contrasted with the abounding love of Mary. The attempts sometimes made to whitewash the character of that apostate have always seemed to us in themselves a sign of the kind of morality of which we speak. Moral perceptions must be very obtuse—to say nothing of critical faculties—that can apologise for “the son of perdition,” on account of some supposed desire on his part to force the Master to assert His power and overwhelm His foes, and thus to defeat the conspiring Pharisees—and get their money too. The mercenary spirit of the traitor—that spirit which reckons everything in Troy weight—had cropped out before.

“Selfish lust, doubtless taking many forms, was clearly the dominant passion of this man’s soul, and the medium through

which everything was seen and judged. Covetousness is simply selfishness in its meanest form, the sordid desire of money for selfish uses. It is, I think, more closely connected with baseness than any other passion, than any form that selfishness can take. Mammon is 'the least erected spirit that fell.' It never considers the good of others. It never sees what is meet. By a rapid process of mental arithmetic it appraises every generous impulse; calculates the pence when it should admire the moral nobility. And thus it becomes the root of all possible meanness and treachery. Only a spirit such as this could have blinded a man to the moral beauty of an act like Mary's. Avarice is a form of self-seeking that turns love itself into an offence, that extracts poison out of the noblest virtues, that freezes the very heart of affection. This demur to Mary's act of love reveals the base nature of Judas more fully than a long history could have done. . . . With this selfish and malign Judas-spirit good never receives credit. Evil suspicions, base detractions, spring up congenially. Some Diogenes in his tub, some censor in his chair, some cynic or miser in social life, whose meanness cloaks itself in slander, with whom self-interest is the only criterion of goodness, who, conscious of base motives, can give no one else credit for noble ones, and can conceive of nothing higher than that of which he himself is capable. How often in practical life we encounter this form of depreciation!" The other disciples, though not exempt from blame, are not chargeable with the selfishness of Judas. "They erred through ignorance rather than through viciousness. They were superficial rather than wicked. They were led astray by right impulses. The care for the poor, which in Judas was a hypocrisy, was in them a genuine benevolence. They were honest, right-hearted men, led astray by a villain."

Over against the judgment of Judas and the disciples may be placed that of Him who read their hearts and Mary's too. "Our Lord makes no attempt to refute the reasoning of the cavillers. Simply as reasoning it was not easy to refute it. But He intimates that there are principles of action other and higher than those which reasoning determines; sometimes it may be apparently rash and wasteful; but, nevertheless, embodying some of the truest impulses, the noblest feelings, and the deepest wisdom of human life. Even in calculations of mere social economy, the world is far better, the poor are far richer, for the waste of the ointment, than the three hundred pence could have made them. The charge of the six hundred at Balaclava might not be war, but it has inspired more noble heroism than all the consummate strategy of Waterloo. Many a rash action that generous impulse prompts teaches the world more than the profoundest science of political economy. The oracle of a loving heart speaks truer and more inspiring things than all the wisdom of the sages."

In the sermon on Spiritual Power we have an admonition to the more spiritually-minded Christians, or those that profess to be such, warning them against one of the dangers of this age of intellectual preaching. Addressed as it is to Churches whose "one man ministry" is their glory, the caution sounds a little strange, and goes to show that there are perils to spiritual life from the idolising of one chosen pastor, as well as perils in the opposite extreme from the undue multiplication of teachers. Speaking of the different parties that divided the Corinthian Church, and of the repudiation by the Apostle of all complicity in their spiritual clannishness, our author says, "These," *i.e.*, the different religious teachers, "did not exist as representatives of rival parties, but as possessors of diversified gifts for the service of the whole: each with his individual endowment contributes to the general edification. It is, therefore, a folly and a loss to refuse any one of them, or to give oneself exclusively to any. You may choose the very best of preachers, the most intelligent, the most spiritual, the most edifying. He may be better than any other single teacher, he is not so good as all; and if you get so fascinated by him as that you cannot listen to any other, as that all others make you impatient and discontented, you suffer loss, you can receive God's truth only in his conception and form of it, only with his individual limitations and partial apprehensions. There are other forms and departments of God's truth—these you cannot receive. Peter has a ministry of truth, and Apollos, as well as Paul. There can be no greater discredit of either preacher or hearer than an excess of fascination and enthusiasm, which puts the preacher above the truth that he preaches, and makes all other ministries distasteful. It is to make the 'earthen vessel' more than the 'heavenly treasure,' and to put 'the excellency of the power' in man rather than in God. In preaching, as in everything else, God ministers to us by diversities of gift; not merely that it may be possible for each to find the ministry with which he has most affinity, but that all ministries may serve each. A full-orbed man, a man developed in all the parts of his manifold nature, his intelligence, sensibility, practical aptitude, can become such only by a diversified ministration—Paul, Apollos, and Cephas. Many ministries are necessary for every single life."

How Dr. Allon would carry out these principles in his own denomination we do not know. Certain it is that the most successful ministries in Congregationalism have been those in which the influence of one man's mind has been exerted on one church for many years in succession. The long reign has closed at last of course, and then another mind has wielded a like despotism for a like period. In some important churches, again, there has been an impossibility for years together of obtaining a unanimous vote

in favour of any candidate for the pastorship. Are we to suppose that this is due in all cases to a distaste for other men's ministries created by the habit of receiving truth in stereotyped form from one mind alone? Much may be said for and against an undivided pastorate. For our own part, we think the balance of advantage rests with the associated ministry of the Establishment and the Connexional organisations, and so far we agree with Dr. Allon. If his words have a personal application to his own flock, we cannot wonder at their attachment to himself. The sermons we have been reviewing will rank high in an age of good sermons, and will enhance their author's well-earned fame.

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR'S CHARGES.

Thirty-two Years of the Church of England, 1842—1874.

The Charges of Archdeacon Sinclair. Edited by William Sinclair, M.A., Prebendary of Chichester, Rector of Pulborough, late Vicar of St. George's, Leeds. With a Preface by Archibald Campbell Tait, D.C.L., Archbishop of Canterbury; and an Historical Introduction by R. C. Jenkins, M.A., Hon. Canon of Canterbury, and Vicar of Lyminge. London: Rivingtons. 1876.

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR belonged to a class which is unhappily becoming rare in the Church of England. We say unhappily, because the class of which he may be taken as the type is one which, not to speak of the Church, the nation can ill afford to lose. He was not only, as Archbishop Tait calls him, "an honest single-minded man, with his heart set on doing his duty in the particular sphere to which he was called;" he was also a man of high family, of wide experience of life in various spheres, acquainted with men of note in various countries, and therefore not needing any histrionic parade to give him that remarkable influence over the clergy of London which he used so well and wisely at a very difficult time. Such men, highly educated, calm, impartial, and above all judicious, are needed in this complex society of ours. If through any cause the supply of such ministers is cut off, it will be an evil day for the cause of religion in England. Their presence in the Established Church has greatly helped to give English Christianity its distinctive tone; and it is not among them that the violent men whose want of charity has made new and enlarged old breaches, or the latitudinarians who have scandalised faithful believers, have been found. English Christianity is, in spite of all divisions and shortcomings, a thing to be proud of. We know and dread the state of things in Romanist countries; nor is the condition of Protestant Germany one to which we should care to see our own Christian society

approximating. We do not now speak of "Germanism" as synonymous with neology, but of the social status of the German pastor, and of the consequent loss of *prestige* to religion itself. Those who have travelled in Germany will know what we mean, and to those who have not we recommend the chapters on the subject in *German Home Life*, a series of most truthful sketches lately reprinted from *Fraser*. English Christianity needs men like the late Archdeacon of Middlesex, a man who by his social position commanded a hearing from the world, and whose words derived from the graces of his personal character a force and weight which only those who knew him can properly estimate. The loud-tongued "evangelist" has his place and work; so has the recluse scholar, heard but scarcely seen. But so, also, has the man whose grave earnestness, whose prudence and sagacity, and above all whose enlightened charity and manly piety enabled him to hold the balance between contending parties, and (in Mr. Jenkins's words) "to retain that middle place which never in his case was liable to the imputation of halting or of compromise."

These Charges have a threefold interest which sets them on a very different footing from the generality of such productions. They are the work of a man of highly accomplished mind, early brought into contact with the most eminent divines and philosophers of the century, and rich in that practical knowledge which can only be acquired by a long intercourse with the world. How varied were the Archdeacon's accomplishments, how wide his range of thought, some of us have learnt from the recently published volume of *Recollections*. But his Charges are not, like the *Recollections*, discursive and general, they bear on the most important questions of the day. To read them is to get a summary of the ecclesiastical history of the last quarter of a century. Nor, in the third place, must we leave out of account those for whom these discourses were composed. The clergy of the Archdeaconry of Middlesex are naturally, to a considerable extent, picked men; and to prepare a charge for them demands an unusual amount of thought and tact. Mr. Sinclair's tact, both in word and act, contrasts most strikingly with the sometimes ill-advised impetuosity of Bishop Blomfield. The Bishop determined to solve the difficulties which had arisen in 1842 in a summary way. The Archdeacon's claims for the inviolability of "established usage," for the thorough vindication of the principle *consuetudo pro lege ubi deficit lex*, would have prevented many unseemly disputes which have not only weakened the Establishment, but the cause of religion in general.

Archdeacon Sinclair's primary work was religious education. "In this matter," says Archbishop Tait, "few of the present generation recognise how much the country owes to him. In 1812, and the following years, vague theories were afloat . . .

and it is not too much to say that to the Archdeacon, and those who worked with him, and to the wise compromise which they effected with the Government of the day, we owe that wonderful advance in the religious education of the poor, which we would fain hope has secured the allegiance of the nation to Christian as opposed to merely secular teaching, and enables us to look forward in comparative security even to the greatest changes which may befall us in the outward organisation of our public educational arrangements." This is high praise, but a careful study of the Charges bearing on Education (i.e. six out of the twenty contained in the volume) shows that it is not exaggerated. Archdeacon Sinclair's maxim, that religion is the only political security, he supports by a number of letters (p. 125 *seq.*)—selected answers from a hundred and fifty received in reply to a circular sent by him to the most important people, lay and clerical, in the districts disturbed by the riots of 1842. These, laid before the Committee of Council on Education, and printed in their report for 1843, are here reprinted, along with Lord Wharncliffe's comment: "When we read letter after letter, all written by intelligent men resident on the spot, and all tending to the same result, the impression on my mind, and on the minds of my colleagues, was irresistible." The state of things described in several of these letters is fearful: cases like that described on p. 155, a man with £120 a year labouring single-handed among 12,000 people, surely prove that, without that levelling of endowments which, we quite agree with the Archdeacon, would destroy the character and impair the social value of the Established Church (see p. 120), more might be done towards supplying the needs of destitute neighbourhoods out of revenues which have become more than sufficient for local needs. Naturally the Archdeacon's correspondents, most of them, we fancy, clergymen, looked at disaffection through Church glasses, and coupled it with Dissent. We fear, that in some cases, as lately in the case of the agricultural labourers' agitation, some Dissenting bodies have been only too ready to become political partisans. But we are pleased to find that even testimony which we must call partial assures us that the Wesleyan body kept aloof from the rancorous politics of that time. A correspondent (p. 161) who, as a magistrate, called a public meeting to consider the best plan for preserving the peace, while complaining that "the Dissenting ministers absented themselves, though constant in their attendance on those meetings where the clergy and aristocracy were denounced," makes a special exception in favour of the Wesleyan Methodists: "They, I am happy to add, have generally gone with the Church in the support of order."

More valuable than this series of letters are the Archdeacon's notes on the failure of the secular system in America. From

the reports of the American Sunday School Union, the sermons at the Synod of the German Reformed Church at Baltimore in 1872, and a variety of other sources, Archdeacon Sinclair has culled passages strongly denouncing the "vulgarity, profaneness, and rudeness," which result from the common-school system. In one day-school of twenty-five children, well taught in arithmetic, only one could tell what Christ came into the world for (p. 303). Professor Greenleaf, at a meeting held in New York in 1855, to take measures for improving education, speaks of a teacher, thirteen of whose young men had ruined themselves in dissipation, and of another who said: "I think I ought to give a little more moral instruction, for already two of my scholars have been hanged for murder." The Archdeacon feared that a school-rate would lead to secular instruction; we trust that this fear may be proved groundless, and we agree with Dr. Tait in thinking that the efforts of men like Archdeacon Sinclair have done much to prevent such a catastrophe. We freely say this; for few unprejudiced persons will deny the great work which the Establishment has done towards educating the masses in our country.

One section of these Charges will be read with curiosity by those outside the Established Church—that which deals with Convocation, with the importance of the lay element, and with diocesan and rural dean synods. The Archdeacon's cautiousness and moderation are shown by his way of dealing with all these matters. He was fully alive to the danger of clerical cliques; and, though anxious for a moderate extension of the Episcopate, he had no love for Episcopal autocrats, but was desirous to re-establish diocesan synods (p. 484), with *bonâ fide* authoritative and coercive jurisdiction. His remarks on Church patronage (p. 488) deserve careful thought; he points out the dangers and indecencies of canvassing and public elections, and he insists on the value of a variety of patrons representing numerous schools of thought. Even those who dissent from his conclusions will feel when they read him that there is a good deal to be said on his side.

The three Charges on Modern Scepticism (1861), How to find out God (1863), and Progress (1869), are deeply interesting to all who care to study the religious position of our nation. The Charge of 1863 is an exposition of the weakness of natural theology apart from revelation, and of the impossibility of modern thinkers (with all their boasted freedom) getting free from the influence of the Bible. Again and again the writer returns to a point on which Dean Stanley has written on the opposite side—the position of Broad Churchmen—"I do not consider it persecution," he says, "to insist that unsound doctrine deliberately maintained by a clergyman ought to be a disqualification for the ministry" (p. 361). "The laity have a right to be thoroughly assured that their pastor conscientiously maintains the doctrine

of the Church in whose name he speaks ; that he has too high a sense of Christian veracity, as well as of personal honour, to be capable of reciting publicly a creed which he does not believe, &c." (p. 384). He is surprised, and sorrowful, and indignant, to find that "clergymen holding high positions circulate without scruple as pure English coin the basest theological counterfeits of Germany." How trials for unorthodoxy may be best arranged he is not clear ; he sees the weakness of the present system, and puts a case in which David Hume would escape on technical grounds despite the manifest tendency of his writings ; yet he feels that a Church court would not do, would be liable to be perverted into an instrument of oppression worked by party spirit.

We recommend to special notice the Charges on "preaching" and on "the indifference of the working classes." The latter he attributes to intemperance, to bad dwellings, to the belief in a death-bed repentance (as to the working of which belief he brings some remarkable evidence, p. 435), to the very weak replies published by Christian writers to the able attacks of unbelievers, and to "the secularism bred in cities through want of communion with the works of God."

Other Charges deal with Romanism and Ritualism. Kensington is the head-quarters of London Popery, and accordingly in 1867 Archdeacon Sinclair felt it his duty to treat of the morals of the Church of Rome. The fearful prevarication which he shows is authorised under the head of casuistry, may well startle those who cling to the hope of reunion between Popery and Anglicanism. It is well to remember that the teaching of Antoninus Diana, Dens, and Liguori, is not obsolete, but is now bearing fruit.

We have said enough to show how variously interesting this volume is. We will close by mentioning an instance of the writer's self-denial. Instead of beginning by "restoring" the old Queen Anne Church of Kensington (a work which would have been most pleasing to his taste), he began by sub-dividing his large parish into manageable districts, and saw that there was a church in each, before he took in hand the rebuilding of the mother-church.

DICKINSON'S THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY.

Dickinson's Theological Quarterly. 1876. Vol. II. Edited by the Rev. James Kernahan, M.A., Ph.D., F.G.S. London : Richard D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

It is very important that our ideas of America should be derived from other sources than paragraphs of the *New York Herald*, or the sensational columns of an English "special." From these we get glimpses of the political life of the States not of a character

to make that aspect of Transatlantic society a desirable subject of study. Sometimes we wonder whether the religious life is infected in any degree with the mechanicalness, not to say mercenariness, of the secular. And there do not fail to arise within us certain reminiscences which would tend to support such a supposition, notwithstanding some shining instances that look in a contrary direction. Of such prejudice the regular appearance of a volume like the present tends to disabuse the mind. The intellect and cultivation of the country are not often largely connected with politics: that is a fact to be, in one important aspect of it, sincerely deplored. It has, however, another bearing; it leaves so much the more to be devoted to literature, art, science, and the highest interests of man. There can be no doubt that in America religious interests hold a higher relative position among those that customarily occupy the minds of men than in this country. There is an intenser thrill of spiritual vitality, and a keener realisation of spiritual forces and verities than we find among ourselves. And these characteristics come out in this book, composed as it is almost exclusively of the productions of American divines. There is criticism, but it is not soulless criticism: philosophy, but it is not a mere intellectual philosophy; theology, but it is not a theology of stereotyped forms and hard deductions. There is a vigour, a *verve*, in the writing which witnesses to the practical earnestness of the thinker, and to the existence of a most blessed union of intellect and heart. We rejoice in the circulation of this work, and we say so none the less heartily because we detect here and there a leaning to Calvinistic interpretations. Dr. Kernahan is doing a good work in familiarising to us some of the best productions of American theology, and Messrs. Dickinson in sustaining the financial responsibilities of the undertaking. It is fair to add that the contributors are not all American, but include, among others, the well-known names of Dr. Pressensé of Paris, and Dr. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury.

II. MISCELLANEOUS.

VAUGHAN'S THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross. View of the Religious History of India during the Hindu, Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian Periods. By the Rev. James Vaughan, Nineteen Years a Missionary of the C.M.S. in Calcutta. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1876.

THE old indifference to Indian subjects seems to have passed away. Time was when all knowledge of India was limited to a very select circle of scholars and politicians—the circle for which Wilson, Colebrooke, Mill, and Elphinstone wrote. Macaulay's essays on Clive and Hastings began a new era. Since then a ceaseless stream of excellent works has appealed to general readers, at once satisfying and increasing the interest of English people in their most splendid dependency. Marshman's *History of India*, Wheeler's *History of India*, Sherring's *Protestant Missions in India*, Robson's *Hinduism and Christianity*, Monier Williams' *Indian Wisdom*, are specimens of a large number of works which teem with interesting information. Colebrooke's essays have been republished, and Max Müller's *Ancient Sanscrit Literature* ought to be. One of the best manuals on Indian religion and literature we know is Percival's *Land of the Vêda*. We believe it has been long out of print, and well deserves republication. In the older school of writers, represented by Colebrooke and Wilson, there is a bias in favour of everything Hindu, and a disposition to resent imputations and attacks on Hindu faith and religion, which we can easily understand in those who were the first to gaze with wonder on the monuments bequeathed by Hindu intellect. Missionary writers, like Ward, of Serampore, dwelt more on the darker features of the scene. But there is no contradiction between the two accounts. One dealt exclusively with the intellectual and literary, the other with the ethical and religious, but neither denied what the other affirmed. In later writers both features are combined, greatly to the advantage of the picture. The most zealous missionary will be the first to accord sympathy and admiration to the intellectual achievements of the Hindu race; and indeed such sympathy is one of the prime qualifications for success in missionary life. It is self-evident that one who

despises the people among whom he labours will never take pains thoroughly to know them; and we believe it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that it is missionaries who think and speak best of Hindus. Their closer intimacy reveals points of excellence which are never discovered by those who remain at a distance.

Mr. Vaughan's work is full of sympathy for all that is good in Hindu character; and general readers will gain from it an accurate and clear view of the most prominent features of India past and present. Full and exhaustive no work can be which describes in one volume a field which might well claim five or six; but the account, as far as it goes, has all the authority which long residence in the country and intimate familiarity with the people can give it. The most interesting parts of the volume are those which detail facts illustrative of missionary life. There is perhaps a tendency to discursiveness; and most readers will think, in spite of the author's apology, p. 158, that the Mohammedan episode in India did not necessitate an account of the rise of Mohammedanism: the account is both too short and too long—too short for the subject, too long for another history. The addition of points to mark the pronunciation of Indian names would also be useful. These are the principal faults we have noticed.

The central, distinctive fact of Hindu life is caste. This gives colour and shape to everything in Indian history, to politics, literature, worship, social life, and moral character. A correct conception of the caste system is the key to Hindu life. The short chapter which deals with this is one of the most satisfactory in the work. The account given of the probable origin, religious character and pernicious effects of the system may be taken as correct. No greater error could be entertained than to suppose it to be a mere civil distinction. It is this, and much more. The epithet of twice-born, *dwija*, is confined to the first three castes, and as the second and third are extinct, to Brahmins alone. They alone wear the sacred thread. It would seem probable that the Shudras were originally inhabitants of the country, whom the Brahman invaders recognised and incorporated with themselves, but taking care to mark their inferior position. The total obliteration of the second and third classes is a remarkable fact, showing how the system has already been modified by time. We may wonder at first how the Brahmins were able to secure the unquestioned supremacy which was carried into everything. The probable explanation is that it is simply a case of the influence of superior intellect, perhaps the most notable the world has seen. Every missionary teacher knows that as a rule Brahman scholars are distinguished not only by more refined features, but also by superior mental power, the result of generations of culture. It will take a long time to raise Shudras to the same mental level.

This no doubt was the origin of their power. The barrier which the system is to social improvement and advance of every kind is beginning to be felt by Hindus themselves. We ask attention to the following statements:—"The more the organisation of the system is studied, the more one is impressed with the subtle contrivances for augmenting and perpetuating Brahmanical influence which marked it. Viewed in this light, the whole system is a masterpiece of ingenuity, a standing evidence of the far-seeing astuteness of the learned and priestly order. As regards the subordinate castes, things were so pleasantly arranged that they should be gratified with seeming privileges and immunities, should believe themselves highly honoured and blessed by having a standing within the charmed circle; but everything was so sedulously guarded that they were compelled to look to the Brahman as the centre and source of all their privileges; he was the sun round which they as satellites must ever revolve; without him they could do nothing—could indeed have no existence at all. . . . At length the great fact came to be conceded that *all lived for the Brahman, and that the Brahman governed all.*" Most truly is it pointed out that caste is independent of morality and even religious belief. This system, most rigid in ceremonial conditions, is most latitudinarian in the essentials of truth and morals. No sin, no error excludes from caste. As long as a Brahman observes the rules respecting food, marriage, and professional pursuits, he is free in everything else. We can vouch for the accuracy of the following:—"Looking to the moral influence of caste on the Hindu nation, it is impossible to deprecate the system too strongly; its tendency has been to eat out human sympathy, to annihilate fellow-feeling, to render the heart callous, cruel, and selfish. No one who has not dwelt in India can understand to what extent this terrible induration of the national heart has gone. . . . Caste has not destroyed the power to feel and to love, but it has dammed up the stream of affection within such narrow and selfish limits that it cannot spare one drop of its genial waters to refresh the arid region beyond its own boundary. No people in the world is more marked for domestic tenderness than the Hindus; a kindly regard for their outer circle of acquaintances too may be seen—this is diluted into a respectful recognition of all the members of their particular caste—but anything in the shape of active and general benevolence for even their own caste-folk is never thought of. Outside their own caste the weal and woe of their fellows affects them in no degree whatever. . . . What are the things which jeopardise caste? Not moral delinquency. Theoretically, no doubt, certain moral offences are prejudicial to caste, but practically all moral considerations are ignored. A Brahman may be known to be a monster of wickedness, a thief, liar, adulterer, murderer, but his sanctity as a Brahman remains

unaffected by these crimes; he will still be worshipped by his disciples, and still will they drink the waters of his feet as a holy thing; but let that Brahman even by accident eat forbidden food or touch an unlawful object, and the curse of uncleanness at once falls upon him. . . . Strange and anomalous, moreover, as it may seem, a man's belief or disbelief has nothing whatever to do with his caste." He may be atheist or Christian, but as long as he fulfils the mechanical observances of caste, he has nothing to fear.

Our author's accounts of Buddhism and Mohammedanism are of necessity taken from books, and contain one or two slips, as where he explains *Sanscrit* to mean the *perfectly constructed speech*. *Speech* of course is not contained in the term, but supplied. It is scarcely wise to accuse Mohammed of making the Virgin Mary "the sister of Aaron, the first high priest." This is probable indeed, but Mohammedans contest it. We note the meaning of sikh as *disciple*, and the connection of aryan (noble) with arare, to plough. The descriptions of the various sects and attempts at reformation in Hinduism, and of the reciprocal influence of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, will be found very instructive. But what books cannot give is the picture of the transition going on in India under the twofold action of English civilisation and Christianity; and in the closing chapters which deal with this subject our author is at his best. The freshness of tone and the illustrative facts long experience alone could supply.

The dissolving effect of indirect agencies, such as railways, Government employ, scientific knowledge, sanitary arrangements, and education, is briefly but effectively described in the eighth chapter. These alone would in time undermine the strength of caste. Take the following on sanitary measures:—"Some five years ago the Municipal Commissioners of Calcutta determined to bring pure water into the city. Up to that period the inhabitants had been drinking the foul water of the river Hooghly, or the not less foul water of tanks in their compounds. The municipal water was to be brought, after being thoroughly purified, a distance of sixteen miles through pipes. The pipes were to be connected with hydrants planted along the streets, out of which the people might draw the water. 'But,' said the Brahmans, 'it is impossible for us to use the water. As all other castes are to have access to the same hydrants, we, to avoid contamination, must stand aloof.' So said caste; but pure water and health were mightier than caste. To save appearances, the Brahmans convened a council of learned heads to deliberate the pros and cons of the case. There was no doubt in anyone's mind as to the result. The report of the pundits was all that any tender conscience could wish: they fished out of the Shasters a few convenient texts which sufficiently settled the point. One text said,

'To the pure all things are pure;' therefore orthodox Hindus had only to assume their personal purity and drink to their hearts' content. Another text, breathing a spirit of muscular Hinduism, said, 'Health first, religion next.' Another declared, 'All flowing water is pure.' But the clinching passage came last, 'Impure objects become pure by paying the value of them'—argument, 'We pay the water-rate, ergo, to us the water is pure.' At this day, without scruple or protest, Brahmans quaff the water of the hydrants along with all other castes."

Direct mission-agencies — preaching, books, education — are illustrated by telling facts drawn from personal experience, which are not at all exceptional, but really specimens of what is going on all over India. A new agency which is coming into prominence is domiciliary visitation. Great numbers have left our schools with more or less favourable inclinations to Christianity, and should not be lost sight of. They will not enter a Christian church or listen to a street discourse. But they are pleased to receive a visit, which furnishes opportunity for religious conversation. Great tact is necessary, as in all dealings with Hindus. No people on earth are more sensitive to matters of manner and deportment. Word and gesture and look make the missionary a friend or enemy. Mr. Vaughan says, "The visits should be made in an informal and quiet way. If the missionary, wishing to show respect to the native gentleman, drive up to his door and send up his card by the servant, he will be received with politeness once or twice; but the chances are, the next time he calls, the servant has half-a-dozen good excuses ready—'The Baboo is out, or sleeping, bathing, or eating,' and so an interview is declined. Now the truth of the matter is, the Baboo has no objection to see the missionary, but his formal visits have been observed by the neighbours and talked of by the servants, and this involves an inconvenience which he shrinks from. . . . Of two things you may be pretty well assured, no serious attempt will be made to defend old Hinduism, nothing disrespectful will be said of Christ."

Ample testimony is given to the growth of female education. The objection to the instruction of women at first was, "They are bad enough without education; what will they be with it?" Many converts cannot be expected from Zenânas; but the Christian teaching of women will remove a chief obstacle to the baptism of men. Some touching cases of female converts occur. A native lady at Midnapore believed in Christ, as the result of the visits of a native Christian woman, and applied to a clergyman for baptism. "He begged us to help him in this emergency. We tarried two or three days at the place, and gave the woman special instruction preparatory to baptism. The day of our departure witnessed a strange scene of violence and riot." There was an attack on the parsonage by a mob of two hundred, led by the husband and

friends. The clergyman was driven into the house wounded and bleeding; the house was broken into; the woman clung to the clergyman's wife with such strength that nothing could separate them. The arrival of the police at last restored quiet. A civil trial gave the candidate her choice, and she became a Zenana teacher. She retained the youngest of two children, but has since lost it by death. The following is part of her letter. "Oh, sir, you have heard of the terrible affliction which has befallen me. The Lord, my merciful God, has snatched from me the one precious child, which was my stay and support in my earthly pilgrimage. Alas, how wearisome now does my journey seem; how destitute I feel myself to be! I did not so much bewail my banishment from home and from all that was dear to me, because God gave me this one precious jewel as my consolation. Oh, how very, very dear he was to me; and how he showed his love to God! When dying, he said, 'Mother dear, do repeat the hymn "Ohe Klantho"' (a Bengali version of 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?'). Oh, when shall I listen to that sweet word 'Mother'? Never, never again in this world! Repeatedly in his sleep he would cry out, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Oh, never have I beheld a child like that: he was dearer to me than my soul! Do pray for me. From your sorrowing sister in Christ Jesus."

A very affecting narrative is given of Christian work among lepers, of whom India has more than two hundred thousand. The reader will be interested in the picture of the internal life of the native Church. Altogether Mr. Vaughan's book is one of trustworthy, substantial information.

FREEMAN'S HISTORICAL AND ARCHITECTURAL SKETCHES.

Historical and Architectural Sketches; chiefly Italian. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Corresponding Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Saint Petersburg. With Twenty-two Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Macmillan. 1876.

FOR some years the *Saturday Review* has, almost every week, contained an article by Mr. Freeman. His quietly trenchant style, the clever way in which he convicts out of his own mouth the man who has been rash enough to write wildly either about history or philology, his sarcastic demolition of those who believe in Cuthites and Arkites, or in the English being the descendants of the lost tribes, must be known to most readers. Such a style courts imitation; and there is often room for discussion whether such and such a paper is by the man himself or by one of those

whom we may venture to call his school. Moreover Mr. Freeman has his hobbies. One is that to talk of Anglo-Saxons is to be guilty of mortal sin; another, that the German is still the Holy Roman Empire; another, that the Britons were exterminated not merely in Sussex, but throughout England, at least as far west as the boundary of Somerleaze; another is that Mahometanism was not a natural protest against the idolatrous ritual and corrupt practices and sophistical jargon of degenerate Christianity, but a thing at all times and in all places execrable and abominable, and that the duty of all European states is to join in driving the Turk "bag and baggage," not across the Bosphorus only, but back to his ancestral deserts.

Naturally Mr. Freeman has not been suffered to hold these opinions unchallenged. Messrs. Pike and Nicholas have had a good deal to reply to the ridicule thrown on their recognition of the British element in our English speech, and common sense has convinced many that if we are not Germans—nay, in many things wholly unlike Germans,—the reason probably is that we have in our veins a portion of non-German blood. Of Mr. Freeman's recent tirade against the Turks, we will only remark that they are unbecoming a scholar and an historian. "*Où s'introduit la passion la vérité se cache la figure de ses deux mains*" is a truth which we should always keep before our minds, for the rancour which is so easily bred of unchastened discussion is no less fatal than the *odium theologicum* itself.

The book before us, however, is pleasantly free from acrimony of all kinds. There is more of architecture than of history in it; and those who know Mr. Freeman's other writings know his fondness for architecture and the singular success with which he makes it subserve his historical teaching. Thoroughly conversant with the architecture of his own country, he is able to bring to the study of foreign examples a richness and an aptness of illustration which have rarely been equalled, and which make this book something very different from an ordinary collection of reprinted newspaper articles. Mr. Freeman has a theory, the truth of which is becoming recognised in most quarters, that the Norman Conquest cut England off architecturally from the rest of Europe, except from that province to which it was then united. Our pre-Norman work was general Romanesque; the remains of it (chiefly in such church towers as Barnack) are strikingly like those found all over Western Europe, except in Normandy, where this style was replaced by that special Romanesque which we call "Norman," and of which the distinctive feature is the use of huge piers instead of columns. The origin of this Norman form of Romanesque Mr. Freeman somewhat hesitatingly assigns to the peculiar style which was developed in Lombardy. Of Romanesque in general he truly says that it is by no means a corruption of

classical architecture. On the other hand, he vindicates its right to be called the true working out of Roman principles as seen in their pre-Grecian works (the *cloaca*, &c.), and all through their history, in such buildings as aqueducts, military towers, &c., which did not easily lend themselves to Greek decoration. In Diocletian's time Roman art began to throw off Greek trammels, and the arch, instead of being hidden by a useless entablature, was made a main feature in decoration as well as in construction. This is seen in the grand remains at Spalato, which Mr. Freeman has the credit of having brought into notice after Chambers's account of them had dropped out of mind for nearly a century. His researches in this direction will form the most interesting part of the promised volume of sketches from Dalmatia.

The book before us takes us from Würzburg to Trent, the cathedral of which has piers with capitals and attached shafts of a thoroughly "Norman" type. Thence to Verona and Venice, "where there are towers which no one would feel to be out of place in company with Coloswegen's towers at Lincoln." At Verona he strengthens his theory of the continuity of the Roman Empire by reminding us "how lately the Emperor Joseph II., seeing a bull-fight in the old arena, was greeted with shouts of *imperatore nostro*, while the magistrates commemorated his presence by an inscription in which Imp. Cæs. Josephus II. P. F. A., took his place as naturally as if he had been Vespasian or Trojan."

Verona, with its *Porta dei Borsari*, is of course compared with Treves (Trier, Mr. Freeman calls it), one of whose chief attractions is the *Porta nigra*. Both Verona (Bern) and Ravenna speak to us of one of Mr. Freeman's heroes, Theodoric, or "Dietrich von Bern," whose name has been the occasion of controversy. Ravenna is noteworthy for a round tower, that of St. Apollinaris, in Classe, like those of Ireland, more like those of East Anglia. Whilst at Ravenna our author takes in Treves, Aix (Aachen), and Gelnhausen, because they likewise were imperial residences. The closing words of his notice of Treves betray his want of sympathy with the hardships of the Falk laws: "in the very city where Von Hontheim (Febronius) asserted the rights of the German nation, a modern bishop deems himself to have suffered in an exactly opposite cause, a cause which would have been almost unintelligible to any one of the prelates whose mighty work stands opposite to the prison, which has become for awhile the dwelling-place of their successor." In the Essay on Aachen are some excellent remarks on the process of thoroughly getting up any place in its historical relations. First get a general knowledge of what you are going to see; then go home and study your materials afresh by the light of your new local knowledge; and lastly, go a second time and make your book-learning and the evidence of your senses strengthen and illustrate one another. It is not given

to everyone to travel with such abundant opportunities; but everyone may profit by this remark: "Every place, every part of a place, should, whenever it may be done, be visited twice, even if the two visits happen with only a few hours' interval. . . . Even if a man has only an hour to give to an object, he will learn more by giving it in the form of two distinct half hours" (p. 64). But with Charles the Great, the most famous name at Aachen (it is the deadliest heresy to call him Charlemagne) Mr. Freeman has less sympathy than with Theodoric. "We honour the Frank; we feel our common blood stirred by the vision of his greatness; but in the Goth we have our ten parts, as in one who spoke that best form of the common tongue from which we have, after all, changed less than Frank or Suabian" (p. 68). Gelnhausen, on the Kinzig, a tributary of the Main, is the third non-Italian "imperial city" included in this volume. "It was the favourite dwelling-place of the Cæsars of Hohenstaufen; and within its walls were held some of the most important assemblies in the history of the German kingdom; the great meeting, for instance, which put Henry the Lion under the ban of the Empire, and divided his duchy, giving a large share to the Archbishop of Köln." The ruins of the palace are in the richest Romanesque; and the church, with four towers, is very grand. "It has had the good luck to fall into Lutheran hands, and thus to keep its mediæval features. . . . A Lutheran church often looks squalid and uncared for; it is often choked up with pews and galleries; but it has neither been sacked by iconoclasts nor disfigured with trumpery of the days of Lewis the Great. . . . Spots like this are fertile in suggesting instructive lines of thought. . . . It is something to see the destroyer of Milan, the defeated of Legnano, the legislator of Constanza, the twice pilgrim of Jerusalem, far away in his northern home, and to see that even there everything still brings home to our minds the truth that the German king was also Cæsar noster and dominus mundi."

We have done enough to show the admirable way in which Mr. Freeman blends history and architecture, and makes the one the handmaid of the other. For further detail—about Lucca, Pisa, Fiesole, and the rest of Tuscany, Ancona, Rome, and Southern Italy down to the site of old Kymê—we must refer the reader to the book itself, not the least interesting part of which are the illustrations. They are rough; but we never saw so much made out of so few lines. Reproduced as they are by photography from the author's own pen-and-ink sketches, they are full of feeling and vigour. Nor will our readers wholly miss in the book the writer's usual pugnacity: in the preface he pours out the vials of his wrath on the head of poor Mr. Augustus Hare; and in the essays on Rome he is duly severe on destructive Popes and

cardinals, the worst enemies of Roman antiquities; while the essay on Monza is a choice sample of Freemanness, full of instruction mostly conveyed in the form of allusion and rebuke.

JENNINGS'S LIFE OF RAHEL.

Rahel, her Life and Letters. By Mrs. Vaughan Jennings. With Portrait, engraved from a Painting by Doffinger. London: H. S. King & Co. 1876.

RAHEL LEVIN, whom Carlyle calls "one of the great silent ones," is better known to many as the wife of that great talker and writer, Varnhagen von Ense, who very soon after her death published three volumes about her. Her story, detailed anew in the book before us, may be told in a few sentences, i.e. so far as we need know it, for there is much in her nature with which we cannot bring ourselves to sympathise. She was born in Berlin in 1771, eldest child of a rich Jewish jeweller, and, being a delicate girl ("the first hours of her existence," says Mrs. Jennings, "were carefully rolled in cotton wool"!), who did not get on well with her mother and father, she "was early taught to seek social and intellectual sympathy beyond the family circle." At that time the Berlin Jews occupied a peculiar position; the political and social disabilities, which many of them sought to get rid of by receiving baptism, did not prevent their holding the highest intellectual rank in the city. Men like Marcus Herz and Moses Mendelssohn had forced their way to the front, and had brought a considerable following of their co-religionists with them. The Mendelssohns' house was to Rahel a second home. The daughters, Henriette and Dorothea, were educated in a way which would satisfy the most exacting tutor of Girton College, and their influence on Rahel, their junior, was immense. At sixteen she met Mirabeau, "a burly gentleman with fierce eyebrows and broad features, pitted with small-pox, who called on the king, carried his own letters to post, and studied the world through his lorgnette." At four-and-twenty she begins her correspondence with Brinckmann, a young Swede, afterwards ambassador at Berlin, to whom she says: "I hold that an earnest wish ought to accomplish something. In this case it would be my strongest right to see Goethe. Why is he always to be seen by his washer-woman and boot-cleaner, by aristocrats, and men who write on law and the origin of stones?"

About this time she got engaged to Count von Finkenstein, but the match was broken off on the ground of difference in social rank, and the strong objection of his family to his marriage with a Jewess. By the time she was thirty Rahel's *salon*, one of the most successful copies of that Parisian institution, had become

thoroughly established. Her ready appreciation of power in others was the link which held together a numerous and gifted society. They met at her mother's house in the Jägerstrasse, and a lively account of one of them is given by Count de S., a Parisian visitor. The Schlegels were present, and Madame Unzelmann, a celebrated actress, and Brinckmann of course; and Gentz, afterwards Prince Metternich's secretary at the Congress of Vienna, and a great notability throughout this book. By-and-by, in came Prince Louis Ferdinand: "all rose for a moment, but resumed their places and conversation as before." The Prince declaimed against Napoleon and the friendly relations still kept up towards him by the Prussian Court. When he took up his hat to go the rest of the company followed his example; but his brother-in-law, Prince Radziwill, met him on the staircase and brought him back, and the evening ended by his improvising exquisitely at the piano. This was the Prince Louis who afterwards fell at Saalfeld. With guests so different in class and character and views, Rahel had constant need of the two gifts to which her social success was due—*instant sympathy and entire and unfailing presence of mind.* Madame de Staël was at first jealous of her—scouted the notion that "a little Berlin girl could produce an effect in the circles of Paris." But Prince Louis assured her that Rahel would exercise a remarkable influence in any country or any society, and after the two had met De Staël said: "You have in me a friend who knows how to appreciate you as you deserve."

It was in 1803 that Rahel first met her future husband, he being eighteen, she two-and-thirty. The Von Enses had fallen into poverty; and Varnhagen was tutor in a rich Berlin family, named Cohen. "One evening as he was reading aloud from Wieland to a small company of listeners, they were interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. He heard the name, remarked her animated gesture, her full beaming eye, her musical genial voice. The rest of the company sank into insignificance; he indited on the spot a poem expressive of his admiration, which, stranger as he was, he sent to Rahel next day. They did not, however, meet again for two or three years." We could have spared a good many of the sometimes over-sentimental letters which Mrs. Jennings has inserted in exchange for this poem. In 1805-6 they met, and Varnhagen became fascinated. "In her presence (he says) I am fully conscious of having before me a true human being, that glorious creation of God in its purest, most perfect type. She gave to every word, no matter how indifferent, a charm, a character of truth and originality, which changed the ordinary into the extraordinary." Yet Rahel was certainly not beautiful; no one would have thought of classing her in that respect with her friend Henriette de Lemos, who at sixteen was

married to old Marcus Herz, and who seems to have been the loveliest woman in Berlin. Henriette, too, was far better trained than Rahel; "Bekker read with her the Greek classics, Schede Spanish and old German; in English and Italian she was applied to from all sides as an authority; Portuguese and Danish she worked up for herself; Hebrew she was proficient in, and she was interested in the scientific pursuits of her husband." To none of this could Rahel lay claim; she won Varnhagen by the same means by which she influenced all with whom she came in contact—by a certain charm of manner, by broad human sympathy, which found something good or interesting in everybody, and by that wonderful conversational power which drew out everybody else's best, and seemed almost to change their natures by forcing them to join in "the naïve utterance of thoughts grand in their simplicity and wisdom." This, combined with thorough straightforwardness, was the secret of Rahel's success. Mrs. Jennings says "this love of society, of humanity in any shape, is an essentially French element in her character. It was fostered by frequent intercourse with distinguished Frenchmen whom the emigration, and later the occupation, brought to Berlin." We may add, too, that there is still a distinctly French strain in the Berlin blood, due to that earlier emigration which took place at the Edict of Nantes. But what makes Rahel's life an exceptional one is not her social success, but the class of men whom circumstances gathered round her. Queens of society, as powerful, as full of influence, in their own domain as she was in hers, are not rare. People, especially men-folk, are so easily led, if an intelligent woman will but fling aside personal pettiness and bring tact and good nature to the work. This is not seldom seen even in humble spheres. The difference in Rahel's case, was that Germany just then was on the eve of the great patriotic uprising against the First Napoleon. Poets, lawyers, divines, scientists, were all wild with enthusiasm, all urging on the more cautious politicians. Many of these men were at Berlin, and Rahel took pains to hold them together. Not only so, but she continued with several of them the friendship which had begun in that society of which she was queen or president, and hence the interest of this volume is by no means confined to Berlin, or to the round of her own travels. We may fancy what a focus of seething patriotism Berlin must have been, when in the winter of 1807-8 Fichte delivered his famous *Reden* in the Round-hall of the Academy. Von Ense, Fouqué, Chamisso, Hitzig, Wilhelm Neumann, were among the band which was to rouse all Germany to one common effort. Steffens at Halle, Richter (Jean Paul) from "the sunny repose of his gardens at Bayreuth," Schleiermacher in his discourses, Arndt, Stolberg, the Schlegels, Perthes at Hamburg, Von Körner, warrior and poet, these are men of

whom it rarely happens to a "queen of society" to count even one among her subjects. Of Von Stein, the political soul of this movement, the genius to whom, more than to any other man, Prussia owes her present position, and Germany its unity, this work does not tell us much. Of Gentz, a very minor celebrity, there is perhaps too much. Of Schill, the clever leader of irregulars, the heroic defender of Stralsund, we have (p. 86) an interesting notice: "the English cruisers came in just too late to save him and his garrison." Interesting in another way is Rahel's note of the French entry into Berlin: "The troops streamed along in the worst possible discipline according to Prussian ideas; little fellows in grey cloaks, talking noisily together, riding three on one horse, and, *pour comble d'horreur*, upon their three-cornered hats, in close proximity to those tricolours which had figured victoriously in two hemispheres, was stuck a leaden spoon ready for instant service." Rahel, indeed, was not only an acute observer, but by no means deficient in humour; "the only woman," said Friedrich Richter, whose experience of the sex must have been sadly limited, "in whom I have found humour."

Despite the knot of patriots at Berlin, Prussia sadly hung back instead of taking the lead against Napoleon. Von Ense, anxious to do something, had to take service under Austria. He came back to Berlin in 1811, but he and Rahel were not married till three years after. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the book is the way in which, on her return to Berlin in 1819, after living with her husband in Paris and at the Congress of Vienna, Rahel managed to draw together the remnants of her old society, to fill up the gaps, and to form a *salon* almost as brilliant as that of yore. Of this new *salon* Heine was the great ornament; indeed, the Von Enses have the credit of having been the first to appreciate his genius, and to make him known to society. The book is too long. Rahel Levin cannot in this busy age claim a large place in our insular sympathies. Mrs. Jennings is wise in not confining herself to her heroine. We are thankful to know something (though it is often but a little) of those who to too many of us are mere names. But we demur to her estimate of Goethe; we do not think that "his interest in a battle-field consisted not so much in the extinction or glorification of a German principality as in its splendid contribution to the science of osteology" (p. 125). That can hardly be true of the author of *Faust*.

MARTINEAU'S BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Biographical Sketches, 1852—1875. By Harriet Martineau.
Fourth Edition, enlarged, with Autobiographical Sketch.
London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.

It is unnecessary to enter now upon a description of papers so well known as Miss Martineau's sketches. First made public in the pages of a daily journal, they were afterwards gathered together in a handy volume, of which three editions were called for in a few years. A special value is given to the present edition by the publication of four additional sketches and the singularly interesting fragment of autobiography which, with a strange foreboding of approaching death, was prepared and deposited in careful hands twenty-one years before the decease of its author called for its publication. Miss Martineau's memoirs must be written by other hands than her own. Apart from a certain egotism which an autobiography necessarily discloses, the view of the life is taken from too near a point of observation. It is true it has the advantage of being written by the one who of all is best able to record with truthfulness the events in the history of the individual, and with a knowledge of motives and purposes which lie far beyond the ken of other observers. But of all persons no one is placed in less favourable circumstances for estimating the relative value of an individual life and its influence upon surrounding society than the subject of that life himself. Recession from a work of art is needful in order to a truer judgment being formed of its merits.

Confining ourselves to a brief reference to these sketches, we may say that Miss Martineau was a careful observer, keenly appreciative of delicate shades of thought. She had well-defined standards of political right and of moral excellence. By these all were judged: hence there is a distinctness of statement in her estimates of conduct, and a sharpness of outline in her delineations quite free from mazy uncertainty. She wrote with the belief that the characters of distinguished men and women are a more important possession to the world than anything they can do,—a belief which gave great seriousness to these memoirs, and led to a fidelity in recording alike the failures and the successes, the sins and the graces of her subjects. She held that persons of sufficient social prominence to be worthy of published memoirs have given themselves to society for better or worse—not their deeds only, but themselves. Judged by these sketches, their author had not a sufficient breadth of view to qualify her to be an historian, though she must have read history largely and with much care. Neither wanting in penetrative discernment nor in the power of effective expression, she must be said to have dis-

played rather the capability of recording incidents than that of estimating the motives and energies of character: we have a skilful setting forth of outward forms rather than a revelation of inward forces. Miss Martineau has aptly intertwined her opinions on great social questions with the history of prominent individuals, frequently with a felicity of expression equalled only by the gracefulness of her sentiments.

The four additional sketches are those of Sir John Herschel, Sir Edwin Landseer, Barry Cornwall, and Mrs. Somerville. The first and third are very effective. That of Sir John Herschel represents his life as affording "the pleasant spectacle of high intellectual and moral enjoyment secured and not impaired by continuous outward prosperity."

Miss Martineau accords Herschel a place, and a very high one, amongst the poets of science, since "it is the poet's function to move the soul, to rouse the emotions, animate the affections, and inspire the imagination; and all this Herschel did in almost every page which went forth from under his pen." He is further described to be one of the finest popularisers of science, or rather of scientific aims and objects, on record. Due prominence is given to the most distinguished act of his life—the cataloguing of the stars in the southern hemisphere. But we have already lingered too long on this one sketch. Each presents its own almost equal measure of temptation.

Sir Edwin Landseer's is briefer, for there was less of public incident in his life and less of variety in his works. It is impossible to sketch the life of a painter without sketching his pictures: with only a few exceptions this is not attempted. This paper, therefore, though clever and discerning, is not quite satisfactory.

"Barry Cornwall"—Bryan Walter Procter—is written with great spirit and keen appreciation of his finer qualities. Evidently the writer was one of those then living who felt "in their inmost hearts that no melody of verse ever moved them more deeply than certain of Barry Cornwall's metres." His personal character and habits, and the distinctive features of his writings, are sketched with much judgment, surprisingly compressed, apt, and faithful.

The last of the series is Mary Somerville, the general habit and manner of whose life are clearly portrayed, and a fair estimate of her work is given. But we must forbear.

These sketches will long help to light up duller pages of the history of the earlier half of our century. They are very various in character; pleasant chit-chat is mixed up with graver judgments and reflections and critiques on individual works; debates of politicians mingle with the daring deeds of heroes; and the paintings of artists, the writings of authors, with the works of

charity done by philanthropists. With much industry Miss Martineau collected numerous anecdotes of family and private life, and interwove them with recitals of grand and stirring public deeds. Yet, wide as is the range, one could almost believe that she wrote only of her own personal friends, so familiar does she seem with her various subjects. There is a quiet sprightliness in the style of the writing; some portions full to overflowing of a true poesy, some displaying skilfulness in description, and others keen critical acumen; much of the writing is carefully modulated; not with the stamp of the footing of metre, but with the gentle ripple of an unbroken wave. We still have our regret. It is that the autobiographical portion is so incomplete, leaving the story of the ripest, perhaps the best, years of her life untold. Will anyone who is competent give to the world a rounded life and a just estimate of the character of Harriet Martineau, and of the influence of her work on the age?

SOME BOOKS OF VERSE.

Pacchiarotto, and How He Worked in Distemper. With other Poems. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1876.

The Chinese Classics. Translated into English, with Preliminary Essays and Explanatory Notes. Revised and Reproduced from the Author's Work containing the Original Text. By James Legge, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, formerly of the London Missionary Society. Vol. III. *The She King; or, The Book of Poetry.* London: Trübner and Co., 57 and 59; Ludgate-hill. 1876.

Pidgin-English Sing-Song; or, Songs and Stories in the China-English Dialect. With a Vocabulary. By Charles G. Leland. London: Trübner and Co., Ludgate-hill. 1876.

Boudoir Ballads. By J. Ashby-Sterry, Author of "Tiny Travels," "Shuttlecock Papers," &c., &c. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. 1876.

MR. BROWNING's latest volume, *Pacchiarotto, and How He Worked in Distemper*, is, in many respects, a very remarkable one; but that almost goes without saying in regard to any book of Mr. Browning's. There is in this volume a larger proportion of narrative and personal work than there has been in any volume from the same hand for many years,—if, indeed, so large an element of undramatic work can be found in any of Mr. Browning's books from *Pauline* downwards. The leading poem in this

collection is an extraordinary production, whether regarded as to its ostensible subject, its betrayal of irritation, or its technical achievements. The ostensible subject is that of the Siennese painter,—

“Giacomo Pacchiarotto,
Who took ‘Reform’ for his motto”—

and who got lessoned that he had much better leave things alone, and not attempt to disturb the wise dispensation under which it was the lot of some men to play learned and others unlearned parts in the drama of life. After telling this story directly and simply, without complications or involutions, Mr. Browning addresses his critics on the subject of the accusations brought against him that he is obscure, hard, and the like. His argument is a very obvious one,—that such singleness of thought or motive as may be concerned in the expression of “ignorance, impudence, envy and malice,” takes no very great stress of language-shaping to become intelligible,—while a profound thought is not of necessity obscurely expressed because it taxes the powers of a reader to follow it. And this is pretty much what we have always maintained, in these pages, concerning Mr. Browning. We do not think him an obscure writer,—peculiar and mannered as he is in expression at times; but he is a profound analyst, and a very remarkable unraveller of intricate threads of thought and motive,—which being the case, it is highly likely that, to many a cloudy or muddy intelligence, his works are a severe affliction. Only let it be clearly understood that the obscurity is in the head of the incompetent critic, not in the verse of the profoundly thoughtful poet. We should like to have up some of these carping accusers of obscurity before a board of examiners, and give them a paper or two on Shakespeare and Milton, or, of modern days, Tennyson, and see whether they were any more able to interpret numerous passages we could select from those poets than they are to interpret Mr. Browning: we should have no doubt whatever that the same individuals who find Mr. Browning obscure would be “ploughed” in such a Shakespearian, Miltonic, or Tennysonian examination. But as regards the method in which Mr. Browning has chosen to express himself on this occasion, we must confess we feel sorry he has not maintained his old severe silence. Forty years is a long time to keep one’s temper under irritations from time to time administered; but having kept it for forty, it was a pity Mr. Browning did not keep it for fifty; and he certainly has lost his chance of doing that. The carping critics are compared to the sweeps on the first of May, who go about dancing in all sorts of absurd costumes in front of people’s houses; and, though treated with genial tolerance, they are warned not to bring “more filth” into the poet’s house than they found there, lest “Xanthippe, my housemaid,” detecting

them, should empty on their heads the contents of such household vessel as might come first to hand. From this we presume Mr. Browning has been goaded by that despicable style of attack which does not scruple to misquote the compositions under discussion, and then point out to the reader what nonsense they are; indeed, we have seen this done in more than one case, and, we have good reason to believe, by one particular person, who certainly deserves to be retaliated on, but is too highly honoured by the distinction of rebuke from head-quarters. The poem is most brilliantly written in the short two-syllabled and three-syllabled rhymes found in the author's poem, "The Glove," and also in "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." The grotesque illustrations introduced are highly amusing, and the piece is altogether a great deal too good a vehicle for the rebuking of a class of persons who will always be found, and are best let alone.

One of the most important poems in this volume is that entitled "Cenciaja,"—an account, very plainly told, of an Italian case of matricide, bearing on the Cenci case, and thus affording a most interesting illustration of the tragic master-piece of Shelley, to whom the poem is, in a manner, dedicated in the following words:—

"May I print, Shelley, how it came to pass
That when your Beatrice seemed—by lapse
Of many a long month since her sentence fell—
Assured of pardon for the parricide—
By intercession of staunch friends, or, say,
By certain pricks of conscience in the Pope
Conniver at Francesco Cenci's guilt,
Suddenly all things changed, and Clement grew
'Stern,' as you state, 'nor to be moved nor bent,'
But said these three words coldly, '*She must die* :'
Subjoining '*Pardon? Paolo Santa Croce*
Murdered his mother also yestereve,
And he is fled : she shall not flee at least !'
So, to the letter, sentence was fulfilled.
Shelley, may I condense verbosity
That lies before me, into some few words
Of English, and illustrate your superb
Achievement by a rescued anecdote,
No great things, only new and true beside ?"

The rescued anecdote is one concerning the motives of Paolo Santa Croce in the murder of his mother, and the motives of Cardinal Aldobrandino, the Pope's nephew, in implicating Paolo's brother, Onofrio Santa Croce, and obtaining his execution; and the whole study throws important light on the character of this cardinal, by whose intercession it seems more than probable that that villain of villains, Count Francesco Cenci, was allowed to live on in the perpetuation of the most monstrous crimes, which, in Shelley's phrase,—

"If once or twice compounded,
Enriched the Church,"

until his children and his wife were drawn into the commission of that murder which is the basis of Shelley's tragedy and of quite a world of literature beside. The story cannot be very well given in abstract, for Mr. Browning has so far fulfilled his pledge of "condensing verbosity" that lay before him that those who wish to know the story must just read it as it stands in the book. We must, however, find room for a keen shaft aimed by the poet at the corrupt Church under which such compoundings of crime and miscarriages of justice as we read of in these and similar narratives were possible:—

"So ends the chronicler, beginning with
 'God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,
 Rests never till it reach delinquency.'
 Ay, or how otherwise had come to pass
 That Victor rules, this present year, in Rome?"

Another important poem—important as being thoroughly characteristic both in matter and in treatment—is, "A Forgiveness." In this Mr. Browning analyses in his own peculiarly searching method the mutual operation of two reticent characters under mutual misunderstanding; and the synthesis which, in accordance with his custom, springs from this analysis, is performed by means of his own particular instrument, the dramatic monologue. Some of the minor poems, such as "Numphroleptos" and "Piagah Sights," are full of the old fire of expression found in Mr. Browning's works of thirty years ago, and full also of fresh metric qualities; but in that respect nothing in the volume equals "Pacchiarotto."

A Chinese anthology is a desirable addition to our already rich exotic literature; and in *The She King, or Book of Ancient Poetry*, we get such an anthology from that eminent sinologist, Dr. James Legge, who has been most judiciously elected to the newly created professorship of Chinese in the University of Oxford. In a case of this sort one would naturally expect the scholarship to be superior to the poetic quality, and those who hold such an expectation will not be disappointed, although this great collection of multifarious poems has been very competently versified. The circumstances of this versification are somewhat peculiar. When Dr. Legge was preparing his larger critical work on this Chinese Classic, he did not consider that it would be worth the trouble involved to versify the whole collection; and the complete versification was only undertaken at the suggestion of Dr. Legge's nephew, the Rev. John Legge, who, together with his brother, the Rev. James Legge, and the Rev. Alexander Cran, undertook to assist in the versification. A plan was accordingly drawn out for the guidance of all concerned, and although fully three-fourths of the translations are by Professor Legge himself, the curious composite plan of action was really carried out. Dr.

Legge, it seems, then revised the work of his associates, and the whole was afterwards redacted under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Mercer. The result is a somewhat hard and dry metric quality, though fraught with a good deal of variety. Indeed, in variety of rhyme the translations must, in the nature of things, go infinitely beyond the originals, for there are but about twenty rhyming terminals employed in the original, owing to the great poverty of the Chinese language in that respect. Dr. Legge assures us, however, that, metric as it is, his collection is yet no paraphrase—that we have, in fact, the literal meaning of the originals, with only a very sparing employment of epithets not found in the Chinese book. Of the arrangement of the book, and the historic material lavished in the Prolegomena and in the notes at the head of the various poems, it would be difficult to speak too highly; and the student has also the assistance of an ample and most complete index. We say “the student,” because this is pre-eminently a book for the student, although there may be general readers sufficiently omnivorous to go to so learned and exhaustive a volume to gain an insight into the ancient life of China, the home customs of that strange people, their ideas, their crimes, and their powers in poetry. From this point of view Dr. Legge’s version of *The She King* is invaluable; and although it is not intrinsically as interesting or important a book as the works of Confucius and Mencius, forming the first and second volumes of the same series, it is matter for much congratulation that the Professor has rounded off his labours with the present volume, which forms the essential complement of the other two. We hardly know whether greater justice would be done to this book by extracting an example of the workmanship or by leaving quotation alone; but, although a single example can give no notion of the variety of subject and treatment, we cannot refrain from offering the following spirited poem as a specimen of what may be found in *The She King*. The poem celebrates an expedition against the Heen-yun, and especially the character and conduct of Keih-foo, who commanded it: the time is supposed to be during the reign of King Seuen, B.C. 826 to 781:—

“When the sixth month had come, the turmoil of war
Burst suddenly forth, and each quick-harnessed car
Stood ready to move, with its steeds keen and strong,
While heavier cars bore the baggage along.
Fierce blazing, the Heen-yun had mustered their men;
No recreant there, all was urgency then.
The king gave the word; we were mustered and gone,
To rescue from foemen the kingdom and throne.

“Well matched in their strength were the horses, and black,
And trained to the reins, as they tighten or slack.
Ere the sixth month was o’er, the field we could take;
No more preparation we needed to make.

- "With all our accoutrements fully complete,
Each day thirty *le* went our hurrying feet;
The king gave the word; we were mustered and gone,
With courage all ardent to help heaven's son.
- "Long and stout were the steeds attached to each car,
With broad heads that scented the battle afar.
We smote the Heen-yun, and great merit obtained,
Nor flagged in our efforts till triumph was gained.
The eye of our leader was careful and stern,
Discharging his service, bright glory to earn;
Determined the war to such issue to bring,
As would firmly establish the throne of the king.
- "For themselves badly judging, the Heen-yun go,
Bold to occupy Isiaou, and seize upon Hwoh.
Haou and Fang they o'erran, still issuing forth
Till, crossing the King, they pressed on to the north.
Our flags showed the falcons in blazonry bright,
And gaily their streamers all fluttered in white.
Ten chariots of war, all imposing and strong,
Led proudly the van of our conquering throng.
- "The workmen had laboured to perfect each car;
Well balanced, before and behind, for the war.
Its four steeds were mighty, unmatched in their strain,
And yielding at once to each touch of the rein.
We smote the Heen-yun; ay, we conquered, and then
We pursued them in flight to the far I'ac-yuen.
As in peace, so in war our Keih-foo is great,
Affording a pattern to all in each state.
- "And now, at the banquet, forgotten all care,
We feast with his friends, feeling happiness rare.
The tedious marches are all over now—
The marches we travelled returning from Haou.
To his friends the bright spirits his welcome convey;
Minced carp and roast turtle the mats all display.
And who are the guests? There, above every other,
Sits Chang Chung, renowned as a son and a brother."

The metre here is well suited to the subject; and the ballad is spirited enough.

We pass from *The She King*, to another book connected with China, but in a very different department of literature, though here again the merits of the book are an admixture of the scholarly and the poetic, in different proportions from those in which these two classes of merit are blended in Dr. Legge's book. *Pidgin-English Sing-Song* covers the very small philological department of a local bastard speech, namely, the business-English [*pidgin* = business] used by the Chinese at Hong Kong for purposes of communication with the English there. This strange compromise between the English vocabulary and Chinese idioms has become a permanent dialect with a certain philological interest, similar to that attaching to the Anglo-German jargon spoken by Germans of the United States; and, just as Mr. Leland has made a literature of that dialect in his clever and

amusing *Breitmann Ballads*, so, in *Pidgin-English Sing-Song*, he has succeeded in producing some really humorous, witty, and even pathetic results in the Hong-Kong Anglo-Chinese dialect. This is legitimate scholar's work, though of a minor kind; and that it should be done in such a manner as to be extremely entertaining, is pure gain to the general reader. The language is, in itself, so barbarous and stiff that one would have thought it utterly insusceptible of poetic treatment; but Mr. Leland triumphs over his materials completely, and with more truly poetic results than he obtained in the *Breitmann Ballads*, or, indeed, in his capital book of *Rommany Songs*. These "Pidgin-English" poems are, however, somewhat insusceptible of quotation, as, to appreciate their merits, one must devote an hour or so to the introduction, vocabulary, and notes, all of which are excellently framed, with a view to making the book as easy to appreciate and understand as possible.

For those who look on verse as fit to amuse triflers in the making and idlers in the reading, *Boudoir Ballads* can be recommended as a desirable book; it has also the merit of carrying out what it professes. The title would, of course, repel readers who regard poetry as a serious thing; and the small preface in verse, called "The Keynote," accurately describes the contents; the author, Mr. Ashby-Sterry, says:—

"I take the dainty quill of dove,
A baby harp of joy:
I pen the lightest phase of love,
I sing the fragile toy.
I rave about a damsel's dress,
And versify on lace;
I burnish gold on tiny tress,
And praise a pretty face.
I'd pen a fancy for a flirt,
And rhyme on beauty's bills;
Or write a sonnet on her skirt,
As Laureate of Frills!"

We wish Mr. Ashby-Sterry a better office; but we cannot say we find him incompetent to be "laureate of frills," or of fribbles.

SOME BOOKS OF MR. GROSART'S EDITING.

Early English Poets. The Complete Poems of Sir John Davies. Edited, with Memorial Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. In Two Vols. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1876.

Early English Poets. The Complete Poems of Robert Herrick. Edited, with Memorial Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. In Three Vols. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1876.

The Poetical Works of George Herbert. Edited by A. B. Grosart. London: George Bell and Sons, York-street, Covent Garden. 1876.

If we had to judge Mr. Grosart simply by his industry, we should certainly find it necessary to class him in the first rank of English editors; but those who read the article on Wordsworth's Prose Works in our number for October, 1876, will have seen that there are other grounds beside industry on which we have had to judge Mr. Grosart, and on which we have found him somewhat light in the balance. We imagine he was not very much at home in dealing with texts such as Wordsworth's; and, indeed, it by no means follows that a gentleman whose name has been chiefly known through the private book-selling business which he has for years carried on under the general name of the "Fuller Worthies' Library" should be as well qualified to edit Wordsworth as to bring out that particular class of works required in his own special line of business. The idea, however, of bringing out some of the Fuller Worthies in the ordinary method of publication was a good one; and we are glad to see that the enterprising firm of Chatto and Windus has taken up this series, and, under the title of *Early English Poets*, is issuing some of Mr. Grosart's best work, done on texts highly worthy of good work. The series of *Early English Poets* thus far comprises the poems of Giles Fletcher (a man peculiarly well worth restoring to a place before the general public), Sir John Davies, and the renowned poet of the Restoration, Robert Herrick, of whom, perhaps, more than any classic poet of like merit among Englishmen, a new edition was most wanted. The two books of this series that we have to deal with on the present occasion are the "Complete Poems" of Sir John Davies and Robert Herrick, forming five charmingly printed and very handy volumes, and making, with the single volume of Giles Fletcher's works, not now under review, a most desirable set of books.

The present edition of Sir John Davies's Poems is not a mere reprint of that in the Fuller Worthies series, but has been recollated with the original and early editions, and is thus made more accurate than the Fuller Worthies edition; and Mr. Grosart has also obtained new material—at least we think so—he says so. But on this point we had better at once deliver ourselves of our grounds of doubtfulness. In the preface we read: "I have likewise been enabled to make some interesting additions, as will appear in the respective places." At the head of the Contents, Vol. I., we read: "*Those* [the italics are ours] marked with [*] are herein printed for the first time, or published for the first time among Davies's Poems." We look down the list of Contents thus headed, and find but one item marked with an asterisk, namely the dedication of a MS. gift copy of *Nosce Teipsum*, in the possession of his

Grace the Duke of Northumberland, at Alnwick Castle. We turn to page 12, at which the dedication in question occurs, and find a note, "On this MS. of 'Nosce Teipsum' see our Preface." We "see our Preface" again, and find only, in this connection,— "His Grace the Duke of Northumberland was good enough to allow me the leisurely use of his MS. of 'Nosce Teipsum' at Alnwick Castle." Now, in the first place, *Those* cannot be said to imply less than two new things, and there is but one at most in Vol. I. to answer to the expression; in the second place, there is nothing to show whether the dedication is here first printed or only first included in Davies's Poems. Thus, although we find in the table of Contents for Vol. II. several bestarred items ranged under a note identical with that over the Contents in Vol. I., we start on our quest under a general uncomfortable impression that the editor is playing at hide-and-seek with us; and that game, when played between an editor and his readers, never inspires the latter with confidence in the former. We think, on the whole, that it is not unlikely there may be some verses here never before printed; but with such a lax and mystifying system of explanation in force, we decline either to collate this edition with former editions or to stamp with our own endorsement the statement made by Mr. Grosart. A large section of Vol. II. consists of what are called "Hitherto Unpublished Poems," and of these the mass are from MSS. belonging to Dr. David Laing, of whom it is said in the preface that he *again* entrusted his Davies MSS. to Mr. Grosart. We should therefore judge it to be quite possible that the whole of these poems are now reprinted from the Fuller Worthies Library, and that Mr. Grosart's conscience allows him to call them "Hitherto Unpublished" by the same technical juggle which admits of his becoming a bookseller and publisher in effect, without sending to the public museums the five copies prescribed by law. We note these small matters because, in our opinion, every good editor of good works can afford to be perfectly open with the public, and let them know with precision the sources of his edition; and unquestionably the series of works now under notice *are* good works.

The poems of Sir John Davies are a possession of great worth in the world of letters; and they hold a place of eminence among the particular class of religious poetry. The "Nosce Teipsum" is full of fine and subtle reasoning on the soul and its immortality; the reasoning is illustrated with much admirable and somewhat quaint imagery; and the metric quality is of a high average, while the language is nervous and simple. The following, a fair example of "Nosce Teipsum," will be new to many of our readers:—

"Fond men! If we believe that men doe live
Under the zenith of both frozen Poles,
Though none come thence advertisement to give;
Why have we not the like faith of our soules?"

- " The soule hath here on Earth no more to doe,
Then we have businesse in our mother's wombe;
What child doth covet to return thereto?
Although all children first from thence do come?"
- " But as Noah's pidgeon, which returned no more,
Did shew, she footing found, for all the Flood,
So when good soules, departed through Death's dore,
Come not againe, it shewes their dwelling good.
- " And doubtlesse, such a soule as up doth mount,
And doth appeare before her Maker's face;
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As she looks down, and scorns this wretched place.
- " But such as are detrudd downe to hell,
Either for shame, they still themselves retire;
Or tyed in chains, they in close prison dwell,
And cannot come, although they much desire."

In the second volume Davies is shown at the two poles of his qualifications; for among the epigrams are plenteously strewn trivialities marked with all the pointless coarseness of the Elizabethan age, while there are other poems of his serious vein ranging up as high as a metrical version (and one by no means to be contemned) of the first fifty of the Psalms of David.

The edition of Herrick, which Mr. Grosart has given us, is a great improvement on all previous editions, though the inedited poetry by Herrick, which it contains, is confined to one small poem, of no great importance. The "Memorial Introduction" includes a good deal of new matter, Mr. Grosart having discovered the will of Herrick's mother, and having adduced some reasons for doubting the tales of Herrick's great poverty that are generally current. These reasons spring from researches as to the circumstances of collateral branches of the families of Herrick and Wingfield. It seems that Herrick, after his ejection, must have had many well-to-do and even rich relations in London; but we would point out that rich relations are often the very people that will have nothing to do with poor relations in misfortune. However, it would be strange if, among the many, Herrick had none to help him in his need. As regards the rejections which Mr. Grosart has made, of poems attributed to Herrick by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, we certainly take Mr. Grosart's side; and that gentleman also deserves commendation for his careful collation for the first time, of several poems as printed in the *Hesperides* with the versions of the same given in *Wil's Recreation*. His treatment of the text of his author is, indeed, altogether praiseworthy for its industry and accuracy; and he has added an invaluable index of first lines, and a glossarial index, for which he merits the warmest thanks of the admirers of this prolific writer of multitudinous small poems. It is to be regretted that Mr. Grosart's very useful notes are rendered less useful than they might be by a very obscure and slovenly style, which so far dis-

figures his cumbrous "Memorial Introductions" as to make them positively harrowing for readers with ears for harmony of speech, eyes for economy of laying-out, and only three-score years and ten to finish all their reading in.

Subject to the like general deductions, Mr. Grosart's edition of George Herbert's Poetical Works, prepared for Messrs. George Bell and Sons' Aldine Series of British Poets, is a highly valuable and admirable work. A pair of scissors would do wonders for the "Memorial Introduction" and Notes; but the text is very carefully edited, and very greatly extended as compared with other current editions of Herbert's Poems. There is a mark used in this edition to indicate that poems "*appear* for the first time;" but even here we cannot trust in that expression as meaning that such poems have not been printed in the Fuller Worthies edition or elsewhere; if we could, the mass of newly printed matter would be really important, though the bulk of it consists of Latin poems not very widely interesting, however precious to the earnest student of Herbert's works; but that we cannot is evident from the fact that this mark is set, in the Contents, against six out of seven poems called "Lilies of the Temple," very beautiful additions to Herbert's works, while we find a note, secreted in the middle of the book, to the effect that the first six of these poems were published in *The Leisure Hour*, the last being from Tate's *Miscellanea Sacra*. We would ask Mr. Grosart, in all astonishment at our own or his apparent ignorance of the use of language, how a poem can be published in the *Leisure Hour* without *appearing*. This edition of Herbert is the handiest and best we have, and can quite well afford to appeal to the public on its merits, without the trickery of so-called first appearances.

CLAYTON'S ENGLISH FEMALE ARTISTS.

English Female Artists. By Ellen C. Clayton, Author of "Queens of Song," &c. In Two Volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers, 8, Catherine-street, Strand. 1876.

A BOOK on English Female Artists was a happy thought, and one which might very naturally have been expected to occur to the authoress of *Queens of Song*. Books dealing specially and exclusively with women of genius and women of talent are not very plentiful; and, beside the intrinsic interest of the subject, such books have a value as encouragements to talented women to make use of their gifts. As a rule the few books of this kind have been themselves the work of women; and this has not been an unmixed advantage. The late Mr. Dyce's *Selections from English Poetesses* is a rare exception to this rule,—rare in every sense, for the volume is extremely difficult to meet with; and it might be well if some one of Mr. Dyce's turn of mind would give us

another monograph on English Poetesses, on some such plan as this book of Miss Clayton's, and fully illustrated by means of examples. But we trust that, when this is done, it will be done by a man, for the literary-critical faculty in women has certainly not found any very high representative among us yet, whatever it may be destined to do. *Songstresses of Scotland*, for example, is more valuable for its collective facts and specimens than for its critical judgments; and we cannot recall any real contribution to critical literature from any woman's pen but that of Mrs. Brown-ing, whose poetical works, especially *Casa Guidi Windows* and *Aurora Leigh*, are replete with gnomic sagacity and fineness of critical perception. In the special department of female artists there was ample room for an exhaustive biographical work; for although Mr. Redgrave cannot be accused of ignoring the weaker sex in his admirable *Dictionary of Artists of the English School*, the plan of that work afforded no opportunity for showing prominently what has been accomplished in painting by Englishwomen. Then, again, Miss Tytler's little hand-book of modern painters introduced with so much fuss certain mediocre enough ladies, that an unwary reader might not unnaturally regard as somewhat weak the position of those who think the claims of women, in regard to artistic achievement, have been underrated. When we see the available force of Female Artists in England, all mustered and ranged in one connected work, we are in a position to judge what those claims are really worth; and we are bound to confess that, interesting as these volumes of Miss Clayton's are biographically, we are not struck dumb with astonishment at the amount of female genius left scattered about the avenues of history for Miss Clayton to gather together within the protecting precincts of these volumes, for the dedication of which, it seems, no more fitting recipient could be discovered than that very common-place artist Miss Elizabeth Thompson, whose works are reputed to have come prominently before the public mainly through a misapprehension as to her parentage, under which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales made special and polite mention of her in an after-dinner speech.

We observe that some of the more notable early names associated with that branch of art-history which Miss Clayton has selected for treatment are not the names of Englishwomen at all; and, although there can be no possible objection to the introduction of such names, it cannot be said that such introduction keeps within the limits of the title of the book. Mr. Redgrave, in a similar dilemma, protected himself by calling his work a *Dictionary of Artists of the English School*,—a bad title enough, but one which did not bind him to confine himself to English artists, among whom it would hardly be fair to include Holbein. Now of the four earliest names in Miss Clayton's work three are

certainly known to be those of foreign ladies practising art in England, namely Susannah Hornebolt, Lavinia Teerlinck (*née* Benninck), and Artemisia Gentileschi; while the remaining one, rejoicing in the name of Anne Carlisle, is assumed by the present biographer to be an Englishwoman, simply by virtue of her name. This is not a positively safe assumption; and there is no sufficient record of Anne Carlisle to enable us to judge of her probable origin. This, however, is a consideration of minor importance: English or foreign, it remains that a lady was practising art in England contemporaneously with Holbein, and was so fine a miniature painter that her works have been taken for his, while she was actually in receipt of a higher salary than he was. It seems that, from this time downwards, ladies displaying artistic talent of any appreciable degree have been petted and courted by English society, and that there has, indeed, been great inducement for native genius to develop and assert itself in the gentler sex. In spite of this, they have not rivalled man, even in England, where the genius for painting has never risen so high as in the northern and southern schools of the Continent, except in the one case of Turner—a worker of subtle miracles in colour and atmosphere whose triumph over means and materials was so complete, and whose creativeness was so highly poetic, that it cannot fairly be said there ever was a greater painter. He did what could be done in his department of art; and Raffaello Santi did no more. But setting aside Turner, where have we any lady landscapist coming “within a hundred miles” of George Barrett, John Varley, Peter de Wint, David Cox, Copley Fielding, and a score or two of minor names? Where have we any lady portrait-painter or historical painter approaching even at the most respectful distance, not only Reynolds and Gainsborough, William Hunt and Collins, Benjamin Haydon, David Scott, and Hilton,—but our own contemporaries, Millais, and Watts, and Leighton, Burne Jones, and Madox Brown, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and a hundred or two of others? Angelica Kauffmann is, perhaps, the lady of widest celebrity of all lady-artists in England; and who now cares to set her work beside even that of so small an artist as Cipriani?

Let it be understood clearly that we by no means depreciate Miss Clayton's labours of compilation and redistribution: on the contrary, not only does her work seem to us to be well done, but to have been well worth the doing; but, having been done, it naturally leads us to ask, What is the upshot? And we find the upshot to be that, even under the favouring influence of ready encouragement, we have not succeeded yet in getting our wives and daughters, or our sisters and mothers, to produce one third-rate picture. So that the inference from painting would be that it is not of any advantage to humanity that women should meddle

with fine art. We suspect that what is really too much for women is the technical part of art,—not the imaginative or creative; and we find this confirmed by noting the proportion of female workers in the arts according to the scale of decreasing importance and increasing technicality. Thus poetry and its cognate art, fiction, are adorned by names of great importance, such as the Brontës, George Eliot, and above all Mrs. Browning, who is likely to live as long as any of her contemporaries. In musical composition, which is far more technical than poetic composition, there is no great female name: while in performance the proportion of talent would probably be found to agree with our theory, though the conditions are such as to make verification difficult. In painting, things are as we have seen: in sculpture, we have far fewer female names than in painting, and none of high note; while in the almost wholly technical art of architecture, bordering on the industrial, we know of no female name whatever. This accords very well with the arrangements of nature; and we have no doubt that the natural functions of wife and mother have impeded women from attaining places as high in the more technical arts as they have attained in the various branches of poetic art. It is noteworthy also that, in the works of her who is probably the greatest female artist England has produced, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the most salient defects are on the technical side. The second volume of Miss Clayton's book serves to show that an immense number of ladies are practising the art of painting among us at the present time,—probably a greater proportion than ever, even allowing for those of whom all trace has been lost; and this state of things is just what might be expected as a concomitant of the women's rights movement, which has its origin in that unfortunate surplus million of women for every twenty-five millions of men. No art-library will be complete without these volumes; and they will be found most useful for students of art and art-history, as well as very entertaining for general readers.

BAXTER'S ST. CHRISTOPHER, &c.

St. Christopher, with Psalm and Song. By Maurice Baxter, Author of "James Strathgeld, Part of an Autobiography." London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.

WE believe the publisher's reply to a young poet was strictly correct. "Of such volumes as yours," said he, "ninety-eight per cent. are still-born." Probably of these a very large proportion deserve their fate; they have done their work, which was to rid the writers of a troublesome effervescence; and, this accomplished, no place suits them so well as the limbo of the publishers' shelves;

even the presentation copies get gradually edged into the background as the ardour of all-approving friends waxes fainter. When there is a grain, or a small nugget, of gold among the rubbish, it is pretty sure to be picked out in some review or other. Eager eyes are at work, month by month, for this very purpose; and, though sometimes a reviewer grimly characterises his notice of the last batch of new poets as "a slaughter of the innocents," reviewers in general are not only ready but anxious to recognise nascent merit. Some of them, perhaps, look ahead, and, pondering on the advanced age of our best poets, wonder who are to be "the coming men," and wish they might haply light on them. On the whole the fate of Keats is not to be dreaded now-a-days by those who aspire to get a hearing for their rhymes. The pity is that the grains and little nuggets cannot be collected; as things are, they are generally set forth with due meed of praise in the review, and that is all. The surrounding rubbish sinks, the review is forgotten, and the author is disappointed. Can it be that "*all rights reserved*" prevents one of our many indefatigable readers from compiling year by year a book of "rescued treasures"? We throw this out as a hint, remarking that we ourselves have more than once found one very good thing in a volume of which the rest was mere verse, and scarcely that.

But these remarks do not apply to the book before us; we honestly rank it among the two which, alone out of the hundred, show fitness for survival. It needs revision—all first works do. The Laureate's early publications are a notable instance of this. But several of the poems which it contains are already polished *ad unguem*, and are also brimfull of thought and feeling. We have taken the pains to look into "James Strathgeld," and find in it the same absence of narrowness and hatred of everything like hypocrisy by which this volume is characterised. But of the tendency to look at the dark side of things of which there were signs in the novel, there is not the slightest trace in the poems; they are the work of a man of high intellect, but, at the same time, of a thorough Christian.

The gem of the collection is, perhaps, "The Temptation," which in its terseness is a great contrast to several wordy effusions by well-known names on the same subject. Here is Christ's answer to Satan's second appeal:—

"Yea, Son of God, but Son of man;
My body bound by God's decree;
Nor can I violate His ban
To prove My own Divinity.
This constant and obedient love
My highest Sonship is declaring;
The Lord Himself My claim will prove
By marvels of His own preparing."

The Tempter makes a last effort at the foot of the Cross,

uttering the half-taunt, half-temptation, "as Thou hast saved others, save Thyself;" and whispering that "the marvels of Thy doing were evidences of my power. I have permitted Thee to fool Thyself and others as my tool." Christ makes no reply but the words recorded in the Gospel :—

"My God, My God, I cry to Thee;
Why, why, hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The story of St. Christopher is told with beautiful simpleness in the compass of five small pages. These are Christopher's words to the hermit, as they are listening to the cry of pilgrims at the ford :—

"Sturdy in limb I am, in 'paters' slow,
Each with his best of gifts to Christ should go.
Upon His altar rest your fast and prayer;
Humbly I lay my strength of manhood there."

Here, in the poem headed "Good Friday," are some lines which recall George Herbert at his best, when his sweet thoughts were not overburdened with quaintness :—

"Lord, is there room beneath Thy cross for me
Where mourners lie;
Where strangers marvel at Thine agony
And scoffers cry?
Here let me find amid the crowd a place,
To watch the awful changes on Thy face."

We have named "The Temptation," because we have found it the most acceptable to those with whom we have discussed this volume. Our own feeling inclines to "What think ye of Christ?" and to "the Wise Virgin" and her foolish sister. Here is the wise virgin's plea for others :—

"I do not dare for them to plead.
Thy wounds, five earnest voices, pray.
The Son of man, who once could bleed,
With Son of God will intercede,
As man with God till dawn of day
Strove and prevailed on Jabbok's mead."

We must now point to one or two of the perfectly polished gems to which we referred. This is one :—

"She brought her box of Eastern scents;
The oil perfumed His feet.
To others 'twas five hundred pence,
To Him a worship meet."

And the rest of the poem is equally beautiful. Take this, again, on "Evening" :—

"Thou Giver of a perfect peace,
Proclaim a truce to sorrow;
Bid all our care and sorrow cease
Until the coming morrow."

"We oft renew the strife by day,
The night a battle making;
And bind our armour for the fray
Before the morn is breaking.

"From all this fruitless toil we turn,
From barren watches keeping;
The victors in the strife, we learn,
Are Thy beloved, sleeping."

Very beautiful, too, is "The New World;" and also the last poem in the book, "For the Hour of Death,"—

"All my past belongs to Thee,
And from sin and misery,
Thou hast set Thy servant free."

But we must close by recommending our readers to get the book for themselves. We have said nothing about the intense appreciation of natural beauty and power of aptly describing it which mark both these poems, and also the author's novel. Here is a new simile, something wonderful in these days of hackneyed imitation and re-imitation:—

"And budding fern-fronds fair to see,
Curled like the old-world ammonite."

Others of like aptness the reader may cull for himself.

From more than one sign (*e.g.* "the Burden-bearer") we gather that the author is a business-man, deep in the necessary cares and troubles of this life, mixing too with those who discuss theology from the scientist's point of view. There are thousands who resemble him in these respects; but few, we fear, in whom amid "thorns" of both kinds the good seed is enabled to grow with the sure and wholesome growth to which the thoughts in this little volume testify. We feel certain that many a perplexed mind would find comfort from reading these poems.

After this it seems out of place to call attention to the typography of the book; but we cannot refrain from saying that it is perfect. Even Messrs. Unwin have rarely been so successful.

HARRIS'S ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES.

Lectures on Astronomical Theories. By John Harris.

CONSIDERABLE pains must have been taken in preparing the diagrams for these lectures, and in executing the model by which the writer illustrates what he calls "The Theory of the Earth's Perpendicular Axis." After elaborating his theory, he goes on to contrast it with the received one, "The Theory of the Earth's Inclined Axis," as he calls it, in which he very wisely draws on Sir John Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy* for an explanation which, as might be supposed, in clearness leaves nothing to be desired. We expected to find something novel,

though we confess not very convincing, in a theory which we were called upon to substitute for that which astronomers had made the basis of their calculations during several centuries, which has accounted with remarkable precision for all the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies, and which commended itself to our judgment as soon as we were able to comprehend it. We could hardly divest ourselves of early prejudices, strengthened as they have been mightily by careful study, and certainly felt disposed to quarrel with the author at the outset. There appeared to be some ground for quarrel, inasmuch as we found the very first sentence hopelessly unintelligible. "Is the earth's position perpendicular or inclined compared with that of the sun?" What does he mean? we exclaimed. The earth is nearly a globe—the sun is nearly a globe. A globe perpendicular or inclined to a globe looked unmeaning. But we were to apprehend the importance of the inquiry, as it "necessarily involves a second question," which is, Does the earth in its orbital revolution around the sun travel in *an even horizontal path* always in the plane of the sun's equator? Or does it travel in an ascending and descending path oblique to the plane of the sun's equator, and passing through that plane?" The italics are ours. Here again we were at sea. We have been accustomed to regard horizontal as referring to the observer's position. A horizontal plane to an observer at Greenwich would be very different indeed from a horizontal plane to an observer at the Cape of Good Hope. Here, for some reason perhaps known to himself, by "horizontal plane" he means the plane of the sun's equator. Now, the earth in its orbital revolution around the sun certainly does not travel in the plane of the sun's equator. The two planes are inclined at an angle which, though small, is very sensible, and has been shown by repeated investigations to be between seven and eight degrees. However, as the position of the sun's axis has little or nothing to do with the theory of the planetary motions—Mr. Harris seems to think it has, but that is his affair, not ours—we shall waive that point, and take with him as our plane of reference a plane through the sun's centre parallel to the earth's equator. Mr. Harris is evidently not aware that this is a common practice with astronomers. In calculating the ephemeris of a planet or comet they first of all calculate the heliocentric co-ordinates referred to this very plane, and adding to these the geocentric co-ordinates of the sun, which are simply the heliocentric co-ordinates of the earth with changed signs, they obtain the geocentric co-ordinates of the planet or comet, referred to the plane of the earth's equator, and thence by a very simple process the right ascension and declination as seen from the earth's centre are determined. Having thus agreed on our basis, we then went on to "the theory of the earth's perpendicular axis,"

and, *mirabile dictu*, notwithstanding all our prepossessions, found no difficulty in accepting it. Probably the author will take little account of such humble converts as we are, and will be disposed to question the sincerity of our conversion when we tell him that we still hold to "the theory of the earth's inclined axis." In fact, having cleared out of the way the little blunder with which he commences, the two theories are *absolutely identical*. He says that the earth's orbit is inclined to the equatorial plane which we have agreed with him in taking as the plane of reference, consequently it is inclined to the line through the sun's centre parallel to the earth's axis; Sir John Herschel and other astronomers say that a line parallel to the earth's axis is inclined to the plane of the earth's orbit. It may be our obtuseness, but we fail to see the distinction.

In his comments on Sir John Herschel's explanation of the theory of the seasons, the writer says, on p. 25 of his first lecture, "At the season of winter solstice, the northern extremity of the axis of the earth, according to the doctrine of the theory, points directly away from the sun at an angle of $28\frac{1}{2}$ degrees." The fact is it points away from the sun at an angle of nearly $113\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; but this is only a trifling blunder, perhaps the result of a misconception as to what an angle actually means. He is particular in telling us that the precise value of the obliquity of the ecliptic "determined by astronomical observation" is $23^{\circ} 27' 30''$, without any intimation that the value is undergoing a slow diminution, but with the value itself he is quite dissatisfied. He does not like its double, which is nearly 47 degrees—he thinks 45 degrees, which is exactly half a right angle, would be neater,—he likes 45 degrees—it ought to be 45 degrees—therefore it is 45 degrees! This is about what his logic amounts to. What a charmingly simple universe we should have, had the construction been left to him. It is true that his 45 degrees differs two degrees from the value determined by astronomical observation, but this he accounts for by assuming a "parallactic displacement of the so-called fixed stars which together constitute the standard of reference whereby the apparent obliquity of the ecliptic is determined, which may probably amount to nearly two degrees of total displacement." In other words, the chord of an arc of 45 degrees on the earth's orbit, or double the sine of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, would, if posited perpendicularly to a line, joining its centre to one of these "so-called fixed stars," subtend an angle at the star of two degrees. This would make the annual parallax of each of these stars more than two and a half degrees, and the diameter of the earth's orbit seen from thence would subtend an angle of more than five degrees! It is difficult gravely to discuss such an idea. If the stars in a limited portion of the heavens are at various distances, parallactic displacements of this order would introduce

such changes in the relative positions or configurations, in different times of the year, as would be manifest to the most careless observers.

The supposition that all are at the same distance, and this distance what Mr. Harris considers necessary to support his theory, about 23 radii of the earth's orbit, somewhat greater than the distance of Uranus, leads to the consequence that the stars in the ecliptic oscillate to and fro in that plane some five degrees, and that a star in the pole of the ecliptic would appear to describe a circle round that pole of five degrees in diameter. In the earlier days of astronomy the most serious objection to the Copernican system was that no such displacement of the fixed stars was perceptible. Mr. Harris would take away the reproach by assuring us that there is such displacement, the evidence of our senses notwithstanding.

We cannot follow the writer through all his fallacies; our readers would be very loth to accompany us. We cannot copy out the many loose and unsupported assertions contained in the volumes. This would be to copy out the greater part of the volumes themselves. We shall simply allude to a few of the more salient points.

He thinks that if the sun were removed to one hundred times its present distance, its light would be about equal to that of a first magnitude star. At 100 times its present distance the light would be diminished 10,000 times. Taking Bouguer's estimate of the light of the full moon as 300,000 times less than that of the sun, the latter at 100 times its present distance would give us thirty times as much light as the full moon does now. This is a low estimate. Wollaston concludes, from carefully conducted photometric observations made in 1799, that the direct light of the sun is nearly one million times that of the moon. According to him, then, the sun at one hundred times its present distance would still give us as much light as would one hundred full moons like our own blazing in the heavens at the same time. Sirius is the brightest fixed star in the heavens. Dr. Wollaston thinks we are not warranted in supposing that its light exceeds a twenty-thousand-millionth part of the sun's light; the sun at the distance supposed would then be two million times brighter than Sirius. These are no loose random assertions, introduced to bolster up a theory; they are conclusions from cool and careful observation.

The author finds fault with the theory of the observation of light. In his quasi-mathematical reasoning on the subject, he forgets that the rays from the sun or other very distant object are to all intents and purposes parallel when they reach our eye. Rays directed from the sun's centre to the extremities of a diameter of the earth, which is perpendicular to the line joining

the centres of the earth and sun, would make an angle of less than eighteen seconds. Of course rays from a star would make an angle inconceivably smaller than this; but this does not affect the proportion between the velocity of light and the velocity of the earth, which has been carefully ascertained. Imagine a plane passing through the direction of the earth's motion, at any point of its orbit, and through a fixed star, the star will appear to be thrown forward in that plane and in the direction of the earth's motion by an angle which is almost precisely equal to twenty seconds multiplied by the sine of the angle between the direction of the earth's motion and the direction of the star. This circumstance has always to be taken into account in constructing the daily ephemeris of a fixed star, and it establishes the fact that the velocity of light is about ten thousand times the velocity of the earth in its orbit, by a very simple process which it would be out of place to reproduce here. This conclusion agrees perfectly with the velocity determined by observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and in a totally different way by means of the ingenious apparatus devised by Messrs. Foucault and Fizeau. It is a remarkable confirmation of the ingenuity and accuracy with which these observers worked that the result of the investigation led to the detection of an error amounting to a thirtieth part in the sun's received distance, which has been abundantly confirmed by other independent lines of investigation.

The author's remarks on light and on "the physical forces of natural science" would be a suitable subject for spiritualistic *séances*, and we leave it for their consideration.

We have read a good many absurd theories and foolish speculations on the subject of comets; but we have met with few so absurd as that propounded in these lectures. We would simply ask Mr. Harris to calculate an ephemeris of any one known comet on the principles he advocates, or, instead of the fruitless attempt, we would seriously recommend the study of the simplest elementary work on dynamics to clear his views with regard to motion in an eclipse.

Of the seven methods for obtaining the sun's parallax, it may be sufficient to say that we have not been able to find a single suggestion of any practical value. The second of them, "by observation of the angle of the moon's illumination," was proposed by Aristarchus, somewhere about 264 B.C. Riccioli tried it and appeared to satisfy himself that the sun's horizontal parallax was some twenty-eight or thirty seconds, which would make the sun's distance thirty millions of miles instead of ninety. In fact it may be shown that an error of two and a half seconds in the position of the boundary line between light and darkness on the moon's surface, as seen by us, might reduce the sun's parallax to nothing—and anyone who has ever looked at the crescent or half moon

with a telescope will see how very ragged is the boundary line, and how utterly uncertain is any observation of its exact position. The first method is in principle that which has been used for finding the distance of the moon. It was suggested by Regiomontanus, in the fifteenth century, and was successfully employed by Maskelyne, in St. Helena, in 1761. Cassini, and other astronomers since his time, have used it with success in finding the parallax of Mars, and thence indirectly the parallax of the sun. Applied directly to the sun itself, in the way this writer proposes, it is utterly worthless. We pass on to the seventh method. "By comparative observation of the angle subtended by the sun's diameter as seen from a station on the equatorial surface of the earth, and as seen at the same time from the earth's centre," these angles differ by the thirteenth part of a second of arc! We wonder whether Mr. Harris ever attempted the measurement of an angle.

A word of advice to those who desire to form some acquaintance with the beautiful results of astronomical research, and with the harmony of the system of which our world forms a part: read some of the accurate and carefully digested manuals which are now within the reach of all, and with a little care and attention you will learn to estimate at its true value the foolish theory, the "science falsely so called," "which leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind;" but do not take Mr. Harris as your guide.

WYLIE'S HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM. VOL. II.

The History of Protestantism. By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D., Author of "The Papacy," "Daybreak in Spain," &c. Illustrated. Volume II. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, London, Paris, and New York.

OF the many enterprises of the above-named enterprising publishers, none can have been more felicitous than to essay a new and thoroughly popular history of Protestantism. Dr. Daubigné's great work has merits of its own, and will ever enjoy the distinguished honour of being the first to awaken public attention, both here and on the Continent, to the thrilling story of the Reformation. But the field is so rich, the theme so attractive, and the circle interested in the subject so wide, that another history may well be borne, and, moreover, if at all worthily written, may be expected to command an extensive sale. Besides, the most spirited translation cannot be as acceptable to general readers as a home-born work. We think, therefore, that the publishers have done well to make this venture, and doubt not that their confidence in the Protestant feeling of the community will be justified by abundant success.

The choice of an author has been most fortunate. Dr. Wylie is well known throughout England and Scotland, both as a preacher and writer. His former *brochures* in the same line have prepared him for this more responsible undertaking, and he has sought by Continental travel to fit himself for description as well as narration. And nobly has he acquitted himself of the present portion of his task. While the footnotes show a wide range of research, the distribution of the subject into its several books and chapters gives promise of lucid treatment which is amply fulfilled in the transparency of the composition as a whole.

Having in the previous volume presented "the opening of the great drama," Dr. Wylie proceeds in the second to picture some of its most impressive scenes. The Reformation is seen to enter every kingdom in Europe, bringing with it the promise of life and liberty, of a purer morality and a quickened national intelligence. Wherever it appears, there ensues a great moral and intellectual crisis, in some nations safely passed and succeeded by an era of enlightenment and progress, in others fatally misimproved and leading to national enervation and decay. After a brief review of the causes that influenced the reception or rejection of Protestantism in the various countries, the author devotes the tenth book to its rise and establishment in Sweden, Norway and Denmark. In the eleventh, he resumes the narrative of its progress in Switzerland, at the point at which the Zwinglian reformation reached its height, and pursues it down to the death of Zwingli. It contains vivid sketches of the Baden disputation, the outbreak and suppression of Anabaptism, and the establishment of Protestantism in Berne and Basle. After a brief glance at Germany in the twelfth book, we have, in the thirteenth, a full account of the early fortunes of the Reformation in France. Lefevre, the Sorbonne doctor, Farel, his Alpine disciple, and the half-converted Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, pass in succession before our eyes; also Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I. The first of many harvests of blood is reaped by the sickle of persecution, and then the great champion Calvin appears. He claims and receives the homage due to his great name and influence on the whole future of Protestantism. After a sketch of his history to the date of the publication of the *Institutes*, the thread of the French narrative is broken off, and that of Switzerland resumed—this time in connection with Geneva, whither Calvin now repairs. His expulsion and return, his conflict with the Libertines and victory over them, and his part in the condemnation of Servetus, occupy the bulk of the fourteenth book. This is a fit juncture at which to introduce the new allies of Rome, those "ubiquitous Uhlands" who sprang up at the beck of Loyola and opposed zeal to zeal, and learning to learning, and sought to bring all men back under the yoke of a blind submission to the Church. The tale of their

early organisation, rigid discipline and vast ambition, of their unbounded facility of adaptation, their pliant morality and subtle casuistry, of their wide diffusion, exposure, proscription and swift recovery from disgrace, together with their unscrupulous use of that potent engine, the Holy Inquisition, is briefly told in the fifty pages of the fifteenth book. Then a glance at the Waldenses, with their manful struggle for freedom of worship and the wondrous story of their sufferings, exile and restoration, brings us back to France, where the Huguenot wars encounter us, and the spiritual fate of that great country is seen to tremble in the balance, and the balance finally turns the wrong way. Here we have the fortunes of kings inextricably involved with the Reformation, and the highest nobles in the land ranged on opposite sides, but the very alliance of the spiritual with the temporal a conspicuous source of disaster. Francis I. and his death-bed remorse, Henry II. with his persecutions, Francis II. and his untimely end, Charles IX., the tool of Catherine de' Medici, the Black Bartholomew and its effects, pass before us in rapid review, and the volume closes with the apostasy and assassination of Henry IV.

The author writes in a sprightly manner: he is by turns philosophical and picturesque, always dignified and always clear, free from acrimony and invective, and knows how to subordinate and proportion the parts so as give to his story the unity and impressiveness of a consistent whole. It is a book for the times, worthy to be read by every English fireside through the long dark winter evenings that are before us, and, if once commenced, certain to be finished. Each of these two volumes contains above six hundred imperial octavo pages, and at least one hundred and seventy engravings,—and may be had of any bookseller for less than the smallest gold coin that bears her Majesty's image.

END OF VOL. XLVII.

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